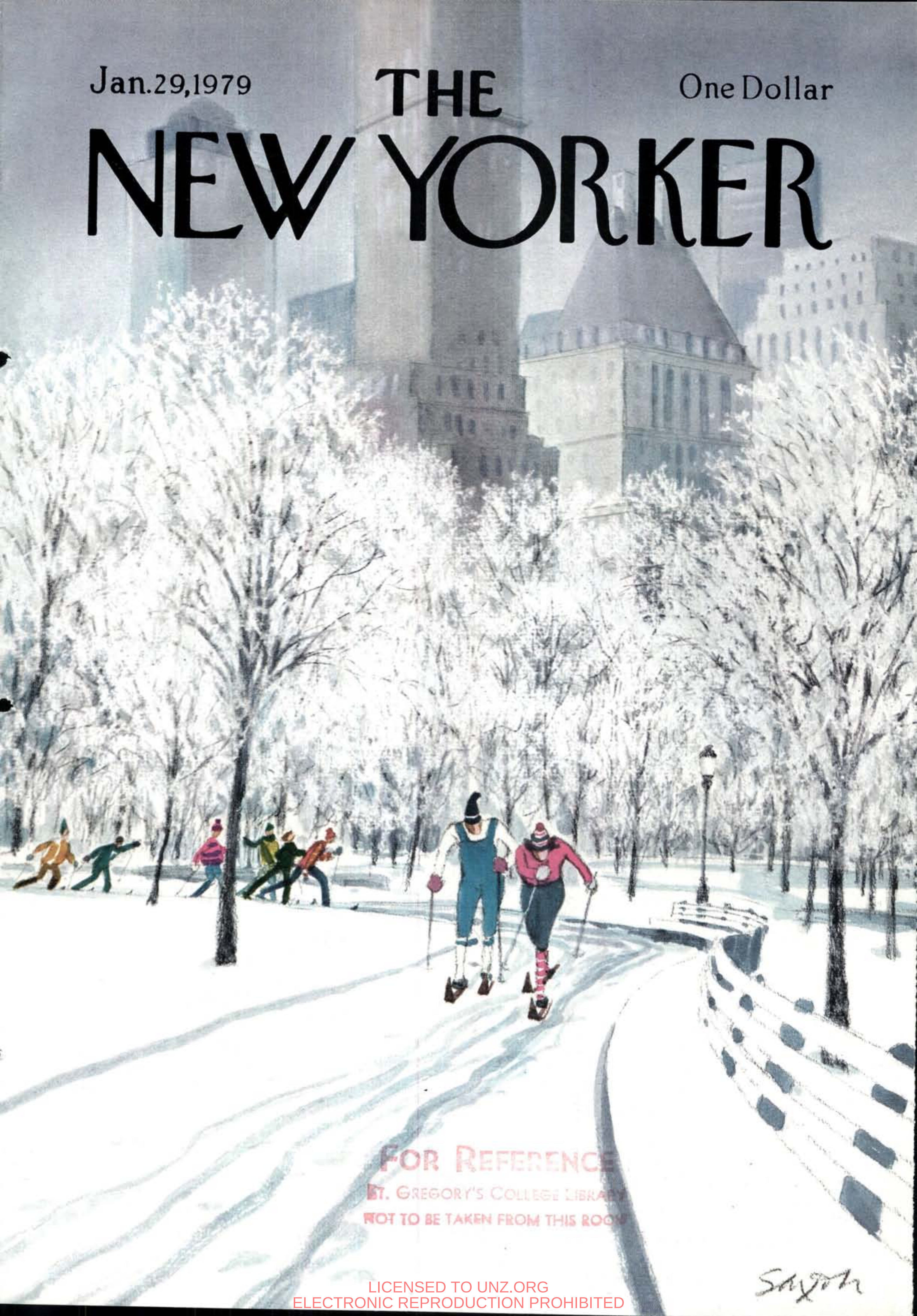
Jan. 29, 1979

One Dollar

THE NEW YORKER



FOR REFERENCE
ST. GREGORY'S COLLEGE LIBRARY
NOT TO BE TAKEN FROM THIS ROOM

"OF COURSE I OWN A RABBIT. WHAT FOOL WOULD OWN A COPY?"

The Volkswagen Rabbit is the most copied car in America.

So many cars look like Rabbits, you can hardly count them.

But you can sure tell they aren't Rabbits if you know what to look for.

Look for front-wheel drive. Very few cars have it. Which is too bad. Because front-wheel drive will help you up, around and through hills, turns, curves and nasty weather.

Look for fuel injection. Which is mighty hard to find, except for the Rabbit. You will not find fuel injection on any Toyota. Or Renault. Or Honda. Or Mazda. Or Subaru. Or any Ford or Chevrolet or Plymouth or Dodge or Buick in Rabbit's class. So there.

Look for performance. For capacity. For handling. Very few cars in Rabbit's class combine the ability to carry as much and accelerate in the 8.3 seconds it takes the Rabbit to go from 0 to 50 m.p.h.

Even General Motors named Rabbit the best of five economy cars tested. And one of them was their own.*

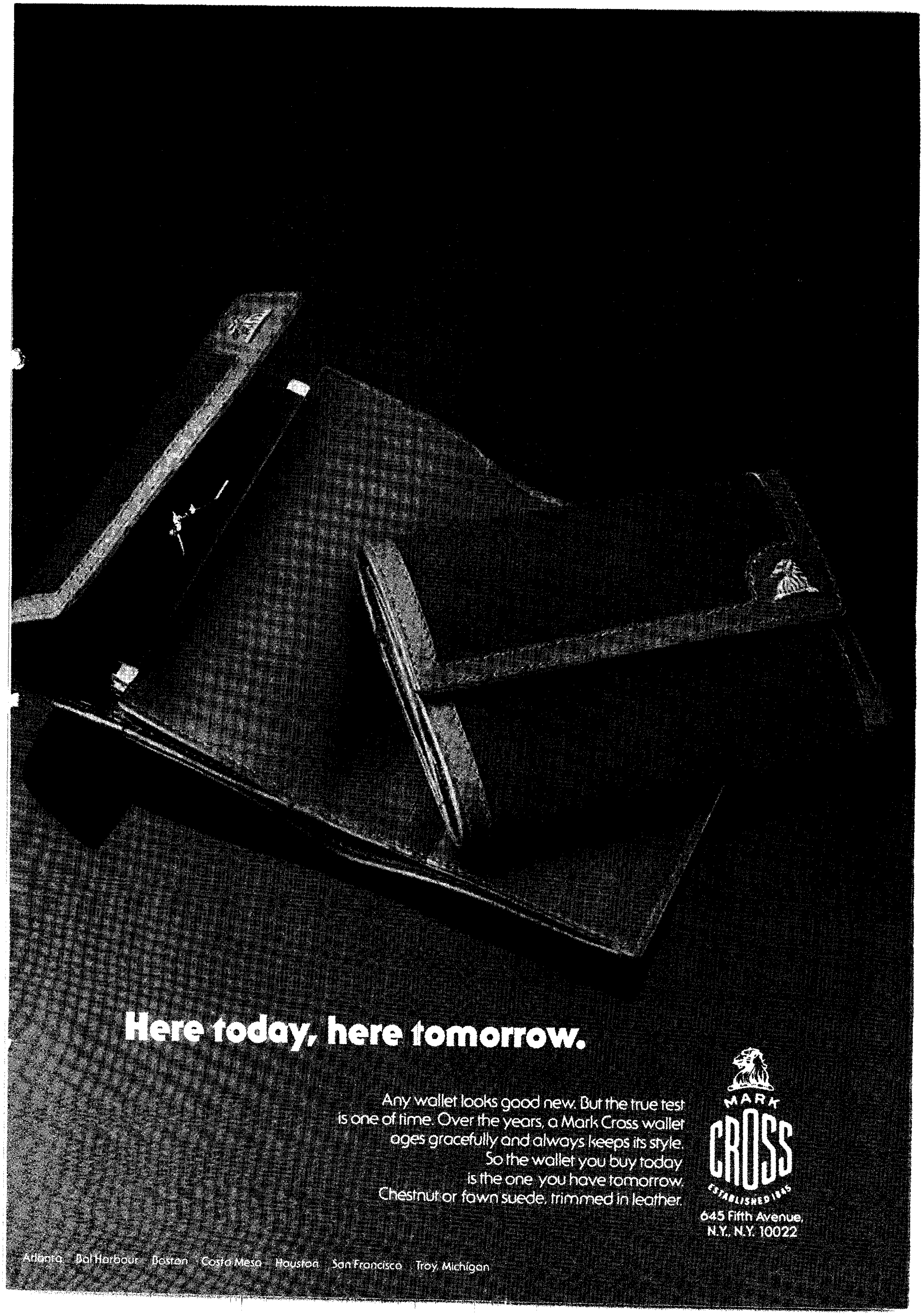
So it's up to you.

You can drive the original or you can end up in one of a million copies.

But you can't say we didn't warn you.

VOLKSWAGEN DOES IT AGAIN

*Based on 1977 test. ©VOLKSWAGEN OF AMERICA, INC.



Any wallet looks good new. But the true test
is one of time. Over the years, a Mark Cross wallet
ages gracefully and always keeps its style.
So the wallet you buy today
is the one you have tomorrow.
Chestnut or fawn suede, trimmed in leather.

MARK
CROSS
ESTABLISHED 1845

645 Fifth Avenue,
N.Y., N.Y. 10022

Atlanta · Bal Harbour · Boston · Costa Mesa · Houston · San Francisco · Troy, Michigan

GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

A CONSCIENTIOUS CALENDAR OF EVENTS OF INTEREST

THE THEATRE

PLAYS AND MUSICALS

AIN'T MISBEHAVIN'—A rip-roaring musical tribute to Fats Waller, by a superb small company whose energy would suffice to light Manhattan. (Reviewed in our issue of 5/22/78.) (Longacre, 220 W. 48th St. 246-5639. Moves on Monday, Jan. 29, to the Plymouth, 236 W. 45th St., 730-1760. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)

ARE YOU NOW OR HAVE YOU EVER BEEN—This rerun of the deplorable interrogation of movie personalities—"the Hollywood Ten"—by the House Un-American Activities Committee in the nineteen-forties and -fifties doesn't make much of a show for a number of reasons. Liza Minnelli (through Sunday, Jan. 28) reads Lillian Hellman's well-known letter setting forth her reasons for not testifying. All the words have been taken from the actual transcript and arranged by Eric Bentley. (Promenade, 2162 Broadway, at 76th St. 799-7690. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

BALLROOM—Brave Dorothy Loudon and Vincent Gardenia give more to their roles as middle-aged lovers than the roles contain. A musical with little music and an oafish book. (1/1/79) (Majestic, 245 W. 44th St. 246-0730. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)

BEETHOVEN / KARL—A play by David Rush. With George Voskovec / Josh Clark. (Reviewed in this issue.) (Manhattan Theatre Club, 321 E. 73rd St. 472-0600. Wednesday through Saturday at 8. Matinée Sunday at 2:30. Closes Sunday, Jan. 28.)

BURIED CHILD—A comic horror play by Sam Shepard, a virtuoso among American dramatists, set on a blighted farm in Illinois. The performance, under Robert Woodruff's direction, is highly satisfactory. (11/6/78) (Theatre de Lys, 121 Christopher St. 924-8782. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 6 and 10; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

CIRCLE REPERTORY COMPANY—A revival of a play by Milan Stitt, THE RUNNER STUMBLES, is the third in this season's series. (Circle Repertory Company Theatre, 99 Seventh Ave. S., at Sheridan Sq. 924-7100. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8, and Saturdays at 7 and 10. Matinées Sundays at 3. Closes Sunday, Feb. 11.)

THE CRUCIFER OF BLOOD—A very skillful parody of Arthur Conan Doyle by a new young playwright, Paul Giovanni. Sherlock Holmes is splendidly embodied by Paxton Whitehead, and John Wulp's settings are sensational. (10/9/78) (Helen Hayes, 210 W. 46th St. 246-6380. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

THE DIARY OF ANNE FRANK—This revival of the play by Frances Goodrich and Albert Hackett is disappointing, to say the least, in spite of a good performance by Eli Wallach as Otto Frank and a fine one by Robert Joy as young Peter Van Daan. (1/15/79) (Theatre Four, 424 W. 55th St. 246-8545. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

S	M	T	W	T	F	S
			24	25	26	27
28	29	30	31	1	2	3

THE ELEPHANT MAN—This absorbing play by Bernard Pomerance is based on an actual episode. A freak too repulsive even for display at street fairs finds refuge in a London hospital in Whitechapel from 1886 until his death in 1890. The action covers his progress there and the questions that his progress raises. Jack Hofsiss directed the superior performance; Philip Anglim is the Elephant Man, Kevin Conway is his attending surgeon, and Carole Shelley is the actress Mrs. Kendal. (Reviewed in this issue.) (Theatre of St. Peter's Church, Lexington Ave. at 54th St. 751-4140. Nightly, except Mondays, at 8. Matinées Saturdays and Sundays at 3.)

EUBIE!—A revue filled with marvellous singing and dancing by a large assortment of gifted young people, all working in the happy shadow of the composer of the music, Eubie Blake, who is ninety-five and merry as a grig. (10/2/78) (Ambassador, 215 W. 49th St. 541-6490. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

AN EVENING WITH QUENTIN CRISP—A one-man show. (Players, 115 Macdougal St. 254-5076. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Sundays at 4. Closes Sunday, Feb. 11.)

GRAND MAGIC—A rather plodding presentation of an Italian farce by Eduardo de Filippo about a charlatan illusionist, a cuckolded husband, and a flighty wife. With Fred Gwynne, Tony Musante, Claudia Peluso, and Sasha von Scherler. (1/22/79) (Manhattan Theatre Club, 321 E. 73rd St. 472-0600. Wednesday through Friday at 7:30; Saturday at 8:30; and Sunday at 7:30. Matinées Saturday at 4 and Sunday at 3. Closes Sunday, Jan. 28.)

THE GRAND TOUR—Joel Grey is a true star, but his vehicle on this occasion is rickety in the extreme. The time is the Second World War and the place is occupied France, and neither time nor place is very suitable for a Broadway musical. (1/22/79) (Palace, Broadway at 47th St. 757-2626. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

I'M GETTING MY ACT TOGETHER AND TAKING IT ON THE ROAD—A night-club singer with strong feminist views celebrates her thirty-ninth birthday by auditioning her new act for her dismayed manager. The musical by Nancy Ford (score) and Gretchen Cryer (book and lyrics)—the remarkable team who wrote "The Last Sweet Days of Isaac" in 1970—is disappointing for a number of reasons, but it has its compensations all the same, among them the tuneful songs and the mockery and self-mockery of some of the words. Word Baker was the capable director. (6/26/78) (Circle in the Square Downtown, 159 Bleecker St. 254-6330. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

JULIUS CAESAR—Michael Langham directing a

TABLE OF CONTENTS

THE TALK OF THE TOWN 21

"WINGLESS" . . . . . *Jamaica Kincaid* 26

"THE CINDERELLA WALTZ" . . . . . *Ann Beattie* 28

"THE SLEEPER" (POEM) . . . . . *Howard Moss* 30

"SURFACES" (POEM) . . . . . *Jane Mayhall* 34

PROFILES (DAVE McKENNA) . . . . . *Whitney Balliett* 37

THE THEATRE (OFF BROADWAY) . . . . . *Edith Oliver* 45

MUSICAL EVENTS . . . . . *Andrew Porter* 47

CONCERT RECORDS . . . . . *Winthrop Sargeant* 48

A REPORTER AT LARGE (NEW YORK NEWSPAPER STRIKE—PART II) . . . . . *A. H. Raskin* 56

AROUND CITY HALL . . . . . *Andy Logan* 86

BOOKS . . . . . *Robert Coles* 95

BRIEFLY NOTED 98

COVER: *Charles Saxon*

DRAWINGS: *George Price, Edward Frascino, Al Ross, Ed Fisher, Mischa Richter, Jack Ziegler, Whitney Darrow, Jr., Charles Barsotti, Dana Fradon, Warren Miller, J. B. Handelsman, Thomas B. Allen, Donald Reilly, Lee Lorenz, Henry Martin, Edward Koren, Stan Hunt, James Stevenson, William Hamilton, Arnie Levin, Dean Vietor, Robert Weber*

THE NEW YORKER
25 WEST 43RD STREET, NEW YORK, N.Y. 10036
ADVERTISING & SUBSCRIPTIONS, (212) 840-3800
EDITORIAL OFFICES, (212) 840-3700

CHANGE OF ADDRESS

In ordering a change of address, subscribers should give four weeks' notice, providing both old and new addresses, with Zip Codes. If possible, please send the address label from a recent issue.

THE NEW YORKER (ISSN 0028-792X), published weekly by The New Yorker Magazine, Inc., 25 W. 43rd St., N.Y., N.Y. 10036; Peter F. Fleischmann, chairman; George J. Green, president; William P. Buxton, Milton Greenstein, and Sam R. Spoto, vice-presidents; J. Kennard Bosee, treasurer; Elaine M. Matteo, secretary. Branch advertising offices: 111 East Wacker Drive, Chicago, Ill. 60601; 155 Montgomery St., San Francisco, Calif. 94104; 523 West Sixth St., Los Angeles, Calif. 90014; 1175 Peachtree St. N. E., Atlanta, Ga. 30361; 8 Arlington St., Boston, Mass. 02116; 21 Grosvenor St., London, W1X OED. Vol. LIV, No. 50, January 29, 1979. Second-class postage paid at New York, N.Y., and at additional mailing offices. Authorized as second-class mail by the Post Office Department, Ottawa, Canada, and for payment of postage in cash.

© 1979 by The New Yorker Magazine, Inc., in the United States and Canada. All rights reserved. No part of this periodical may be reproduced without the consent of The New Yorker.

Printed in U.S.A. Subscription rates: In U.S. and possessions, one year, $24.00; two years, $40.00. In Canada and Mexico, one year, $28.00. Other foreign, $32.00.
POSTMASTER: Send address changes to The New Yorker, 25 W. 43rd St., New York, N.Y. 10036.

Even if the power company falls asleep, Panasonic can still get you up on time.

ZAP! A lightning bolt hits a power line. The power stops. So does the TV, the washer, the refrigerator. But not your new Panasonic FM/AM electronic digital clock radio (Model RC-320) with Sure Time, the Panasonic backup power system.

Let's say the power fails at 4:20 AM. Your Panasonic automatically switches to Sure Time power (Panasonic battery included). While the numbers black out, the clock mechanism keeps on working. When the power finally comes back on, the Panasonic automatically switches back to AC. The alarm is still right on time—7:15 AM. So are you. And if there is a power failure and the battery is weak, a flashing light will remind you to reset your Panasonic and check your other appliances.

And the RC-320's features don't stop there. Regular time in one window and your alarm setting in another shine with easy-to-see fluorescent lighting. The time always stands out because the automatic dimmer control adjusts the brightness of the numbers to the brightness of the room. And with our "childproof" controls, even mischievous fingers will find it practically impossible to upset your time/alarm settings.

Panasonic has seven electronic readout clock radios and six digital clock radios. All have advanced features. All let you rest easy.

Remember, what time you go to sleep is your business. What time you wake up is ours. Pleasant dreams.

Cabinetry is simulated wood.

Panasonic®
just slightly ahead of our time.

ALARM PREVIEW READOUT/AUTO DIMMER
Panasonic
AM 4:20
ALARM
SLEEP
AM 7:15
FM 88 92 96 100 104 108 MHz
AM 53 60 70 80 100 120 140 160 x10kHz

GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

black and Hispanic company in Shakespeare's tragedy. Preview Wednesday, Jan. 24. Opens officially on Thursday, Jan. 25. (Public, 425 Lafayette St. 677-6350. Nightly, except Mondays, at 8. Matinées Saturdays and Sundays at 3.)

The Kingfisher—An amiable comedy about a pair of old folk who are thinking of getting married. The stars are Rex Harrison, Claudette Colbert, and George Rose, and the author is William Douglas Home. (12/18/78) (Biltmore, 261 W. 47th St. 582-5340. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)

Later—A play by Corinne Jacker. (Marymount Manhattan Theatre, 221 E. 71st St. 730-0794. Wednesday through Saturday at 8, and Sunday at 7:30. Matinées Saturday and Sunday at 3. Closes Sunday, Jan. 28.)

Light Opera of Manhattan—Presenting the thirteen Gilbert and Sullivan operettas in the order in which they were composed. Through Sunday, Feb. 4: **H.M.S. PINAFORE.** (Eastside, 334 E. 74th St. 861-2288. Wednesdays through Saturdays at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays and Sundays at 4.)

A Lovely Sunday for Creve Coeur—A new play by Tennessee Williams, with Shirley Knight and Peg Murray, among others. (Hudson Guild Theatre, 441 W. 26th St. 760-9847. Wednesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Saturdays and Sundays at 3.)

Man and Superman—Shaw was enchanted with the fireworks that his mind was constantly setting off, and here these fireworks are at their best. George Grizzard is at the head of a superb cast, well directed by Stephen Porter. (1/1/79) (Circle in the Square, Broadway at 50th St. 581-0720. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

Monteith and Rand—Two pleasing young people, bright as new pennies and much more valuable, doing skits and parlor games of a Tolstoyan complexity, all simply to make us feel happy. (1/15/79) (Booth, 222 W. 45th St. 246-5969. Mondays through Thursdays at 8, and Fridays and Saturdays at 7:30 and 10.)

My Old Friends—A musical by Mel Mandel and Norman Sachs, directed by Philip Rose. Maxine Sullivan heads the cast. (Orpheum, 126 Second Ave., at 8th St. 260-8480. Nightly, except Mondays, at 8. Matinées Saturdays and Sundays at 3.)

Negro Ensemble Company—Alexis DeVeaux's **A SEASON TO UNRAVEL** opens Wednesday, Jan. 24, and will run through Sunday, Feb. 4. (St. Marks Playhouse, 133 Second Ave., at St. Marks Pl. 674-3530. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 8:30; and Sundays at 7. Matinées Saturdays at 3:30 and Sundays at 2:30.)

A Raisin in the Sun—Lorraine Hansberry's play is the last in a series of black plays from the forties and fifties to be performed by the New Federal Theatre. (Henry Street Settlement's New Federal Theatre, 240 E. 3rd St. 766-9334. Thursday through Sunday at 7:30. Matinées Saturday and Sunday at 3. Closes Sunday, Jan. 28.)

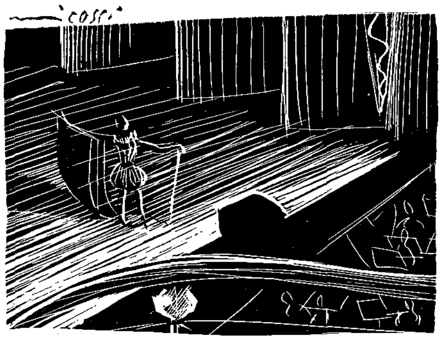
Seduced—Rip Torn in a play by Sam Shepard. (American Place, 111 W. 46th St. 247-0393. Tuesdays, Wednesdays, Fridays, and Saturdays at 8, and Thursdays at 6:30. Matinées Wednesdays, except Jan. 24, and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

Streetsongs—Geraldine Fitzgerald in a one-woman show. (Roundabout Stage One, 333 W. 23rd St. 924-7160. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays, Saturdays, and Sundays at 2.)

Take It from the Top—Ruby Dee and Ossie Davis head the cast of a musical satire written by Miss Dee and directed by Mr. Davis. (Harry De Jur Henry Street Settlement Playhouse, 466 Grand St. 766-9334. Thursday through Sunday at 7:30. Closes Sunday, Jan. 28.)

Trick—Tammy Grimes, Donald Madden, and Lee Richardson in a three-character comedy by Larry Cohen (who also directed). Previews through Wednesday, Jan. 31. Opens officially on Thursday, Feb. 1. (Playhouse, 359 W. 48th St. 541-9820. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8; opening-night curtain at 7. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

Wings—Constance Cummings is radiant and compelling as a woman who has a stroke and who struggles to regain her control of words and mental composure in Arthur Kopit's firm, sensitive play. The direction, by John Madden, is excellent. First seen last summer at the Public Theatre in a production of the Yale Repertory Theatre. (7/3/78) Previews through Sunday matinée, Jan. 28, at 3. Opens officially on Sunday, Jan. 28, at 7:30. (Lyceum, 149 W. 45th St. 582-3897. Nightly at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)



S	M	T	W	T	F	S
			24	25	26	27
28	29	30	31	1	2	3

Long Runs—**ANNIE:** Daddy Warbucks is transformed into a benign New Dealer, and Little Orphan Annie is not very waiflike in this pleasant but uninspired musical. (Alvin, 250 W. 52nd St. 757-8646. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.) . . . **THE BEST LITTLE WHOREHOUSE IN TEXAS:** A cheerful, cheering, and foolish musical about a bordello called the Chicken Ranch. Tommy Tune was the choreographer, Carol Hall wrote the score, and Larry L. King and Peter Masterson wrote the libretto. (46th Street Theatre, 226 W. 46th St. 246-4271. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.) . . . **CHAPTER TWO:** Neil Simon specializes in couples, some of which are odder than others. The two couples in this rueful comedy are full of troubles, which pass while being joked about. (Eugene O'Neill, 230 W. 49th St. 246-0220. Nightly, except Sundays and Thursdays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.) . . . **A CHORUS LINE:** A group of young dancers audition for a handful of chorus jobs in a show, and by the time the evening is over we know everything about all of them. (Shubert, 225 W. 44th St. 246-5990. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.) . . . **DA.:** In Hugh Leonard's entertaining play, a dramatist, back in Ireland for the funeral of his father, is persistently haunted by the stubborn, funny corpse. David Leary is the dramatist, and Barnard Hughes his late Da. (Morosco, 217 W. 45th St. 246-6230. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.) . . . **DANCIN':** An assortment of vivid production numbers on unrelated themes. Bob Fosse is the choreographer, and his company of dancers is dazzling. The music is by Bach, Sousa, George M. Cohan, and other classic composers. (Broadhurst, 235 W. 44th St. 247-0472. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.) . . . **DEATHTRAP:** A stunning cast, headed by Stacy Keach, in a thriller whose clever anfractuosities of plot are just frightening enough and just funny enough. (Music Box, 239 W. 45th St. 246-4636. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.) . . . **DRACULA:** The five-hundred-year-old count from Transylvania never looked rosier. Raúl Juliá heads a competent cast, and the lovely, creepy sets and costumes are by Edward Gorey. (Martin Beck, 302 W. 45th St. 246-6363. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.) . . . **FAMILY BUSINESS:** A wealthy old Jewish manufacturer dies of a heart attack at the end of Act I, and the two remaining acts are given over to his grown sons' squabbles and quarrels over money and other matters. (Astor Place Theatre, 434 Lafayette St., near Astor Pl. 254-4370. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7. Matinées Sundays at 3.) . . . **THE FANTASTICKS:** 7,792 performances so far. (Sullivan Street Playhouse, 181 Sullivan St., at Bleecker St. 674-3838. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.) . . . **GEMINI:** In Albert Innaurato's delightful comedy, a Harvard undergraduate, son of an Italian-American laborer, is paid a surprise visit by a pair of his classmates—a well-to-do brother and sister from Cambridge—and is thrown into a panic that at first appears to be social but is actually sexual. (Little Theatre, 240 W. 44th St. 221-6425. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.) . . . **GREASE:** A musical that parodies, by faithful imitation, the songs and dances of the nineteen-fifties. (Royale, 242 W. 45th St. 245-5760. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.) . . . **I LOVE MY WIFE:** A mild musical examination of the sexual revolution in Trenton. Cy Coleman wrote the score. With Tom and Dick Smothers. (Ethel Barrymore, 243 W. 47th St. 246-0390. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.) . . . **MUMMENSCHANZ:** A merry evening of pantomime with three masked players. The masks are ingenious and surprising, and so are the ideas of this nimble troupe. (Bijou, 209 W. 45th St. 221-8500. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.) . . . **OH! CALCUTTA!:** A collection of short sketches that purport to give us a refreshing view of sex and do not. (Edison, 240 W. 47th St. 757-7164. Mondays, Wednesdays, and Fridays, at 8; Saturdays at 7 and 9:30; and Sundays at 7. Matinées Sundays at 3.) . . . **ON THE TWENTIETH CENTURY:** A curiously musty musical version of the old Hecht-MacArthur comedy. Book and lyrics by Betty Comden and Adolph Green, music by Cy Coleman. (St. James, 246 W. 44th St. 398-0280. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.) . . . **THE PASSION OF DRACULA:** An unpretentious, entertaining adaptation (in the British manner) of Bram Stoker's old thriller. Bob Hall and David Richmond are the adapters. Peter Bennett is the commendable director. (Cherry Lane, 38 Commerce St. 989-2020. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 8. Matinées Sundays at 3.) . . . **VANITIES:** In three acts, three Southern high-school girl cheerleaders change from all but identical "best friends" (1963) into quite different and incompatible New Yorkers (1974), in this amusing and gently ironic comedy by Jack Heifner. (Downstairs at the Westside Theatre, 407 W. 43rd St. 541-8394. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8, and Saturdays at 7 and 10. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Sundays at 3.) . . . **THE WIZ:** An all-black production of a musical version of "The Wizard of Oz," with gorgeous scenery and costumes, tiresome music, and several first-rate performances. (Broadway Theatre. Broadway at 53rd St. 247-7260. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 7:30, and Sundays at 7. Matinées Saturdays and Sundays at 2.)

MISCELLANY

Beatlemania—A multimedia and live-music program about the sixties, with four musicians doing thirty-seven songs written by John Lennon and Paul McCartney. (Winter Garden, Broadway at 50th St. 245-4878. Wednesdays through Fridays at 7, and Saturdays at 7 and 10. Matinées Wednesdays, Saturdays, and Sundays at 2.)

The Incredible World of Magic & Illusion—A magic show starring Richiardi. (Village Gate, 160 Bleecker St. 473-7270. Wednesday and Thursday at 8; Friday and Saturday at 8 and 10:30; and Sunday at 8. Matinées Saturday and Sunday at 3. Closes at the Village Gate on Sunday, Jan. 28, and will reopen at Town Hall on Friday, Feb. 9.)

Symphony Space—Two French farces performed by the New Conservatory Theatre, and music by the Renaissance Quartet (works from the

Orlane.
Born October 26, 1946.
Paris, France.

Countess di Rovasenda, Born November 23, 19…

While her beauty is clearly defined, her age is not.
And that is what Orlane skincare treatments are all about.

The B21 collection is a celebrated beauty regime formulated to bring younger looking skin to all skin types.

Crème B21: Used only two weeks every two months, Crème B21 encourages a more radiant, youthful complexion. It helps diminish the prominence of tiny fret lines, and speeds moisture to skin over-exposed to sun, wind, and manmade climates.

Super Hydratante B21: Applied over the face and throat, this very special night cream is formulated to help skin retain the vital moisture it might normally lose.

Crème Fluide B21 for Body and Buste: Applied daily, this lotion is specially formulated to beautify skin, smoothing away dryness.

B21 Makeup: This silken-textured foundation was created to protect as well as pamper you. It contains a solar filter that helps shield skin from the aging effects of ultraviolet rays.

B21 Emulsion and Lotion Stimulante Colloidale B21 are two special supplements also available in this skincare system.

ORLANE
Paris

Paris. Londres. New York. In New York at 680 Fifth Avenue, 10019.

An advantage shared by the world's most beautiful women.

GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

fourteenth century through the sixteenth) and the Madrigal Consort of Huntington. (Symphony Space, Broadway at 95th St. Saturday, Jan. 27, at 8. Admission by contribution.)

Ice Show—"Ice Capades," with a company headed by Dorothy Hamill. Opens Wednesday, Jan. 24, and will run through Sunday, Feb. 4. (Madison Square Garden, Eighth Ave. between 31st and 33rd Sts. 564-4400. Tuesdays at 7:30; Wednesdays at 2 and 7:30; Thursdays and Fridays at 7:30; Saturdays at 11, 3, and 8:30; and Sundays at 1:30 and 5:30. Extra matinée Friday, Feb. 2, at 2.)

DANCE

New York City Ballet—Tentative schedule—Wednesday, Jan. 24, at 8: "Serenade," "The Four Seasons," and "Tchaikovsky Piano Concerto No. 2."...¶ Thursday, Jan. 25, at 8: "Bournonville Divertissements," "Four Temperaments," and "The Concert."...¶ Friday, Jan. 26, at 8: "Stars and Stripes," "Tricolore," and "Union Jack."...¶ Saturday, Jan. 27, at 2: "Bournonville Divertissements" and "Union Jack."...¶ Saturday, Jan. 27, at 8: "Serenade," "Meditation," "Tchaikovsky Pas de Deux," and "Tchaikovsky Suite No. 3."...¶ Sunday, Jan. 28, at 1: "Dances at a Gathering" and "Union Jack."...¶ Sunday, Jan. 28, at 7: "The Goldberg Variations" and "Tchaikovsky Suite No. 3."...¶ Tuesday, Jan. 30, at 8: "Kammermusik No. 2," "The Four Seasons," and "In G Major."...¶ Wednesday, Jan. 31, at 8: "Dances at a Gathering" and "Vienna Waltzes."...¶ Thursday, Feb. 1, at 8: "Divertimento No. 15," "Kammermusik No. 2," and "Tchaikovsky Piano Concerto No. 2."...¶ Friday, Feb. 2, at 8: "The Four Seasons," "Pas de Deux," and "Vienna Waltzes."...¶ Saturday, Feb. 3, at 2: "Stars and Stripes," "Tricolore," and "Union Jack."...¶ Saturday, Feb. 3, at 8: "Donizetti Variations," "Orpheus," and "In G Major." (New York State Theatre, Lincoln Center. 877-4727. Through Sunday, Feb. 18.)

Maria Benitez–Estampa Flamenca—In a program of contemporary and flamenco dance. (Brooklyn Academy of Music, 30 Lafayette Ave. 636-4100. Thursday, Feb. 1, at 7; Friday and Saturday, Feb. 2-3, at 8; and Sunday, Feb. 4, at 2.)

NIGHT LIFE

(A highly arbitrary listing, in which bold-face type is used to pick out a few of the more notable performers in town....¶ Musicians and night-club proprietors live complicated lives that are subject to last-minute change; it is therefore always advisable to call ahead.)

Ali's Alley, 77 Greene St., between Spring and Broome Sts. (226-9042)—Several notches above your simple, basic SoHo jazz loft in its amenities and in the consistent quality of the musicians who perform here. Bebop-vocal pathfinder **EDDIE JEFFERSON** sings through Saturday, Jan. 27; on Tuesday, Jan. 30, trombonist Garrett List and his A-1 Art Band will move in. Mondays belong to pianist **JAKI BYARD** and his eighteen-piece band, the Apollo Stompers, which makes up for any shortcomings in the sound system with sheer blow power. While the walls shake, Byard leaps up from his elevated piano and runs around yelling at his musicians, goading them on. (Byard's years as a professor, at Boston's New England Conservatory, seem to have taught him a good deal about showmanship.) Music from ten.

Back Porch, 488 Third Ave., at 33rd St. (685-3828)—A pleasant-enough restaurant that really doesn't seem to resemble a back porch at all. What's special about the place is its singer-pianist, **DARDANELLE**, who comes from Greenwood, Mississippi—you can just catch a trace of honeved Southernisms in her speaking voice. She's a confident, swinging pianist, but it's really her singing—clear, effortless, cheerful, direct, diction-perfect singing—that is so striking. She performs Tuesdays through Saturdays from eight to midnight.

Ballroom, 458 West Broadway, between Houston and Prince Sts. (673-9121)—On SoHo's main drag. **JO SULLIVAN** pays tribute to Frank Loesser (her late husband) by singing his songs—it's a full fifty-minute set, as Miss Sullivan sings or touches upon fifty Loesser compositions. Through Sunday, Jan. 28. On Tuesday, Jan. 30, humorist-songwriter Michael Brown will take over. Shows are at eight-thirty and ten-thirty Tuesdays through Sundays. Dining.

S	M	T	W	T	F	S
			24	25	26	27
28	29	30	31	1	2	3

Beefsteak Charlie's, 55 Fifth Ave., at 12th St. (675-4720)—Unlike the other branches of this steak-and-all-the-salad-you-can-eat restaurant chain, this one offers all the first-rate jazz you can listen to. The current attraction is guitarist **JIMMY PONDER** and a trio through Saturday, Jan. 27; Wednesday through Saturday, Jan. 31-Feb. 3, bassist Frank Tusa will be in charge of a trio. From nine-thirty until two Wednesdays and Thursdays, and from ten-thirty on Fridays and Saturdays. Dining.

Bottom Line, 15 W. 4th St., at Mercer St. (228-6300)—Here's the lineup: British blues pioneer John Mayall is on hand with his quintet on Wednesday, Jan. 24; on Friday and Saturday, Jan. 26-27, **TRACY NELSON** will sing rock, blues, and ballads with her backup group; on Wednesday and Thursday, Jan. 31-Feb. 1, jazz-rock drummer Lenny White will head up a quintet; and on Friday and Saturday, Feb. 2-3, folk-rocker Tom Rush will be onstage. Shows at eight-thirty and eleven-thirty Sundays through Thursdays, and at nine and midnight Fridays and Saturdays. Dining.

Bradley's, 70 University Pl., at 11th St. (228-6440)—A narrow ground-floor town-house bar with a concert-hall-sized clientele. The music is nearly always fine, but sometimes it's hard to get close enough to hear it. **DAVE MC KENNA** (see page 37, this issue) will be here through Saturday, Jan. 27. On Monday, Jan. 29, **ROLAND HANNA**, who is sometimes undulating and romantic, at other times clipped and rhythmic, but always a powerhouse of a pianist, will take over for six nights. Sundays are claimed by pianist **JIMMY ROWLES**. Music from ten most nights, from nine-thirty on Sundays. Dining.

Cachaça, 403 E. 62nd St. (688-8501)—A taste of Rio, but without the crowds one would encounter on Copacabana and Ipanema beaches or at Carnival, and there is no rainy season. One can listen while sitting on light-gray couches or dance to live Brazilian jazz performed by a trio and vocalist (after eleven). Before eleven and between sets, there is recorded American and Brazilian disco music and Carnival music. The club is open nightly, except Mondays, from eight to four. Dining.

Café Pierre, in the Pierre Hotel, Fifth Ave. at 61st St. (838-8000)—An elegant, narrow, rectangular room painted a deep, dusty sienna. There is a dining room in the back, a bar in the front, and **BUCKY PIZZARELLI**, an elegant, seven-string-guitar genius, and his trio sharing the middle with what is perhaps the smallest dance floor in captivity. Tuesdays through Saturdays from eight-thirty to twelve-thirty.

Carlyle Hotel, Madison Ave. at 76th St. (744-1600)—Pianist **GEORGE SHEARING** has moved into the Café Carlyle with bassist **BRIAN TORFF** to fill in while Bobby Short is on a two-month leave of absence. Sets begin at ten and midnight. Dining....¶ Pianist **BARBARA CARROLL** works in the Bemelmans Bar weeknights from nine-thirty to twelve-forty-five.

Carnegie Tavern, 165 W. 56th St. (757-9522)—Quiet and elegant, **ELLIS LARKINS**, in tuxedo and ruffled shirt, slips onto the bench behind a highly polished August Förster piano at about eight and fanfarelessly commandeers the instrument in his delicate, understated way. Customers are advised to whisper during Larkins' sets. Weeknights until midnight. Dining.

CBGB & OMFUG, 315 Bowery, at Bleecker St. (982-4052)—The audiences look preppier and preppier every week, but onstage affectedly sinister young musicians—dark glasses, torn T-shirts, leather jackets, and smirking expressions—continue to pound out punk rock, which is for the most part mid-sixties (and in some cases mid-fifties) rock that has come around again on the guitar. Nightly from nine-thirty. Monday is showcase night.

Cookery, 21 University Pl., at 8th St. (674-4450)—The legendary blues singer **ALBERTA HUNTER**, who is in her eighties and still going strong, isn't merely good for someone in her eighties; she's good, period. Pianist Gerald Cook and bassist Jimmy Lewis assist her. **LLOYD GLENN**, a robust blues and boogie-woogie pianist who worked in the twenties with territorial big bands in Dallas and the Southwest, alternates with Miss Hunter and her trio Tuesdays through Saturdays, and plays on Sundays and Mondays, too. He starts things off every night at eight. Dining.

Crawdaddy, Vanderbilt Ave. at 45th St. (687-1860)—The white tiled floors echo the conversation in this sprawling place, which features New Orleans-style food and, usually, Bourbon Street-tourist music. Trumpeter **DOC CHEATHAM**, his clear, easy tone still intact, is giving the diners solos and vocals drawn from a hip thirties repertoire. He works with a trio Mondays through Fridays. Closed Saturdays and Sundays.

David K's, 1115 Third Ave., at 65th St. (371-9090)—**HUGH SHANNON**, the international café-society singer and pianist, is back on Third Avenue. Wednesdays through Sundays from nine to two.

Eddie Condon's, 144 W. 54th St. (265-8277)—A dark, sleek, carpeted alternate hangout for traditional jazz (see also Jimmy Ryan's, below). A businesslike sextet occupies the bandstand most nights; on Sunday, Jan. 28, tenor saxophonist Mel Keller will lead a quintet from eight-thirty. The music begins weeknights after nine-thirty. Dining.

Gregory's, 1149 First Ave., at 63rd St. (371-2220)—Guitarist **JOE PUMA** works Wednesdays through Sundays with admirable sidemen, pianist **HOD O'BRIEN** and bassist **FRANK LUTHER**, and a conscientious vocalist, Alicia Sherman. Their hours are ten to three; Mr. O'Brien and Miss Sherman will show up early—at seven—on Sunday, Jan. 28. Mondays, from ten to three, belong to guitarist **ATTILA ZOLLER**, pianist **DON FRIEDMAN**, and bassist **GEORGE MRAZ**; and on Tuesdays, from ten to three, guitarist **CHUCK WAYNE** leads a trio. Weeknights from seven to ten are given over to pianist Loumell Morgan and Morris Edwards.

Hopper's, 452 Sixth Ave., at 11th St. (260-0250)—A neat, modern room that is a somewhat formal, rigid setting for jazz. Drummer **LOUIS HAYES** and his quartet work part of each set on their own and then serve as a backup group for singer and jazz yodeller **LEON THOMAS**. Music Mondays through Thursdays at nine-thirty and eleven-thirty; Fridays and Saturdays at nine-thirty, eleven-thirty, and one. No music Sundays.

Hors d'Oeuvrerie, at Windows on the World, 107th Floor, 1 World Trade Center. (938-1111)—This multilevel room looks like just another sleek, modern hotel room, but the singular views from it are what one would see out the window of an airplane in a perpetual bank. Pianist **MARTY NAPOLEON** leads a trio for dancing from seven-thirty to twelve-thirty Tuesdays through Saturdays.

Jazzmania Society, 14 E. 23rd St., on the fourth floor. (477-3077)—Various jazz players turn up to jam in this carpeted jazz loft. Guest performers include singer **HELEN MERRILL**, on Friday and Saturday, Jan. 26-27, and saxophonist **ERNIE WILKINS**, on Friday and Saturday, Feb. 2-3. Snacks and soft drinks. Music Wednesdays through Saturdays from nine.

Jimmy Ryan's, 154 W. 54th St. (664-9700)—A no-frills, uncarpeted—the music carries more vividly without a carpet to soak it up—traditional-jazz hangout and an alternative to Eddie Condon's (see above), just thirty paces east. Trumpeter **ROY ELDRIDGE** is usually on the stand, supported by five resident Dixieland journeymen, Tuesdays through Saturdays. On Mondays, Max Kaminsky heads the group. Music weeknights from nine-thirty to three. On Sundays, Kaminsky directs another group of musical archivists from eight until two.

Knickerbocker Saloon, 33 University Pl., at 9th St. (228-8490)—Pianist and composer **BILLY TAYLOR** is ensconced in this bar and restaurant, which resembles an old-fashioned dining room in an old-fashioned hotel. Taylor and his bassist, **VICTOR GASKIN**, are present Tuesdays through Saturdays from ten.

Lone Star Café, 61 Fifth Ave., at 13th St. (242-1664)—Although it comes very close to authenticity, this Texas-on-Fifth Avenue hangout attracts patrons who are a mite too sedate and hardly ever rowdy. The standout on the current schedule is **OTIS RUSH**, an exciting Chicago-blues singer and guitarist, and his quartet, who will be here on Monday and Tuesday, Jan. 29-30. Music weeknights, from nine-fifteen to three, and Sundays from eight-thirty to two.

Manhattan Theatre Club Cabaret, 321 E. 73rd St. (472-0600)—"Dancing in the Dark," a tribute to Arthur Schwartz, with John Cunningham, Allyn Ann McLerie, Merilee Magnuson, and Donn Simone, is being given Wednesdays, Thursdays, and Sundays at eight-fifteen, and Fridays and Saturdays at eight-fifteen and ten-thirty.

Michael's Pub, 211 E. 55th St. (758-2272)—Pianist **DICK WELLSTOOD** is in charge of a quintet that plays the music of Fats Waller through Saturday, Jan. 27. On Tuesday, Jan. 30, the wonderful duo **JACKIE CAIN** and **ROY KRAL** will come in to do a program of Stephen Sondheim material. Sets begin at nine-fifteen Tuesdays through Saturdays. On Mondays, from nine-thirty to midnight, Woody Allen comes and goes. Dining. Closed Sundays.

Mikell's, 760 Columbus Ave., at 97th St. (864-8832)—Just a little neighborhood place where one can run across the likes of Chico Hamilton, Art Blakey, Lew Soloff, Cornell Dupree, or Bernard Purdie—and their respective groups—on the bandstand at one time or another. Music from ten until two. Dining.

Other End, 149 Bleecker St. (673-7030)—In a city chock-full of cabarets, this club stands out as the best of the last of the sixties Village coffeehouses. The intimacy and the fine sight lines to the stage—and even the brick walls—haven't changed, but the club now has a liquor license, and brings in non-folkie performers now and then. Wednesday, Jan. 24, is given over to the Zaitchik Brothers band, which plays urban blues; Thursday through Saturday, Jan. 25-27, pianist Jeff Lorber will head up a jazz-rock ensemble; and Thursday through Saturday, Feb. 1-3, electric violinist **MICHAL URBANIAK** will lead a quintet through his arrangements of tunes built on jazz, rock, and Polish folk melodies. Shows most nights at nine and eleven-thirty, on Fridays and Saturdays at nine and midnight. Snacks.

Rainbow Room, 30 Rockefeller Plaza. (757-9090)—What a room, what a view! The **SY OLIVER** orchestra soars Tuesdays through Thursdays from seven to one, Fridays and Saturdays from eight to two, and Sundays from six to midnight. Dining and dancing.

Reno Sweeney, 126 W. 13th St. (691-0900)—Don't be too put off by the shiny, electric-blue-plastic-tufted walls in the foyer—it's still a nice place. Various young singers perform here through Sunday, Jan. 28, at eight-thirty and eleven-thirty. Wednesday through Saturday, Jan. 31-Feb. 3, the eight-thirty slot will be claimed by Weeden, Finkle, and Fay—Bill Weeden, Dave Finkle, and Sally Fay—who will sing satirical songs. The eleven-thirty show will be given over to singer Barbara Cook. Mondays are showcase nights. Dining.

Seventh Avenue South, 21 Seventh Ave. S., at Leroy St. (242-4694)—Randy and Mike Brecker, who are brothers, successful studio musicians, and jazz-rock recording stars, own this pleasant club (along with a third partner), and so far they've managed to round up a lot of worthwhile music. The schedule: Double Image, a quartet co-piloted by two vibraharpists, David Samuels and David Friedman, on Wednesday, Jan. 24; Thursday through Sunday, Jan. 25-28, saxophonist **BILL BARRON**'s quartet, which comprises his younger brother **KENNY BARRON** on piano, drummer **BEN RILEY**, and bassist **BUSTER WILLIAMS**; on Tuesday and Wednesday, Jan. 30-31, pianist **JILL MC MANUS**, trumpeter **TOM HARRELL**, and a quartet; and Thursday through Sunday, Feb. 1-4, pianist **HILTON RUIZ**, saxophonist **PHAROAH SANDERS**, drummer **IDRIS MUHAMMAD**, and bassist **REGGIE WORKMAN**. Music from ten to two. Dining. Closed Mondays.

StoryTowne, 41 E. 58th St. (755-1640)—A spacious, square-shaped downstairs room with refreshingly decent acoustics and comfortable chairs. Tenor saxophonist **STAN GETZ**, streamlined and, as always, all business, leads his quartet Thursday through Saturday, Jan. 25-27; Thursday through Saturday, Feb. 1-3, will be claimed by singer **HELEN HUMES** and pianist **RAY BRYANT**'s trio. Music from about nine.

Sweet Basil, 88 Seventh Ave. S., at Bleecker St. (242-1785)—Trumpeter **CHET BAKER**'s latest quartet performs through Saturday, Jan. 27; on Tuesday, Jan. 30, two moving young guitarists—**JACK WILKINS** and **JOHN SCOFIELD**—will arrive with their new quintet. Sundays are reserved for drummer **PETE LA ROCA**'s quartet, and Mondays for tenor saxophonist **JUNIOR COOK**'s quintet. Music from ten. Dining.

Tin Palace, 325 Bowery, at 2nd St. (674-9115)—A loose, relaxed room that is a hangout for musicians and listeners. Flutist James Newton leads a quartet through Thursday, Jan. 25; on Friday and Saturday, Jan. 26-27, tenor saxophonist **DEWEY REDMAN** will head up a quartet that features drummer **ED BLACKWELL**; Monday, Jan. 29, will be claimed by saxophonist Ricky Ford; on Tuesday, Jan. 30, pianist **JOHN HICKS** will work with a quartet; and on Wednesday, Jan. 31, alto saxophonist **ARTHUR BLYTHE** will spend four nights with drummer **STEVE MC CALL** and bassist **FRED HOPKINS**. Music every night after ten. Dining.

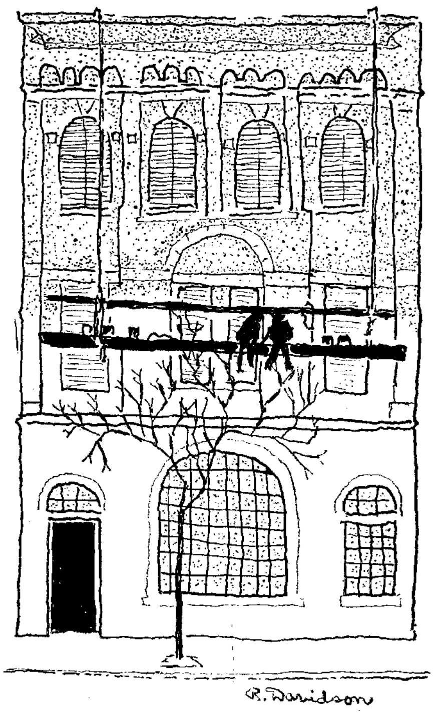
Tramps, 125 E. 15th St., at Irving Pl. (260-0370)—**STORMIN' NORMAN & SUZY**, a neo-vaudevillian duo, perform slapstick rock, blues, and ragtime; Norman Zamcheck is the pianist and composer-arranger, and Suzy Williams mugs and sings. Thursday, Jan. 25, at nine and eleven, and Friday and Saturday, Jan. 26-27, at ten and midnight. On Mondays, **BABY JANE DEXTER** sings from eight. Dining.

Trax, 100 W. 72nd St., near Columbus Ave. (799-1448)—A comfortable rock-showcase club that occasionally draws established musicians as well as unknown ones. Music every night except Sunday, usually at midnight and two. Dining.

Village Gate, 160 Bleecker St. (475-5120)—In the Top of the Gate, **ART BLAKEY**'s most recent batch of **JAZZ MESSENGERS** will share the stage with **CHICO HAMILTON**'s quintet on Friday and Saturday, Jan. 26-27, from nine-thirty. Tuesdays, from nine to midnight, jazz harpist **DAPHNE HELLMAN** heads a trio.

Village Vanguard, 178 Seventh Ave. S., at 11th St. (255-4037)—**SONNY FORTUNE**, the hard-edged alto saxophonist who makes his listeners grateful for the current fashion of long, extended solos, leads his quintet through Sunday, Jan. 28; on Tuesday, Jan. 30, tenor saxophonists **SCOTT HAMILTON**, who is in his twenties, and **BUDDY TATE**, who is in his sixties, will come in with a swing quintet. Music from ten.

West Boondock, 114 Tenth Ave., at 17th St. (929-9645)—Outside: dark, lonely streets and hundreds of parked semis. Inside: a cheerful bar and reputable soul-food restaurant with anachronistic sawdust on the floor. Another asset is pianist Sonelius Smith, who plays "Nature Boy," "Over the Rainbow," Red Garland's version of "Billy Boy," and other selections in a tongue-in-cheek variety of overlapping styles—he can coast like a cocktail pianist or noodle like Keith Jarrett or attack like Cecil Taylor. He is usually here Mondays through Wednesdays; Harris Simon is here Thursdays through Sundays. Music from eight until two.



West End, 2911 Broadway, at 113th St. (666-8750)—Reliable, mature swing musicians; enthusiastic students. **RUSSELL PROCOPE**, who sat in the Ellington reed section for years, pays homage to his late employer with a quartet through Sunday, Jan. 28. On Tuesday and Wednesday, Jan. 30-31, guitarist **EDDIE DURHAM**'s Kansas City 4 will be present; on Thursday, Feb. 1, guitarist Mike Peters and his quintet, Jazz à Cordes, will perform material inspired by the gypsy-swing music of the famous thirties group, the Quintet du Hot Club de France; and on Friday and Saturday, Feb. 2-3, guitarists Jimmy Shirley and Snags Allen will co-lead a quartet. Mondays are devoted to pianist **BROOKS KERR** and drummer **SONNY GREER**. Music from nine.

JAZZ/FOLK/ROCK CONCERTS, PERSONAL APPEARANCES, ETC.

Salute to Great American Songwriters—The final free concerts in the series in the Atrium of the Citicorp Center, Lexington Ave. at 53rd St., will be devoted to songs by various composers sung by Margaret Whiting, with pianists Tex Arnold and William Roy, on Wednesday and Thursday, Jan. 24-25, at 6.

Duke Ellington Orchestra—Conducted by Mercer Ellington. (Brooklyn Academy of Music, 30 Lafayette Ave. 636-4100. Thursday, Jan. 25, at 8.)

Carla Bley Band—Public Theatre, 425 Lafayette St. 677-6350. Friday and Saturday, Jan. 26-27, at 11.

Frank Foster—Lecturing and performing at Jazzmania Society, 14 E. 23rd St. 477-3077. Sunday, Jan. 28, at 3.

Lennie Tristano Memorial Concert—A benefit concert, with Liz Gorrill, Roy Eldridge and the Jimmy Ryan All-Stars, Max Roach, Sheila Jordan, and others. (Town Hall. Sunday, Jan. 28, at 4:30. For information about tickets, call 977-9020.)

Heavenly Jazz Concert Series—The fourth in a series of six benefit concerts, this one performed by Kenny Davern, Flip Phillips, Dave McKenna, George Duvivier, and Cliff Leeman. (Church of the Heavenly Rest, Fifth Ave. at 90th St. Sunday, Jan. 28, at 5. For tickets, call 369-8040.)

Ronny Whyte and Jack Six—A salute to New York City. (Atrium, Citicorp Center. Monday through Thursday, Jan. 29-Feb. 1, at 6. Free.)

Sha Na Na and **Dr. Hook**—Radio City Music Hall, Sixth Ave. at 50th St. 246-4600. Friday, Feb. 2, at 8, and Saturday, Feb. 3, at 7:30 and 11.

Paul McCandless and Glen Moore and **David Friesen and John Stowell**—Public Theatre. Friday, Feb. 2, at 11.

Marion Brown Quartet—With Philly Joe Jones, Reggie Workman, and Kenny Barron. (Public Theatre. Saturday, Feb. 3, at 11.)

ART

(Unless otherwise noted, galleries are open Tuesdays through Saturdays from around 10 or 11 to between 5 and 6.)

GALLERIES—UPTOWN

William Bailey—Still-lifes and figures in several mediums by a realist. Through Feb. 10. (Schoelkopf, 825 Madison Ave., at 69th St.)

Willi Baumeister (1889-1955)—Paintings by an early nonobjective artist. Through Saturday, Jan. 27. (Hutton, 33 E. 74th St.)

Varujan Boghosian—Collages in which sparing use is made of the component elements—engravings of architectural caprices, a page from the school notebook of a long-ago child who tried to draw a horse, antique papers stained with age. Through Saturday, Feb. 3. (Cordier & Ekstrom, 980 Madison Ave., at 76th St.)

Dove Bradshaw / Barbarie Rothstein—Swatches of cloth that appear to have been flung against the wall and to have stuck there on nails are really porcelain sculptures by this artist, who also contributes some delicate pencil drawings of brittle fall leaves. / Rock formations sculpted from paper of the artist's own making, shown under Plexiglas. Through Saturday, Jan. 27. (Graham, 1014 Madison Ave., at 78th St.)

Morris Broderson—Watercolors and oils of still-lifes and figures. Through Feb. 10. (Staempfli, 47 E. 77th St.)

Stuart Davis (1894-1964)—Twenty-one drawings and watercolors, in one or two of which we see the pencilled construction that underlies his bold, freehand work. Through Wednesday, Jan. 31. (Borgenicht, 1018 Madison Ave., at 79th St.)

Dorothy Gillespie—Painted freestanding aluminum and steel sculptures, and abstract oils on canvas. Through Saturday, Feb. 3. (Gurewitsch, 55 E. 74th St. Opens at 1.)

Peter Gourfain—Paintings and drawings based on seascapes, plus sculptures. Through Saturday, Jan. 27. (Cucalón, 145 E. 72nd St. Opens at noon.)

Karl Hagedorn—A two-gallery exhibit of paintings and works on paper. A large triptych, together with preparatory studies, dated 1978, is at Gimpel, 1040 Madison Ave., at 79th St. . . . ¶ Works covering a twenty-year period, including many depictions of his complex imaginary machinery, are at Goethe House, 1014 Fifth Ave., at 83rd St. (Tuesdays through Thursdays, 11 to 7; Fridays and Saturdays, 11 to 5.) Both shows through Feb. 17.

Karl Knaths (1891-1971)—Paintings completed after 1945 by this abstract artist. Through Feb. 28. (Paul Rosenberg, 20 E. 79th St. Open Mondays; closed Saturdays.)

Joanna Krasner—Recent oils. Through Saturday, Jan. 27. (Krasner, 1043 Madison Ave., at 80th St.)

Joe Lasker—Paintings of light-filled interiors and Connecticut's coastline. Through Saturday, Feb. 3. (Kraushaar, 1055 Madison Ave., at 80th St.)

Larry Mohr / Jim Houser—Geometric welded-aluminum sculptures. Through Saturday, Feb. 3. / Realist landscapes. Through Feb. 17. (Findlay, 984 Madison Ave., at 77th St.)

Enid Munroe / Robert Bidner—Collages made up of foreign newspaper clippings, sections of ancient documents, and bits of print. Through Saturday, Jan. 27. / Realist paintings of San Francisco building facades and other subjects. Through Saturday, Feb. 3. (FAR Gallery, 22 E. 80th St. Open Mondays.)

Charles O'Connor / Christin Couture—Large, colorful nonobjective paintings and several collages in the same vein. / Pencil-and-gouache drawings. Through Wednesday, Jan. 31. (Knowlton, 19 E. 71st St.)

Picasso (1881-1973)—Late aquatints and etchings. Twenty of them, from 1970-71, are being shown in this country for the first time. Through Saturday, Jan. 27. (Saidenberg, 1018 Madison Ave., at 79th St. Opens at 1 on Saturdays.)

Jeanne Reynal—Mosaics of jungle animals. Through Feb. 10. (Bodley, 1063 Madison Ave., at 80th St.)

William Scharf—Just about all the wall space in the gallery is covered by this artist's scroll-like work in acrylics depicting animal and plant life in abstract terms. Through Wednesday, Jan. 31. (Lerner-Heller, 956 Madison Ave., at 75th St.)

Kimber Smith—Large paintings in which spindly abstract designs in pure colors are distributed sparsely over an untreated cotton-duck canvas. Through Feb. 7. (Elkon, 1063 Madison Ave., at 80th St.)

David Smyth—Six rather narcissistic sculptures that combine steel silhouettes of the artist's body with mirrors and with photographs of him. Also drawings. Through Feb. 10. (Feldman, 33 E. 74th St. Open Mondays.)

Group Shows—At the **PERLS**, 1016 Madison Ave., at 78th St.: The arrival of a newly acquired, seven-foot heroic bronze nude by Maillol in the lobby here has been the signal for the bringing forward of some of the gems of the gallery—a sketchily painted portrait of a girl by Modigliani, for instance; a towering flower arrangement, full of daring color juxtapositions, by Vlaminck; a vintage nude *couchant*, by Pascin. Through Saturday, Feb. 3. . . . **TOUCHSTONE**, 118 E. 64th St.: Drawings by sculptors, among them Mark di Suvero, Mary Miss, and Charles Ginnever. Through Wednesday, Jan. 31.

S	M	T	W	T	F	S
			24	25	26	27
28	29	30	31	1	2	3

GALLERIES—57TH STREET AREA

Douglas Abbell—Blocky abstract bronze sculptures with a calligraphic quality. Through Saturday, Feb. 3. (Crispo, 41 E. 57th St. Mondays through Fridays, 11:30 to 4:30; Saturdays, 10:30 to 5:30.)

Larry Bell—Abstract patterns, mostly stripes, arrived at by a vacuum process in which incredibly thin coats of vaporized mineral are transferred to paper. The examples in this exhibit are done with aluminum or quartz, and the color is controlled by tinkering with the spectrum so that only certain rays of light are employed. Through Feb. 17. (Goodman, 38 E. 57th St. Open Mondays.)

Leslie Bohnenkamp—Horn-shaped sculptures made of paper twisted into spirals, fixed with glue, and then ornamented; they range in size from an inch to six feet tall. First one-man show in New York. Through Saturday, Jan. 27. (Parsons-Dreyfuss, 24 W. 57th St.)

Jane Freilicher—New views of the Hamptons and Manhattan, and a number of still-lifes, many of them large pastels. Through Wednesday, Jan. 31. (Fischbach, 29 W. 57th St.)

Denise Green—Three seven-foot-square paintings in oils and wax crayons on canvas. Also smaller works. Through Saturday, Jan. 27. (Protetch, 37 W. 57th St.)

Hans Hofmann (1880-1966)—High-spirited views of the Provincetown countryside done in ink and colored crayons on paper and dated 1941-43. Through Wednesday, Jan. 31. (Emmerich, 41 E. 57th St.)

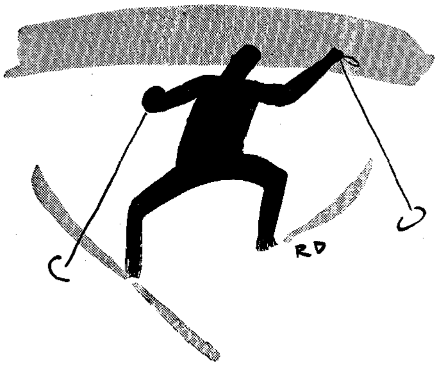
Alexander Hollweg / Russell Drisch—Small oak or lime wood sculptures of scenes in this artist's Somerset homeland—sheep grazing on a hilltop, tiny skiers on a snowy slope that flows out of an evergreen forest, and row on row of row houses. / Huge photographic blow-ups of the interiors of Yaddo greenhouses, touched up with color by hand. Through Saturday, Feb. 3. (Kornblee, 20 W. 57th St.)

John MacWhinnie / Herbert Bayer—New paintings, including a twenty-one-foot polyptych of his studio-home on Long Island, plus a number of outsize drawings (of Matisse, Manet's daughter, de Kooning) that rank with those of his teacher, Larry Rivers. / Abstract paintings based on old navigational charts and astronomical maps; in nearly all of these, the compass rose is treated as a three-dimensional object and brilliantly colored. Through Tuesday, Jan. 30. (Marlborough, 40 W. 57th St.)

Matta—Large oil paintings crowded with whizzing machinery by a Chilean Surrealist. Through Saturday, Jan. 27. (Iolas, 52 E. 57th St.)

Reuben Nakian—Thirty-nine pieces of sculpture done within the past nine months by this eighty-one-year-old artist. Through Saturday, Jan. 27. (Gruenebaum, 38 E. 57th St.)

Irving Petlin—A solidly built green chair, one or more rather amorphous figures, and what seems to be a large vessel containing rolls of paper are subjects common to the fifteen felicitously colored pastels in a series on exhibition here. Through Saturday, Feb. 3. (Odyssia, 730 Fifth Ave., at 57th St.)



Sonya Rapoport / Jack Bergamini—Twenty-five lengths of computer readouts, each stretching from the ceiling to the floor, on which this artist has added her own input of drawings and transfers illustrating or expanding on whatever the computer is trying to say. / An inventor's design for a new ball bearing can also be viewed (as it is here) as a work of art. Through Saturday, Feb. 3. (Truman, 38 E. 57th St.)

Abraham Rattner (1895-1978)—Watercolor sketches and drawings that the artist made while on a trip with Henry Miller through the Southern states in the early forties. Through Saturday, Jan. 27. (Kennedy, 40 W. 57th St.)

Kjell Ringi—Acrylic paintings of towering castle walls whose crenellations are filled with sparkling heaps of tiny watchworks, medallions, beads, flags, tricycles, and almost infinitesimal curios in bright, primary colors. Through Saturday, Feb. 3. (Genesis, 41 E. 57th St.)

Robert Ryman—A new set of his densely painted white oils. From the front, the effect is blurry; from the side, the subtle central pattern of brushwork becomes visible. Through Saturday, Jan. 27. (Janis, 6 W. 57th St.)

Doug Sanderson—Large rectangles of a dominant blue (the underpainting changes from painting to painting) are centered on unsized beige linen canvases. Through Saturday, Feb. 3. (Droll-Kolbert, 724 Fifth Ave., at 57th St.)

Charles Shaw (1892-1974)—Abstract reliefs suggestive of birds on the wing, carved in thick rectangles of mahogany during the late thirties by this well-known literary and artistic figure of that era. Through Saturday, Feb. 3. (Washburn, 42 E. 57th St.)

Janet Stayton / John Willenbecher—A new crop of her cheerful mixed-medium samplers, incorporating, say, a conventional oil landscape in one corner, a watercolor grid pattern in the background, a horizontal band of needlework, and (nearly always) a long row of steaming cups of coffee done in crayon. / Collages in which a string of cones, balls, and pyramids is hung against an acrylic night sky. Through Saturday, Feb. 3. (Hamilton, 20 W. 57th St.)

Carl Nicholas Titolo—Tiny surrealist paintings in mixed mediums, often depicting crowded interiors seen from directly overhead. Through Friday, Jan. 26. (Dintenfass, 50 W. 57th St.)

Mark Tobey (1890-1976)—Paintings, etchings, tapestries, and lithographs by this pioneer American abstractionist. Through Saturday, Feb. 3. (Alex Rosenberg, 20 W. 57th St. Open Mondays.)

Robert Zakanitch—Large triptychs covered with huge and spectacular imaginary blossoms, painted in colors that range from the mildest pastels to the harshest crimson. Through Saturday, Jan. 27. (Miller, 724 Fifth Ave., at 57th St.)

William Zorach (1889-1966)—Watercolors and pencil drawings of Yosemite in the twenties, when the artist and Ansel Adams, the photographer, visited there, scaled Grizzly Peak, and nearly killed themselves skidding down its precipitous face when darkness fell. Also, photographs of the valley by Adams, C. E. Watkins, and Eadweard Muybridge. Through Saturday, Feb. 3. (Zabriskie, 29 W. 57th St. Open Mondays.)

American Monotypes: 100 Years—A survey of accomplishments in this tricky field by artists ranging from the pioneering Maurice Prendergast to Milton Avery, and including arresting prints by Joseph Goldyne ("Cherry Pie") and Joseph Stella ("Tulip"). Through Thursday, Feb. 1. (Pearl, 29 W. 57th St.)

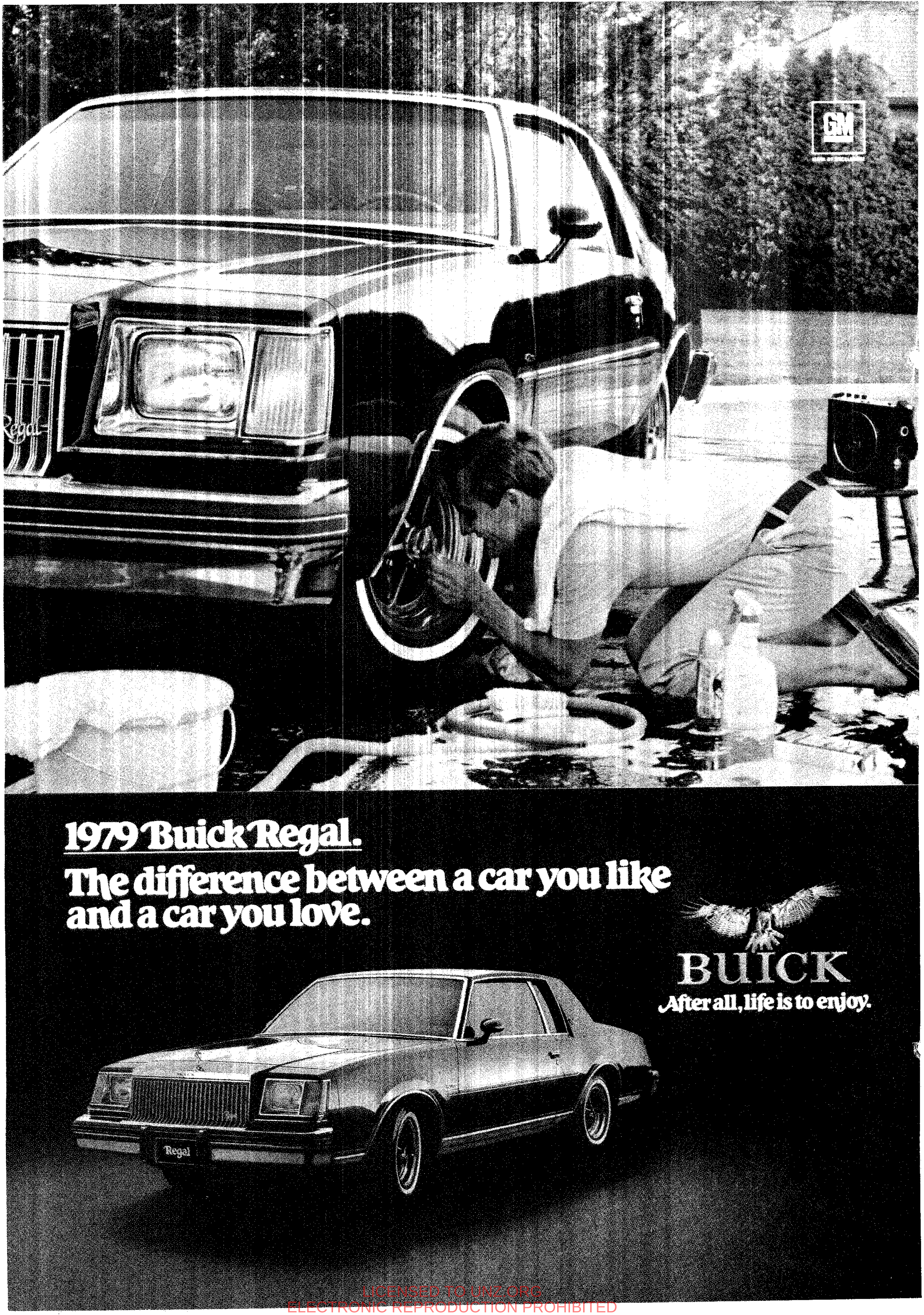
Group Shows—At the **AARON BERMAN**, 50 W. 57th St.: A potpourri of paintings and drawings, ranging from fragmentary sketches by various members of "the Eight" to recent works by gallery regulars. Through Wednesday, Jan. 31. . . . **ESMAN**, 29 W. 57th St.: Drawings and maquettes for monumental projects that have never yet been executed—for

DUBONNET. THE FRENCH IDEA OF A COCKTAIL.

"Dubonnet"

In 1846, the French created Dubonnet. For the way they drank then.
And there's Dubonnet today. For the way America drinks now—light and easy.
"Parlez-vous Dubonnet?"

DUBONNET APERITIF WINES. PRODUCT OF U.S.A. DUBONNET CO., N.Y., N.Y. ©


GM
1979 Buick Regal.
The difference between a car you like and a car you love.
BUICK
After all, life is to enjoy.
Regal

GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

example, di Suvero's massive dam and hydraulic works meant to save Venice; Noguchi's maquette for a playground; and LeWitt's geometric figures meant for a park. Through Saturday, Feb. 3. . . . **FRUMKIN**, 50 W. 57th St.: Works on paper by Jack Beal, Joan Brown, and James McGarrell. Through Feb. 8. (Opens at noon on Saturdays.) . . . **PACE**, 32 E. 57th St.: The grid as a basis for paintings, sculptures, and drawings by twentieth-century artists, among them Klee, Nevelson, and Johns. Through Saturday, Feb. 3. . . . **SACHS**, 29 W. 57th St.: The current show includes a lush Hawaiian landscape by Ben Norris; a snowy forest scene by Sally Vagliano; and a pencil drawing by Josef Levi of a pre-Columbian statue standing beside one of Warhol's Marilyn Monroes. Through Wednesday, Jan. 31.

GALLERIES—SoHo

Nicholas Africano—A series of ten disturbing paintings dealing with the Battered Woman, in which tiny figures done in semi-relief on large expanses of canvas represent the withdrawn victim, along with her social worker, a doctor, and a detective. Through Saturday, Feb. 3. (Holly Solomon, 392 West Broadway.)

Frances Barth / Paul Rotterdam—A colorful, illustrated Russian alphabet (A for Арти́ст, an artist; B for Ба́нка, a vessel; and so on), by this painter, who portrays the Russian words in abstract terms suggested by both their physical shape and their meaning. / Recent works on canvas and paper by an artist whose works have a strong architectural content. Through Saturday, Jan. 27. (Caldwell, 383 West Broadway.)

Peter Campus—This large gallery is darkened for the occasion, and the visitor, guided by directional arrows, turns a corner and is confronted by three enormous faces (ten feet tall) projected on the walls—two male and one female. Through Feb. 7. (Cooper, 155 Wooster St.)

David Hockney—Portraits of the swimming pool (again). Through Saturday, Jan. 27. (Emmerich, 420 West Broadway.)

Robert Mangold / Richard Nonas—Large Minimalist diptychs traversed by a diagonal crayon line. / Two massive sculptures made up of eight-by-twelve-inch hemlock timbers, twelve feet long, laid out on the floor. Through Tuesday, Jan. 30. (Weber, 420 West Broadway.)

Rosemary Mayer / Domenick Capobianco—Sculptures, watercolors, and drawings. / Abstract works done directly on the gallery wall in materials that include dry pigments, chalks, and pastels. Through Saturday, Feb. 3. (55 Mercer Street Gallery.)

Franc Palaia—Frescoed designs taken from ancient ruins are really recent works on Styrofoam by this artist who specializes in fooling the eye. Also shown are collages made of his color photographs of doomed buildings. Through Feb. 8. (Neill, 136 Greene St.)

Robert Rauschenberg—Two new works in mixed mediums. Through Saturday, Feb. 3. (Sonnabend, 420 West Broadway.)

Ernest Ruckle—This artist concentrates on perspective drawings of vast auditoriums packed with tiny humanoids engaged in maniacal activities while the air above them is crowded with complicated, imaginary machines. The show also includes several cartoonlike portraits, which are less successful. Through Saturday, Jan. 27. (Meisel, 141 Prince St.)

Al Souza / Mary Shaffer—Boxed wall works documenting (with photographs and toy models) such particulars as road signs and scarecrows. / Glass sculptures (some black, some white), suspended from the ceiling by wires and illuminated by rays of light that are monitored by an electronic device made expressly for this work. Through Saturday, Jan. 27. (O.K. Harris, 383 West Broadway.)

Nancy Spero—Twenty-five nine-foot strips of paper stamped with a few drawings and a great deal of text protesting the condition of woman down through history. Through Feb. 7. (A.I.R., 97 Wooster St.)

Frank Stella—Glittering whirligigs, eight feet in diameter, hung on the wall as representations of birds the artist saw in India. The constructions, for the most part, are made of enamelled and tinselled corrugated aluminum. Through Saturday, Jan. 27. (Castelli, 420 West Broadway.)

S	M	T	W	T	F	S
			24	25	26	27
28	29	30	31	1	2	3

Brian Wall—Horizontal floor pieces made of heavy-duty industrial steel—sections of I-beams, for example, and steel plate an inch thick—by this California-based sculptor. Through Saturday, Feb. 3. (Sculpture Now, 142 Greene St.)

Group Show—A showing of works on paper includes large, stippled-looking realist paintings by Biff Elrod which are not far removed from Pointillist; three Parisian vignettes by Red Grooms; and some free-form sculpture done in wet pulp and painted with watercolors by Rafael Ferrer. Through Feb. 8. (Hoffman, 429 West Broadway.)

OTHER GALLERIES

Alice Adams—New wood sculptures, plus working drawings and photographs of outdoor sculptures. Through Saturday, Feb. 3. (Bromm, 90 West Broadway, at Chambers St. Opens at 1.)

Barry Le Va—Two related exhibits of works completed between 1967 and the present: an installation, plus drawings, at The New Museum, 65 Fifth Ave., at 14th St. (opens weekdays at noon; open Wednesday evenings until 8), and about forty-five drawings at the Parsons School of Design, 2 W. 13th St. (open Mondays). Both shows through Feb. 10.

PHOTOGRAPHY

Manuel Alvarez Bravo—A retrospective of a hundred and forty works that date from the twenties to the present. Through Feb. 4. (Center for Inter-American Relations, 680 Park Ave., at 68th St. Daily, except Mondays, noon to 6.)

Edward S. Curtis (1868-1952)—Historical documentation of North American Indian tribes. Through Feb. 24. (Prakapas, 19 E. 71st St. Open Tuesdays until 9.)

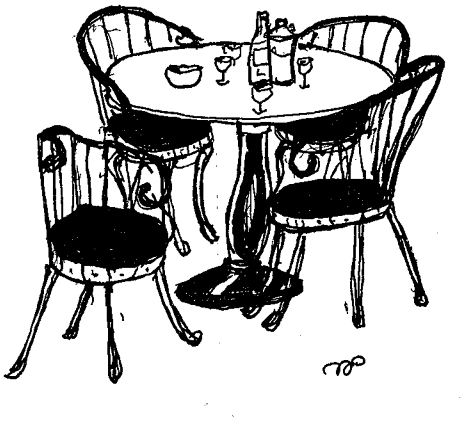
Judy Dater / JoAnn Frank—Portraits and nude studies, mostly of men. / Fifty photograms. Through Saturday, Feb. 3. (Witkin, 41 E. 57th St.)

Robert Giard / John Hansen—High-contrast photographs of the Hamptons off-season: shrubbery wrapped in burlap, boarded windows and doors. / Photographs, made with a Diana camera, of landscapes and building façades in Paris, Maine, and New York. Through Sunday, Jan. 28. (Midtown Y Gallery, 344 E. 14th St. Sundays through Thursdays, noon to 8; Fridays, noon to 4.)

Frank Gohlke—The Museum of Modern Art has mounted a show of his photographs of Midwestern grain elevators—an ongoing series begun six years ago—which are seen as abstractions in the early works but become a part of broad landscapes in the later works. See below, under "Museums," for dates and times.

David Haxton—Recent color works. Through Saturday, Jan. 27. (Sonnabend, 420 West Broadway.)

Tom McCarthy—Bizarre color collages by a man who said of his career as a conventional photographer, "I more or less gave up." Through Feb. 10. (Neikrug, 224 E. 68th St. Wednesdays through Saturdays, 1 to 6.)



Janet Rifkin—Sequential color prints of a single light fixture or a brush, mounted vertically, horizontally, and sometimes in a U-shape. Through Wednesday, Jan. 31. (Gibson, 392 West Broadway.)

Don Rodan—Color Polaroid prints in a show called "The Greek Myths." Through Saturday, Jan. 27. (Castelli Uptown, 4 E. 77th St.)

NASA Photographs—Fifty lunar landscapes made by astronauts on several Apollo missions. For contrast: Ansel Adams' Western landscapes of the forties, fifties, and sixties, on view in the adjoining gallery. Through Saturday, Jan. 27. (Light, 724 Fifth Ave., at 57th St.)

Group Shows—At the **FOTO**, 492 Broome St.: French country scenes by Melba Levick; color abstractions by Ron Walker; and SX-70 nudes by John Gintoff. Through Saturday, Jan. 27. (Wednesdays through Saturdays, 1 to 6.) . . . **INTERNATIONAL CENTER OF PHOTOGRAPHY**, 1130 Fifth Ave., at 94th St.: A show that covers a hundred and twenty-five years of dance photography, with examples by Cecil Beaton, James Van DerZee, George Platt Lynes, Barbara Morgan, and others. Through Sunday, Jan. 28. . . . **MUSEO DEL BARRIO**, 1230 Fifth Ave., at 104th St.: Mexico in the twenties and thirties by Tina Modotti, Paul Strand, and Edward Weston. Through Feb. 25. (Tuesdays through Fridays, 10:30 to 4:30; Saturdays and Sundays, 11 to 4.) . . . **PFEIFER**, 825 Madison Ave., at 69th St.: Sixty self-portraits by as many women photographers, whose approaches range from the classical to the surreal, and whose materials include Xerox reproductions and pages from journals. Through Feb. 9. . . . **SRAGOW**, 43 Fifth Ave., at 11th St.: A small selection of prints (some are gravures) by Kertész, Brandt, Model, and others. Through Feb. 24. (Wednesdays through Saturdays, 1 to 6.) . . . **STUDIO MUSEUM IN HARLEM**, 2033 Fifth Ave., at 125th St.: John Pinderhughes, Coreen Simpson, Frank Stewart, Jules Allen, and Dawoud Bey. Through March 11. (Tuesdays through Fridays, 10 to 6; Saturdays and Sundays, 1 to 6.) . . . **WHITNEY DOWNTOWN MUSEUM**, 55 Water St., two blocks south of Wall St.: Industrial scenes by Charles Sheeler, Berenice Abbott, Lewis Baltz, and others. Starts Thursday, Jan. 25. (Mondays through Fridays, 11 to 3.) . . . **WOLF**, 30 W. 57th St.: Photographs of Egypt in the nineteenth century. Included in the show are fifteen 16 x 20 plates made by Francis Frith in 1858. Through Saturday, Feb. 3. (Open Mondays.)

MUSEUMS AND LIBRARIES

Metropolitan Museum, Fifth Ave. at 82nd St.—King Tut, of course. . . . ¶ A show of more than a hundred costumes worn by dancers in Diaghilev's Ballets Russes, supplemented by costume and set sketches (by Bakst, Cocteau, others) and advertising posters. . . . ¶ Fifteenth- and sixteenth-century drawings by North European artists. From the Lehman Collection. Through March 4. (Open daily except Mondays. Hours: Tuesdays, 10 to 8:45; Wednesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 4:45; Sundays, 11 to 4:45.)

Museum of Modern Art, 11 W. 53rd St.—More than a hundred and seventy works by Matisse, ranging from major paintings to large paper cutouts. From the museum's holdings. Through Tuesday, Jan. 30. . . . ¶ A show of Jackie Winsor's geometric floor sculptures made of unpainted wood, rope, nails, brick. Through March 6. . . . ¶ Paul Klee prints. Through April 3. . . . ¶ An exhibit of thirty collages by Anne Ryan. Through March 6. . . . ¶ Ten works by Ellsworth Kelly devised from layered and colored wet paper pulp. Through Tuesday, Jan. 30. . . . **PHOTOGRAPHY**: American grain elevators photographed by Frank Gohlke. Through Feb. 4. (Open daily, except Wednesdays, 11 to 6, and Thursday evenings until 9.)

Guggenheim Museum, 1071 Fifth Ave., at 89th St.—A show of thirty-five works by Piet Mondrian (paintings and works on paper, including two sketchbooks), dating mostly from the twenties and thirties. Through Feb. 25. (Open daily except Mondays. Hours: Tuesdays, 11 to 8, with no admission charge from 5 to 8; Wednesdays through Sundays, 11 to 5.)

Whitney Museum of American Art, 945 Madison

GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

S	M	T	W	T	F	S
			24	25	26	27
28	29	30	31	1	2	3

Ave., at 75th St.—"New Image Painting": works by ten young artists who share a nontraditional approach to the representation of objects or figures but who paint in divergent styles. Among the ten are Susan Rothenberg, Joe Zucker, and Michael Hurson. Through Sunday, Jan. 28. . . . ¶ "William Carlos Williams and the American Scene, 1920-40" is an exhibition of paintings, sculptures, photographs, and prints by artists (Demuth, Sheeler, Hartley) who were either friends of the poet or who influenced his work. Also Williams memorabilia. Through Feb. 4. . . . ¶ Thirteen paintings constitute the memorial exhibition of Lorser Feitelson (1898-1978), the influential California artist whose styles ranged from post-Surrealist to hard-edge abstraction. Through Feb. 11. . . . **COMPOSERS' SHOWCASE:** On Wednesday, Jan. 31, at 8, works by three composers, including Charles Schwartz, whose jazz symphony will be performed by Clark Terry, Zoot Sims, and Jimmy Maxwell, together with Joan Heller (soprano), and the Contemporary Chamber Ensemble, conducted by Arthur Weisberg. . . . ¶ On Thursday, Feb. 1, at 7 and 9:30, John Cage will perform a new solo vocal work. Tickets are now being issued on a first-come, first-served basis. (Open daily except Mondays. Hours: Tuesdays, 11 to 9, with no admission charge after 6; Wednesdays through Saturdays, 11 to 6; Sundays, noon to 6.)

BROOKLYN MUSEUM, Eastern Parkway—The twenty-first National Print Exhibition includes two works each by seventy-five artists. Through Feb. 11. (Open Wednesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 5; Sundays, noon to 5.)

AMERICAN MUSEUM OF NATURAL HISTORY, Central Park W. at 79th St.—An exhibit of nearly sixty color photographs (plus slides) of desert flowers found in the American West. Through Feb. 28. (Open daily. Hours: Weekdays, 10 to 4:45, and Wednesday evenings until 9; Sundays, 11 to 5.)

ASIA HOUSE, 112 E. 64th St.—Calligraphy as a decorative form in the arts of the Muslim world, demonstrated in a show of manuscript pages, pottery, textiles, and metalwork dating from the seventh century to the nineteenth. Through March 11. (Open daily. Hours: Weekdays, 10 to 5, and Thursday evenings until 8:30; Sundays, 1 to 5.)

CHINA HOUSE, 125 E. 65th St.—"Origins of Chinese Ceramics" is a show of fifty-five objects (urns, bowls, jars, the earliest dating back seven thousand years), some of which are painted, and several of which are early examples of hard-glazed stoneware. Through Sunday, Jan. 28. (Open daily. Hours: Mondays through Fridays, 10 to 5; Saturdays, 11 to 5; Sundays, 2 to 5.)

COOPER-HEWITT MUSEUM, Fifth Ave. at 91st St.—A show of designs for buildings, interiors, and objects commissioned by the eccentric King Ludwig II of Bavaria. Also costumes, furniture, porcelains, and textiles that were actually used by the king. Through March 25. . . . ¶ "Vienna Moderne," a show of metalwork, ceramics, glass, furniture, and fabrics produced on the Donau between 1898 and 1918. Through Feb. 4. (Open daily except Mondays. Hours: Tuesdays, 10 to 9, with no admission charge after 5; Wednesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 5; Sundays, noon to 5.)

FRICK COLLECTION, 1 E. 70th St.—An exhibition of twenty-two examples of eighteenth- and nineteenth-century English silver and silver gilt, in designs that range from rococo to classical. Nearly half of the pieces (bowls, tea kettles, a wine cooler), are by Huguenot silversmith Paul De Lamerie. Through March 18. (Open daily except Mondays. Hours: Tuesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 6; Sundays, 1 to 6.)

JEWISH MUSEUM, Fifth Ave. at 92nd St.—A retrospective exhibit of Jack Levine's paintings, drawings, and graphics, bringing together works of varying subject matter—social satire, portraits, religious themes. Through Sunday, Jan. 28. (Open daily except Fridays and Saturdays. Hours: Mondays through Thursdays, noon to 5; Sundays, 11 to 6.)

MORGAN LIBRARY, 29 E. 36th St.—"The Classical Style in Rajput Painting," an exhibit of about eighty Indian miniatures. Through Feb. 8. . . . ¶ A display of manuscripts and first editions of Franz Schubert's works. Through Feb. 18. . . . ¶ A selection of fifty drawings that have recently been added to the museum's collections, among them a red-chalk drawing of a seashell by Watteau, and two Ingres portraits. Through Feb. 18. (Open daily except Mondays. Hours: Tuesdays through Saturdays, 10:30 to 5; Sundays, 1 to 5.)

MUSEUM OF AMERICAN FOLK ART, 49 W. 53rd St.—"The Woman Folk Artist in America," a display of paintings, drawings, and textiles. Among the artists are the contemporary Mattie Lou O'Kelley, whose painting is titled "*Picking Blueberries on the Fourth*," and Susan McCord, whose vine-patterned pieced-and-appliquéd cotton quilt is dated 1845. Through April 29. (Open daily, except Mondays, 10:30 to 5:30, and Thursday evenings until 8.)

MUSEUM OF THE CITY OF NEW YORK, Fifth Ave. at 104th St.—Katharine Cornell's career is the subject of an exhibit of about two hundred objects, among them photographs by Steichen and Genthe, a portrait by Charles Dana Gibson, and costumes. Through Feb. 18. (Open daily except Mondays. Hours: Tuesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 5; Sundays, 1 to 5.)

EXPERIMENTAL OUTPOSTS

(Various avant-garde enterprises that may involve not only traditional art but video, electronics, dance, and so on.)

ARTISTS SPACE, 105 Hudson St., at Franklin St. 226-3970. Exhibition hours: Tuesdays through Saturdays, 11 to 6.—Drawings by Patti Smith, Alan Saret, Tom Martin, Auste Peciura, and Nancy Spero, through Feb. 10; color photographs by Laurie Simmons, through Feb. 10; Pieter Holstein (three-dimensional installation), through Feb. 10; Ken Feingold (installation using photographs), starts Saturday, Jan. 27.

FRANKLIN FURNACE, 112 Franklin St. 925-4671. Exhibition hours: Tuesdays through Saturdays, noon to 6.—Jerry Jones (performance), Thursday, Jan. 25, at 8:30; Taka Imura (video), Tuesday, Jan. 30, at 8:30; Jacki Apple (performance with audio tapes, film, and slides), Thursday, Feb. 1, at 8:30; works that either literally or conceptually follow a book format: Jenny Snider and Stephanie Brody Lederman, through Feb. 10.

THE KITCHEN, 484 Broome St. 925-3615. Exhibition hours: Tuesdays through Saturdays, 1 to 6.—Meredith Monk and others performing vocal music Wednesday through Saturday, Jan. 24-27, at 8:30; Frankie Mann (electronic music), Monday, Jan. 29, at 8:30; a program of twenty-five piano waltzes by as many composers (Glass, Thomson, Babbitt) and played individually by five young pianists, Saturday, Feb. 3, at 8:30; Morgan Fisher (video and film), through Saturday, Jan. 27; Ilene Segalove and Tony Oursler (video), through Wednesday, Jan. 31.

NATURAL SOUND CENTER, 246 Eighth Ave., at 23rd St. 929-2707.—A choral ensemble directed by Kirk Nurock will perform Friday through Sunday, Jan. 26-28, at 8.

MUSIC

(The box-office number for the Metropolitan Opera House is 580-9830, for Avery Fisher Hall 874-2424, for Carnegie Hall 247-7459, and for Alice Tully Hall 362-1911. Other box-office numbers are included in the listings.)

OPERA

METROPOLITAN OPERA—Wednesday evening, Jan. 24: "Luisa Miller," with Renata Scotto, Jean Kraft, Placido Domingo, Sherrill Milnes, Bonaldo Giaiotti, and James Morris; conducted by James Levine. . . . ¶ Thursday evening, Jan. 25: "Aida," with Gilda Cruz-Romo, Fiorenza Cossotto, Ermanno Mauro, Louis Quilico, Paul Plishka, and John Cheek; David Stivender. . . . ¶ Friday evening, Jan. 26: "Werther," with Régine Crespin, Alfredo Kraus, Kathleen Battle, and Lenus Carlson; Richard Bonynge. . . . ¶ Saturday matinée, Jan. 27: "Luisa Miller," with Renata Scotto, Jean Kraft, Placido Domingo, Sherrill Milnes, Bonaldo Giaiotti, and James Morris; James Levine. . . . ¶ Saturday evening, Jan. 27: "Madame Butterfly," with Teresa Kubiak, Shirley Love, John Alexander, and Mario Sereni; Richard Woitach. . . . ¶ Monday evening, Jan. 29: "Aida," with Gilda Cruz-Romo, Fiorenza Cossotto, Ermanno Mauro, Louis Quilico, Paul Plishka, and John Cheek; David Stivender. . . . ¶ Tuesday evening, Jan. 30: "Tosca," with Leonie Rysanek, Placido Domingo, Cornell MacNeil, and Renato Capecchi; James Conlon. (A nonsubscription performance.). . . ¶ Wednesday evening, Jan. 31: "Werther," with Régine Crespin, Alfredo Kraus, Kathleen Battle, and Lenus Carlson; Richard Bonynge. . . . ¶ Thursday evening, Feb. 1: "Madame Butterfly," with Teresa Kubiak, Shirley Love, Luis Lima, and Mario Sereni; Richard Woitach. . . . ¶ Friday evening, Feb. 2: "Tosca," with Leonie Rysanek, Placido Domingo, Cornell MacNeil, and Renato Capecchi; James Conlon. . . . ¶ Saturday matinée, Feb. 3: "Werther," with Régine Crespin, Alfredo Kraus, Kathleen Battle, and Lenus Carlson; Richard Bonynge. . . . ¶ Saturday evening, Feb. 3: "Aida," with Gilda Cruz-Romo, Fiorenza Cossotto, Ermanno Mauro, Garbis Boyagian, Paul Plishka, and John Cheek; David Stivender. (Evenings at 8. Matinées at 2.)

OPERA EBONY—Paul Freeman conducting the Opera Ebony Orchestra in performances of Menotti's "The Medium" (with Janis-Rozena Peri, soprano) and Mozart's "The Impresario" (with Bob Molock, baritone). (Beacon Theatre, Broadway at 74th St. 874-1717. Friday, Jan. 26, at 8.)

JUILLIARD AMERICAN OPERA CENTER—Benefit performances of Monteverdi's "L'Orfeo," staged by Sandro Sequi, with the Juilliard Philharmonia conducted by Peter Herman Adler. (Juilliard Theatre, 155 W. 65th St. Thursday, Feb. 1, and Saturday, Feb. 3, at 8, and Sunday, Feb. 4, at 3. For information about tickets, call 799-5000, Ext. 235.)

ORCHESTRAS AND CHORUSES

NEW YORK PHILHARMONIC—At Avery Fisher Hall, Zubin Mehta conducting—Thursday, Jan. 25, at 8:30; Friday, Jan. 26, at 2; Saturday, Jan. 27, at 8:30; and Tuesday, Jan. 30, at 7:30 (all with Janet Baker, mezzo-soprano); Wednesday, Jan. 31, at 8:30, a concert for the benefit of the Philharmonic's Pension Fund (with Leontyne Price, soprano); and Thursday through Saturday, Feb. 1-3, at 8:30, and Tuesday, Feb. 6, at 7:30 (all with Daniel Barenboim, piano).

BOSTON SYMPHONY—Seiji Ozawa conducting, with Joseph Silverstein, violin, and Pinchas Zukerman, viola. (Carnegie Hall. Wednesday and Thursday, Jan. 24-25, at 8.)

PHILADELPHIA ORCHESTRA—Eugene Ormandy conducting an all-Rachmaninoff program, with Misha Dichter, piano. (Avery Fisher Hall. Wednesday, Jan. 24, at 8.)

NATIONAL SYMPHONY ORCHESTRA—Mstislav Rostropovich conducting a performance of Britten's "War Requiem," with Galina Vishnevskaya, soprano; Peter Pears, tenor; John Shirley-Quirk, bass-baritone; the Choral Arts Society; and the Washington Cathedral Choir of Boys and Men. (Carnegie Hall. Friday, Jan. 26, at 8.)

MOSCOW PHILHARMONIC ORCHESTRA—Dmitri Kitaenko conducting, with Ilya Grubert, violin. (Carnegie Hall. Wednesday, Jan. 31, at 8.)

KOREAN NATIONAL SYMPHONY—Yun Taik Hong conducting, with Dong-Suk Kang, violin. (Carnegie Hall. Friday, Feb. 2, at 8.)

CLARION CONCERTS ORCHESTRA—Newell Jenkins conducting a program of symphonies of the eighteenth century. (Alice Tully Hall. Wednesday, Jan. 24, at 8:30.)

BROOKLYN PHILHARMONIA—Lukas Foss conducting—Friday and Saturday, Jan. 26-27, at 8, and Sunday, Jan. 28, at 3: A Debussy-Ravel program, with Michel Block, piano. . . . ¶ Friday, Feb. 2, at 8: The second in a "Meet the Moderns" series of four concerts, this one entitled "Pop Art, Yesterday and Today," with Beverly Morgan, soprano, and Dwight Peltzer and Mr. Foss, piano. Kurt Vonnegut, Larry Rivers, and Mr. Foss will participate in a forum at the end of the evening. (Brooklyn Academy of Music, 30 Lafayette Ave. 636-4100.)

MUSICA AETERNA ORCHESTRA—Frederic Waldman conducting. (Grace Rainey Rogers Auditorium, Metropolitan Museum, Fifth Ave. at 83rd

St. 879-5512. Saturday, Jan. 27, at 8:30, and Sunday, Jan. 28, at 5:30, both with Maureen Forrester, mezzo-soprano; and Saturday, Feb. 3, at 8:30, with Mieczyslaw Horszowski, piano. All seats for the last concert have been sold, and only standing room is left.)

AMERICAN COMPOSERS ORCHESTRA—Lukas Foss conducting, with John Reardon, baritone, and Jesse Levine, viola. (Alice Tully Hall. Monday, Jan. 29, at 8.)

RUSSIAN CHORAL SOCIETY—Vladimir Roudenko directing. (Alice Tully Hall. Saturday, Jan. 27, at 2:30.)

COLLEGIATE CHORALE—Richard Westenburg directing. (Carnegie Hall. Sunday, Jan. 28, at 8.)

PAGET CHORALE—Daniel Paget directing a program of vocal chamber music. (Carnegie Recital Hall. Saturday, Feb. 3, at 8:30.)

RECITALS

JUILLIARD STRING QUARTET—The second in a series of five concerts presenting the Beethoven cycle. (Kaufmann Concert Hall, 92nd Street Y, Lexington Ave. at 92nd St. 427-6000. Wednesday, Jan. 24, at 8.)

ANDRÉE JULIETTE BRUN—Piano. (Alice Tully Hall. Thursday, Jan. 25, at 8.)

LEAGUE-ISCM—The fourth in this season's series of seven concerts, this one performed by Carol Wincenc, flute; Robert Miller, piano; Daniel Druckman, percussion; and others. (Carnegie Recital Hall. Thursday, Jan. 25, at 8.)

ELISABETH SÖDERSTRÖM—Soprano. (Grace Rainey Rogers Auditorium, Metropolitan Museum, Fifth Ave. at 83rd St. 879-5512. Friday, Jan. 26, at 8:30.)

YEHUDI AND HEPHZIBAH MENUHIN—Violin and piano. (Carnegie Hall. Saturday, Jan. 27, at 8.)

NEW YORK WOODWIND QUINTET—With Gilbert Kalish piano, in a concert postponed from Dec. 7. (Kaufmann Concert Hall, 92nd Street Y, Lexington Ave. at 92nd St. 427-6000. Saturday, Jan. 27, at 8.)

WAVERLY CONSORT—The first in a series of three concerts of music from the thirteenth century through the eighteenth, this one entitled "Medieval Music of the Mediterranean World." (Alice Tully Hall. Saturday, Jan. 27, at 8.)

ST. LUKE'S CHAMBER ENSEMBLE—A program called "Winds, Brass and Strings." (Church of St. Luke in-the-Fields, 487 Hudson St., at Grove St. Saturday, Jan. 27, at 8. For information about tickets, call 943-0950.)

JEROME ROSEN—Violin. (Carnegie Recital Hall. Saturday, Jan. 27, at 8:30.)

MUSIC FOR A WHILE—A program entitled "La Fontaine Amoureuse," devoted to verse and music of Guillaume de Machaut. (Kaufmann Concert Hall, 92nd Street Y, Lexington Ave. at 92nd St. 427-6000. Sunday, Jan. 28, at 2 and 8.)

DIANA MITTLER BATTIPAGLIA—Piano. (Carnegie Recital Hall. Sunday, Jan. 28, at 2:30.)

MUSIC BEFORE 1800—The seventh in a series of fifteen recitals will be performed by the Elizabethan Enterprise and Sequentia. (Corpus Christi Church, 529 W. 121st St. Sunday, Jan. 28, at 3. Admission by contribution.)

JEAN-PIERRE RAMPAL—Flute, with Andras Adorjan, also flute. (Avery Fisher Hall. Sunday, Jan. 28, at 8.)

SYLVIA ZAREMBA—Piano, in an all-Chopin recital. (Alice Tully Hall. Sunday, Jan. 28, at 8.)

VLADIMIR SPIVAKOV—Violin. (Carnegie Hall. Monday, Jan. 29, at 8.)

CLAUDIO ARRAU—Piano, in an all-Beethoven recital postponed from Dec. 15. (Carnegie Hall. Tuesday, Jan. 30, at 8.)

HAYDN-TRIO VIENNA—Chamber music. (Carnegie Recital Hall. Wednesday, Jan. 31, at 8.)

VERMEER QUARTET—Chamber music. (Kaufmann Concert Hall, 92nd Street Y, Lexington Ave. at 92nd St. 427-6000. Wednesday, Jan. 31, at 8.)

NEW YORK PHILOMUSICA—Chamber music. (Alice Tully Hall. Wednesday, Jan. 31, at 8.)

ENRIQUE NUÑEZ—Classical guitarist. (Kaufmann Concert Hall, 92nd Street Y, Lexington Ave. at 92nd St. 427-6000. Thursday, Feb. 1, at 8.)

VOCAL CHAMBER MUSIC SERIES OF THE CHAMBER MUSIC SOCIETY OF LINCOLN CENTER—The second in this new series of three concerts will be performed by Heather Harper, soprano; Donald Gramm, bass-baritone; James Buswell, violin; Paula Robison, flute; and others. (Alice Tully Hall. Thursday, Feb. 1, at 8.)

JAY ROTHMAN—Classical guitarist. (Carnegie Recital Hall. Friday, Feb. 2, at 8.)

ENSEMBLE FOR EARLY MUSIC—The last in a series of concerts, this one called "Scatological Ditties," with the Gleemen, a male vocal quartet. (Alice Tully Hall. Friday, Feb. 2, at 8.)

PAULA ROBISON AND KENNETH COOPER—Flute and harpsichord, in the last in a series of recitals. (Alice Tully Hall. Saturday, Feb. 3, at 3.)

ALFRED HART—Violin. (Carnegie Recital Hall. Saturday, Feb. 3, at 5:45.)

CHRISTOPH ESCHENBACH—Piano, in an all-Beethoven recital. (Carnegie Hall. Saturday, Feb. 3, at 8.)

JEFFREY SIEGEL—Piano. (Kaufmann Concert Hall, 92nd Street Y, Lexington Ave. at 92nd St. 427-6000. Saturday, Feb. 3, at 8.)

MISCELLANY

RÁJKO GYPSY ORCHESTRA, DANCERS, AND SINGERS—A youthful company from Hungary. (Avery Fisher Hall. Friday, Jan. 26, at 8.)

SPORTS

PROFESSIONAL BASKETBALL—Knicks vs. Golden State. (Madison Square Garden, Eighth Ave. between 31st and 33rd Sts. 564-4400. Monday, Jan. 29, at 7:30.)...¶ Nets vs. Cleveland. (Rutgers University Athletic Center, Piscataway, N.J. Wednesday, Jan. 24, at 8. For information about tickets, call 201 932-2766.)...¶ Nets vs. New Orleans. (Princeton University, Princeton, N.J. Friday, Jan. 26, at 8. For information about tickets, call 201 935-8888.)

HOCKEY—At Nassau Coliseum—Saturday, Jan. 27: Islanders vs. Rangers....¶ Tuesday, Jan. 30: Islanders vs. Minnesota North Stars. ...¶ Saturday, Feb. 3: Islanders vs. Boston Bruins. (Hempstead Turnpike, Uniondale, L.I. 516 794-9100. Games start at 8:05.)

RACING—At AQUEDUCT: Mondays and Wednesdays through Saturdays at 12:30, and Sundays at 1:05; through Monday, May 21. The Affectionately Handicap, Saturday, Jan. 27. ... BOWIE, Md.: Weekdays at 1; through Saturday, March 31.

TROTTING—At ROOSEVELT RACEWAY, Westbury: Weeknights at 8; through Saturday, March 10.... MEADOWLANDS RACETRACK: Weeknights at 8; through Saturday, Aug. 4.

ET ALIA

(The New York Parks Department number to call for information about all free entertainment in the city is 755-4100.)

POETRY AND PROSE READINGS—At the 92ND STREET Y: Paule Marshall and Toni Morrison reading from their own novels, Monday, Jan. 29, at 8. ...¶ Hans Magnus Enzensberger reading, in both English and German, from his own poems, Thursday, Feb. 1, at 8. (Lexington Ave. at 92nd St. 427-6000.)... WHITNEY MUSEUM OF AMERICAN ART: Richard Eberhart reading from his own poems. (945 Madison Ave., at 75th St. Tuesday, Jan. 30, at 6:30. No tickets necessary.)... ST. MARK'S IN-THE-BOUWERIE: Rebecca Wright and Tony Towle reading from their own poetry. (Second Ave. at 10th St. Wednesday, Jan. 31, at 8. Admission by contribution.)

WINTER ANTIQUES SHOW—Rarities from many countries and periods, assembled by more than sixty dealers. A benefit show. (7th Regiment Armory, Park Ave. at 66th St. Saturday, Jan. 27, through Sunday, Feb. 4. Weekdays, noon to 9; Sundays, 1 to 6.)

AUCTIONS—At SOTHEBY PARKE BERNET, 980 Madison Ave., at 76th St. (Exhibition hours: Tuesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 5.) Friday, Jan. 26, at 10:15 and 2: Nineteenth-century European paintings, from the Milwaukee Art Center and from other sources....¶ Saturday, Jan. 27, at 10:15 and 2: American folk art and furniture, from the collection of the late Stewart E. Gregory....¶ Tuesday, Jan. 30, at 2: Americana autographs and historical documents, from the collection of the late Nathaniel E. Stein. Exhibition starts Thursday, Jan. 25....¶ Wednesday through Saturday, Jan. 31-Feb. 3, at 10:15 and 2: Americana, including furniture, decorations, paintings, silver, ceramics, and folk art; from many owners. Exhibition starts Saturday, Jan. 27.... CHRISTIE'S, Park Ave. at 59th St. (Exhibition hours: Tuesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 5.) Saturday, Jan. 27, at 10:30 and 2: Nineteenth-century European paintings, from several owners.

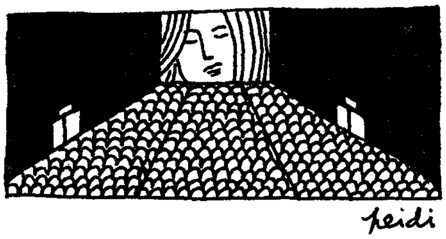
Varriale furs
Sure-fire chic...
lustrous full-length lunaraine mink
with its own separate fling.

Purchase directly from Varriale Furs
363 Seventh Avenue, New York, N.Y.
Entire 20th Floor (212) 564-0284

Major credit cards accepted

GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

THE MOVIE HOUSES



S	M	T	W	T	F	S
			24	25	26	27
28	29	30	31	1		

ALL FILMS PLAYING AT EAST SIDE AND WEST SIDE NEIGHBORHOOD HOUSES ARE DESCRIBED IN BRIEF IN A SECTION STARTING ON PAGE 16. FILMS PLAYING AT TIMES SQUARE AND REVIVAL HOUSES ARE SO DESCRIBED ONLY IF A DAGGER ACCOMPANIES THE THEATRE LISTING.

EAST SIDE

Little Theatre, Public Theatre, 425 Lafayette St. (677-6925; theatre opens in the late afternoon.)
Through Jan. 28: "Rogopag."
Jan. 29: Theatre closed.
Jan. 30: "Tell Me Lies."
Jan. 31: "A Theatrical Experiment in Africa."
Feb. 1: "King Lear."

Art, 36 E. 8th. (473-7014)
"Bread and Chocolate."

St. Marks Cinema, 2nd Ave. at 8th. (533-9292)
Through Jan. 30: "Midnight Express" and "Murder on the Orient Express."
From Jan. 31: To be announced.

Gramercy, Lexington at 23rd. (475-1660)
Through Jan. 30: "Midnight Express."
From Jan. 31: To be announced.

Bay Cinema, 2nd Ave. at 32nd. (679-0160)
"King of the Gypsies."

Murray Hill, 160 E. 34th. (685-7652)
"Superman."

34th St. East, 241 E. 34th. (683-0255)
"Heaven Can Wait."

Eastside Cinema, 3rd Ave. at 55th. (755-3020)
"The Brink's Job."

Sutton, 3rd Ave. at 57th. (759-1411)
"Movie Movie."

Trans-Lux East, 3rd Ave. at 58th. (759-2262)
"Days of Heaven."

Plaza, 42 E. 58th. (355-3320)
"Max Havelaar."

Baronet, 3rd Ave. at 59th. (355-1663)
"Autumn Sonata."

Coronet, 3rd Ave. at 59th. (355-1663)
"Moment by Moment."

D. W. Griffith, 235 E. 59th. (759-4630)
"Coming Home."

Cinema I, 3rd Ave. at 60th. (753-6022)
"Same Time, Next Year."

Cinema II, 3rd Ave. at 60th. (753-0774)
"On the Yard."

Gemini 1, 2nd Ave. at 64th. (832-1670)
"Invasion of the Body Snatchers."

Gemini 2, 2nd Ave. at 64th. (832-2720)
"The Innocent."

Beekman, 2nd Ave. at 66th. (737-2622)
"The Last Wave."

68th St. Playhouse, 3rd Ave. at 68th. (734-0302)
"Once in Paris."

Loews Tower East, 3rd Ave. at 71st. (879-1313)
"California Suite."

72nd Street East, 1st Ave. at 72nd. (288-9304)
Through Jan. 30: "Interiors."
From Jan. 31: To be announced.

Trans-Lux 85th St., Madison at 85th. (288-3180)
"Violette."

U. A. East, 1st Ave. at 85th. (249-5100)
Through Jan. 25: "Midnight Express."
From Jan. 26: "Secrets."

Loews Orpheum, 3rd Ave. at 86th. (289-4607)
"Superman."

Loews Ciné, 3rd Ave. at 86th. (427-1332)
"King of the Gypsies."

86th St. East, 3rd Ave. at 86th. (249-1144)
"Invasion of the Body Snatchers."

R.K.O. 86th St., Lexington at 86th. (289-8900)
Theatre 1: "Circle of Iron."
Theatre 2: Through Jan. 25: "The Late Great Planet Earth." From Jan. 26: "The Class of Miss MacMichael."

WEST SIDE

Waverly, 6th Ave. at 3rd. (929-8037)
"Death on the Nile."

8th St. Playhouse, 52 W. 8th. (674-6515; Mondays through Fridays, theatre opens in the late afternoon.)
"Halloween."

Greenwich, Greenwich Ave. at 12th. (929-3350)
Through Jan. 25: "Magic."
From Jan. 26: "The Class of Miss MacMichael."

Quad Cinema, 34 W. 13th. (255-8800)
Theatre 1: "Days of Heaven."
Theatre 2: "Rain and Shine" and "Dossier 51."
Theatre 3: "Violette."
Theatre 4: "Days of Heaven."

Guild, 33 W. 50th. (757-2406)
"The Late Great Planet Earth."

Ziegfeld, 141 W. 54th. (765-7600)
"The Lord of the Rings."

Festival, 6 W. 57th. (757-2715)
"Bread and Chocolate."

Little Carnegie, 146 W. 57th. (246-5123)
"Wifemistress."

Paris, 4 W. 58th. (688-2013)
"Get Out Your Handkerchiefs."

Cinema 3, 2 W. 59th. (752-5959)
"Movie Movie."

Paramount, B'way at 61st. (247-5070)
"The Last Wave."

Cinema Studio 1, B'way at 66th. (877-4040)
Through Jan. 27: "Dona Flor and Her Two Husbands" and "Black Orpheus."
From Jan. 28: "Your Turn, My Turn."

Cinema Studio 2, B'way at 66th. (877-4040)
"Violette."

Embassy 72nd St., B'way at 72nd. (724-6745)
"Days of Heaven."

Loews 83rd Quad, B'way at 83rd. (877-3190)
Theatre 1: "Coming Home."
Theatre 2: Through Jan. 25: "Magic." From Jan. 26: "The Class of Miss MacMichael."
Theatre 3: "The Wiz."
Theatre 4: "Death on the Nile."

New Yorker, B'way at 88th. (874-9189)
Through Jan. 25: "Madame Rosa" and "Cat and Mouse."
From Jan. 26: "A Slave of Love" and "Swept Away."

Olympia, B'way at 107th. (865-8128)
Through Jan. 30: "Interiors" and "Equus."
From Jan. 31: "Magic" and another feature, to be announced.

TIMES SQUARE

Criterion, B'way at 44th. (582-1795)
"The Brink's Job." (†)

Embassy 1, B'way at 46th. (757-2408)
"The Late Great Planet Earth." (†)

Embassy, B'way at 47th. (730-7262)
Theatre 2: "National Lampoon's Animal House."
Theatre 3: "Magic." (†)
Theatre 4: "Grease."

Forum, B'way at 47th. (757-8320)
"The Wiz." (†)

Loews Astor Plaza, B'way at 44th. (869-8340)
"Superman." (†)

Loews State 1, B'way at 45th. (582-5060)
"King of the Gypsies." (†)

Loews State 2, B'way at 45th. (582-5070)
"Circle of Iron." (†)

National, B'way at 44th. (869-0950)
"California Suite." (†)

Rivoli, B'way at 49th. (247-1633)
"Invasion of the Body Snatchers." (†)

R.K.O. Cinerama 1, B'way at 47th. (975-8366)
Through Jan. 25: "Midnight Express" (†) and "Somebody Killed Her Husband."
From Jan. 26: "Secrets." (†)

R.K.O. Cinerama 2, B'way at 47th. (975-8369)
Through Jan. 25: "Every Which Way but Loose" and "The Gauntlet."
From Jan. 26: "The Class of Miss MacMichael." (†)

Victoria, B'way at 46th. (354-5636)
"Brass Target."

REVIVAL HOUSES

Bleecker St. Cinema, 144 Bleecker St. (674-2560)
Jan. 24: "Little Caesar" (1930), directed by Mervyn LeRoy, with Edward G. Robinson, Douglas Fairbanks, Jr., and Glenda Farrell; and "The Woman in the Window" (1945), directed by Fritz Lang, with Edward G. Robinson, Joan Bennett, Dan Duryea, and Raymond Massey.
Jan. 25: "Roseland" (1977), directed by James Ivory, with Christopher Walken and Don De Natale; and "Shakespeare Wallah" (1965), directed by James Ivory, with Shashi Kapoor.
Jan. 26-27: "Last Tango in Paris" (1972), in French and English, directed by Bernardo Bertolucci, with Marlon Brando and Maria Schneider; and "Midnight Cowboy." (†)
Jan. 28-29: "The Red Shoes" (1948), directed by Michael Powell and Emeric Pressburger, with Moira Shearer and Léonide Massine; and "Summer Interlude." (†)
Jan. 30: "The Seven Samurai" (1954), in Japanese, directed by Akira Kurosawa.
Jan. 31: "Murder, My Sweet" (†) and "Double Indemnity." (†)
Feb. 1: "Ivan the Terrible, Parts I and II." (†)

Carnegie Hall Cinema, 7th Ave. at 57th. (757-2131)
Jan. 24: "Dial M for Murder" (1954), directed by Alfred Hitchcock, with Ray Milland, Grace Kelly, Robert Cummings, and Anthony Dawson; and "Foreign Correspondent" (1940), directed by Alfred Hitchcock, with Joel McCrea, Laraine Day, and George Sanders.
Jan. 25: "The Threepenny Opera" (1931), in German, directed by G. W. Pabst, with Lotte Lenya; and "You and Me" (1938), directed by Fritz Lang, with Sylvia Sidney, George Raft, Robert Cummings, and Roscoe Karns.
Jan. 26: "Going Places" (†) and "Femmes Fatales." (†)
Jan. 27: "The Last Waltz" (1978), directed by Martin Scorsese, about the last concert of the rock group, The Band; and "Gimme Shelter" (1970), directed by David Maysles, Albert Maysles, and Charlotte Zwerin, about the Rolling Stones concert at Altamont.
Jan. 28: "Hamlet." (†)
Jan. 29: "Rififi" (†); and "The Lavender Hill Mob" (1951), directed by Charles Crichton, with Alec Guinness, Stanley Holloway, Alfie Bass, and Sidney James.
Jan. 30: "Anschi and Michael" (1977), in German, directed by Ruediger Nüchtern; and "Flaming Hearts" (1977), in German, directed by Walter Bockmayer.
Jan. 31: "Death Is My Trade" (1977), in German, directed by Theodor Kotulla; and "Berlinger" (1976), in German, directed by Bernard Sinkel.
Feb. 1: "The Glass Cell" (1978), in German, directed by Hans W. Geissendörfer; and "Do Right and Fear No One" (1975), in German, directed by Jutta Brückner.

Cinema Village, 22 E. 12th. (924-3363)
Through Jan. 25: "Z" (1969), in French, directed by Costa-Gavras, with Yves Montand, Jean-Louis Trintignant, and Irene Papas; and "State of Siege" (1973), in French, directed by Costa-Gavras, with Yves Montand.
Jan. 26-27: "Carrie" (1976), directed by Brian De Palma, with Sissy Spacek, John Travolta, Piper Laurie, Nancy Allen, Amy Irving, and William Katt; and "The Night of the Living Dead." (†)
Jan. 28-29: "Pumping Iron" (1977), directed by George Butler and Robert Fiore, a documentary on body-building; and "On Any

Six million people go to Europe every year. 42,000 do it well.

Sail the incomparable QE2 to or from Europe this year, and we'll give you a free economy air ticket on British Airways to or from your hometown.

By including the Queen in your European vacation plans, you'll also get five days filled with luxury and pleasure, excitement and relaxation, because the Queen offers the good life: world famous cuisine and wines, internationally acclaimed entertainers, impeccable British service, nightclubs, bars, swimming pools, a theater, a shopping arcade, dozens of activities, and a Festival of Life program featuring movie stars, public figures and authors.

Air/sea prices are $775 to $3,695 per person, double occupancy.* Or, you can have an extraordinary 8- to 35-day European tour including the Queen... all for the price of an ordinary tour.

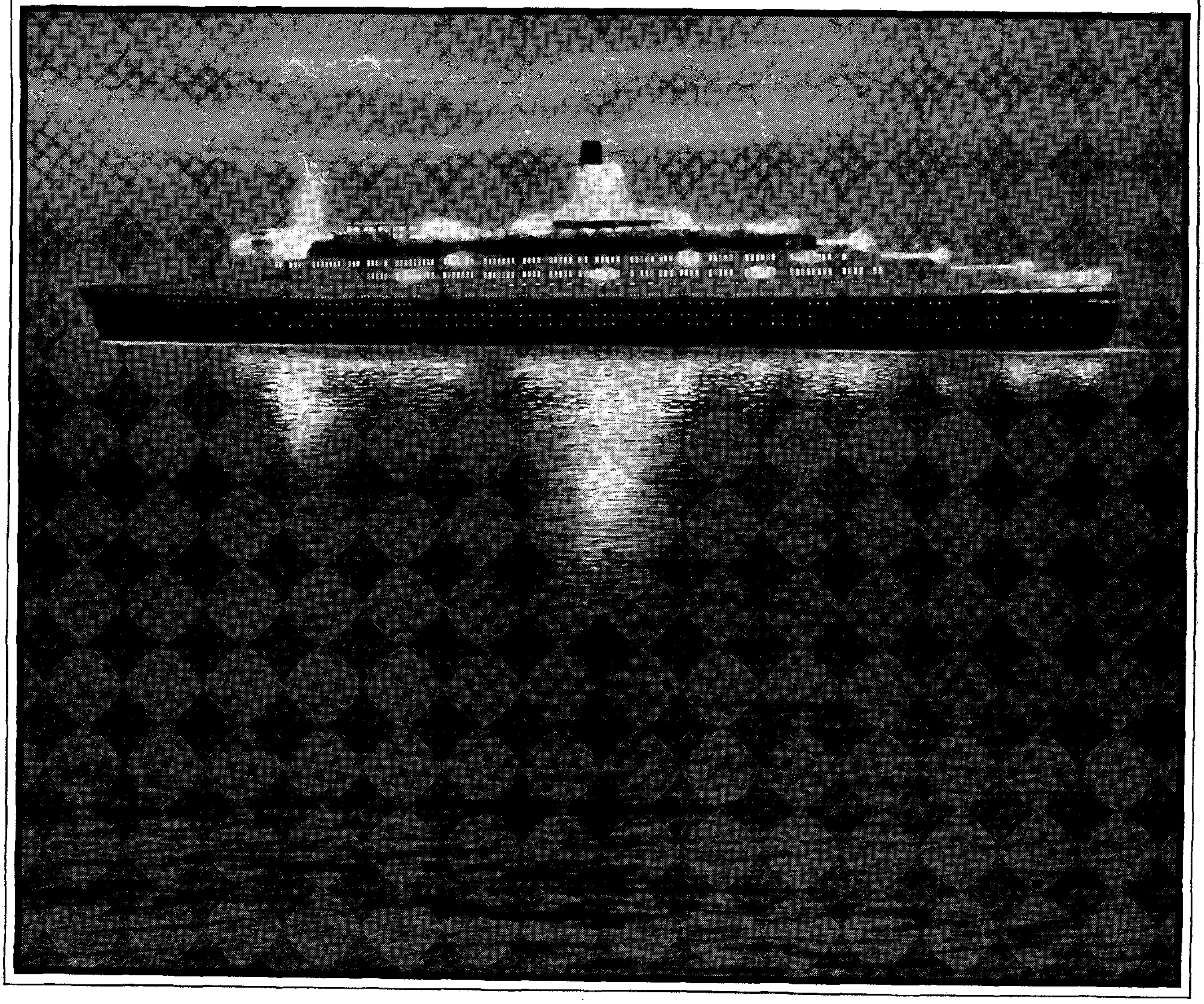
This year, choose one of the Queen's 26 sailings to or from Europe and fly the other way free. See your travel agent or call Cunard at (212) 661-7777.

*Length-of-stay and maximum air allowance restrictions apply.

CUNARD
Queen Elizabeth 2
British registry

Cunard, P.O. Box 999
Farmingdale, N.Y. 11737
Please send more facts on the QE 2 experience and Europe. EO10299Q81
☐ QE 2 transatlantic air/sea booklet
☐ QE 2 European tours booklet
Name__________
Address__________
City______State______Zip______
My Travel Agent is__________

For once in your life, live.



"Sunday" (1971), directed by Bruce Brown, a documentary on motorcycle racing.
Jan. 30: "Who'll Stop the Rain" (1978), directed by Karel Reisz, with Nick Nolte, Tuesday Weld, and Michael Moriarty; and "Touch of Evil" (1958), directed by Orson Welles, with Welles, Charlton Heston, and Janet Leigh.
Jan. 31-Feb. 1: "Going Places" (†) and "A Special Day." (†)

Regency, B'way at 67th. (724-3700)
Jan. 24: "Paper Moon" (1973), directed by Peter Bogdanovich, with Ryan O'Neal and Tatum O'Neal; and "The Owl and the Pussycat" (1970), directed by Herbert Ross, with Barbra Streisand and George Segal.
Jan. 25-27: "It Happened One Night" (1934), directed by Frank Capra, with Claudette Colbert, Clark Gable, Walter Connolly, and Roscoe Karns; and "His Girl Friday" (1940), directed by Howard Hawks, with Rosalind Russell, Cary Grant, and Ralph Bellamy.
Jan. 28-29: "Arsenic and Old Lace" (1944), directed by Frank Capra, with Cary Grant, Raymond Massey, Peter Lorre, Josephine Hull, and Jean Adair; and "Monsieur Verdoux." (†)
Jan. 30-31: "The Girl from Missouri" (†); and "The More the Merrier" (1943), directed by George Stevens, with Jean Arthur, Joel McCrea, and Charles Coburn.
From Feb. 1: "The Seven Year Itch" (1955), directed by Billy Wilder, with Marilyn Monroe, Tom Ewell, Victor Moore, Evelyn Keyes, and Sonny Tufts; and "Bus Stop." (†)

Thalia, B'way at 95th. (222-3370)
Through Jan. 25: "The Shop on Main Street" (1965), in Czech, directed by Ján Kadár and Elmar Klos, with Josef Kroner and Ida Kaminska; and "Loves of a Blonde" (1965), in Czech, directed by Miloš Forman.
Jan. 26-27: "Room Service" (1938) and "A Day at the Races" (1937), both films with the Marx Brothers.
Jan. 28-29: "One Sings, the Other Doesn't" (†) and "Duet for Cannibals." (†)
Jan. 30: "Johnny Guitar" (†); and "The True Story of Jesse James" (1957), directed by Nicholas Ray, with Robert Wagner, Jeffrey Hunter, and Hope Lange.
Jan. 31-Feb. 1: A program of seven surrealistic films.

Theatre 80 St. Marks, 80 St. Marks Pl. (254-7400)
Jan. 24: "Small Town Girl" (1953), directed by Leslie Kardos, with Jane Powell, Farley Granger, Bobby Van, and Billie Burke; and "Babes on Broadway" (1941), directed by Busby Berkeley, with Judy Garland and Mickey Rooney.
Jan. 25: "Possessed" (1947), directed by Curtis Bernhardt, with Joan Crawford, Van Heflin, Raymond Massey, and Geraldine Brooks; and "Humoresque" (1946), directed by Jean Negulesco, with Joan Crawford, John Garfield, and Paul Cavanagh.
Jan. 26-27: "Casablanca" (1942), directed by Michael Curtiz, with Humphrey Bogart, Ingrid Bergman, and Claude Rains; and "The Maltese Falcon" (1941), directed by John Huston, with Mary Astor, Humphrey Bogart, Sydney Greenstreet, Elisha Cook, Jr., and Peter Lorre.
Jan. 28: "Raintree County" (1957), directed by Edward Dmytryk, with Montgomery Clift, Elizabeth Taylor, and Eva Marie Saint; and "The Left Hand of God" (1955), directed by Edward Dmytryk, with Humphrey Bogart, Gene Tierney, and Lee J. Cobb.
Jan. 29: "Sweethearts" (†) and "Bitter Sweet." (†)
Jan. 30: "Palm Beach Story" (†) and "Hail the Conquering Hero." (†)
Jan. 31: "Les Girls" (†); and "The Reluctant Debutante" (1958), directed by Vincente Minnelli, with Rex Harrison, Kay Kendall, John Saxon, and Sandra Dee.
Feb. 1: "Now, Voyager" (†); and "The Great Lie" (1941), directed by Edmund Goulding, with Bette Davis, George Brent, and Mary Astor.

FILM LIBRARIES, ETC.

Roy and Niuta Titus Auditorium, Museum of Modern Art, 11 W. 53rd St. (956-7078)—Jan. 25 at 2:30: "Primrose Path" (1940), directed by Gregory La Cava, with Ginger Rogers, Joel McCrea, and Marjorie Rambeau. . . . ¶ Jan. 25 at 6: "Bachelor Bait" (1934), directed by George Stevens, with Rochelle Hudson and Stuart Erwin. . . . ¶ Jan. 25 at 8:30: "Vigil in the Night" (1940), directed by George Stevens, with Carole Lombard, Anne Shirley, and Brian Aherne. . . . ¶ Jan. 26 at 2:30: "Alias French Gertie" (1930), directed by George Archainbaud, with Bebe Daniels and Ben Lyon. . . . ¶ Jan. 26 at 6: "The Beloved Rogue" (1927), a silent film, directed by Alan Crosland, with John Barrymore, Conrad Veidt, and Marceline Day. . . . ¶ Jan. 27 at noon: "The Conquerors" (1932), directed by William Wellman, with Richard Dix and Ann Harding. . . . ¶ Jan. 27 at 2:30: "Alias French Gertie." . . ¶ Jan. 27 at 5: "Chance at Heaven" (1933), directed by William A. Seiter, with Ginger Rogers, Joel McCrea, and Andy Devine. . . . ¶ Jan. 28 at noon: "The Conquerors." . . ¶ Jan. 28 at 2:30: "Finishing School" (1934), directed by Wanda Tuchok and George Nicholls, Jr., with Ginger Rogers, Bruce Cabot, and Frances Dee. . . . ¶ Jan. 28 at 5: "Long Day's Journey Into Night" (1962), directed by Sidney Lumet, with Katharine Hepburn, Ralph Richardson, Jason Robards, and Dean Stockwell. . . . ¶ Jan. 29 at noon: "Circus" (1970), directed by Donald B. Hyatt, narrated by Emmett Kelly. . . . ¶ Jan. 29 at 2:30: "Finishing School." . . ¶ Jan. 29 at 6: "Movie Stills" (1978), a silent film, directed by J. J. Murphy. . . . ¶ Jan. 30 at noon: "Circus." . . ¶ Jan. 30 at 2:30: "Behind That Curtain" (1929), directed by Irving Cummings, with Warner Baxter, Lois Moran, and Boris Karloff. . . . ¶ Jan. 30 at 6: "Children of Labor" (1978), directed by Richard Broadman, Noel Buckner, Mary Dore, and Al Gedicks, a history of Finnish immigrants in the U. S. . . . ¶ Feb. 1 at 2:30: "Rebound" (1931), directed by Edward H. Griffith, with Ina Claire, Myrna Loy, Hedda Hopper, and Robert Ames. . . . ¶ Feb. 1 at 6:30: Three versions of the film "Seven Keys to Baldpart"—the 1929 version, directed by Reginald Barker, with Richard Dix; the 1935 version, directed by William Hamilton and Edward Killy, with Gene Raymond and Walter Brennan; and the 1947 version, directed by Lew Landers, with Philip Terry and Margaret Lindsay. (A limited number of tickets are available, but only to those applying for them in person at the museum after 11 on the day of the showing.)

Whitney Museum, 945 Madison Ave., at 75th St.—Starting Jan. 26: "Asparagus" (1978), directed by Suzan Pitt. Showings continuously from noon to 5:45 (9 on Tuesdays). Call desk (794-0630) for ticket information. Closed Mondays.

Film Forum, 15 Vandam St., three blocks south of Houston St., at Sixth Ave. (989-2994)—"Paper Wheat" (1979), directed by Albert Kish; and "Prairie Fire" (1977), directed by John Hanson and Rob Nilsson. Showings Thursdays through Sundays at 7:45.

Entermedia, 2nd Ave. at 12th. (475-4191)—A series called "American Mavericks": Jan. 24 at 7: One early short film each by George Lucas, Terrence Malick, John Hancock, and Martin Scorsese. . . . ¶ Jan. 24 at 9:30: "Dark Star" (1974), directed by John Carpenter. . . . ¶ Jan. 25 at 7: "Jive" (1978), directed by Robert Downey. . . . ¶ Jan. 25 at 9:30: "Street Corner Stories" (1978), directed by Warrington Hudlin. . . . ¶ Jan. 26 at 7: "Running Fence" (1978), directed by the Maysles brothers and Charlotte Zwerin. (Reviewed in our issue of 4/17/78.) . . ¶ Jan. 26 at 9:30: "The Scenic Route" (1978), directed by Mark Rappaport. . . . ¶ Jan. 27 at 7: "Nomadic Lives" (1977), directed by Mark Obenhaus. . . . ¶ Jan. 27 at 9:30: "Tracks" (1976), directed by Henry Jaglom. . . . ¶ Jan. 28-30 at 5:30 and 8:25: "Legacy" (1975), directed by Karen Arthur. . . . ¶ Jan. 28-30 at 7:05 and 10: "Hot Tomorrows" (1977), directed by Martin Brest. (Reviewed in our issue of 1/22/79.) . . ¶ Jan. 31-Feb. 2 at 5:30 and 8:45: "Billy in the Lowlands" (1978), directed by Jan Egleson. . . . ¶ Jan. 31-Feb. 2 at 7:05 and 10:20: "Always for Pleasure" (1978), directed by Les Blank.

IN BRIEF

SEE ABOVE FOR THEATRE ADDRESSES AND TELEPHONE NUMBERS.
IF A MOVIE HAS BEEN REVIEWED IN THESE PAGES DURING THE PAST TWO YEARS, THE DATE OF ITS REVIEW IS GIVEN.

Autumn Sonata—In this Ingmar Bergman film, Eva (Liv Ullmann), a spiritually distraught, dowdy woman of perhaps thirty-five or forty, the wife of a pastor in rural Norway, invites Charlotte (Ingrid Bergman), her worldly concert-pianist mother, to come for a visit. Then she goes at her mother with the impacted rage of a lifetime, accusing Charlotte of having deserted her when she was a child by going off to give concerts, and of never loving her. It's a gruelling, unconvincing movie. Ingrid Bergman is the one likable performer. With Lena Nyman and Halvar Björk. In Swedish. (Reviewed in our issue of 11/6/78.) (Baronet.)

Bitter Sweet (1940)—It is said that when Noël Coward saw how his ironic, romantic costume operetta of 1929 *(the book, the lyrics, and the music are all his)* had been turned into a clumsy, sentimental vehicle for the overgrown kitten Jeanette MacDonald and dim, stalwart Nelson Eddy he wept. He also vowed to sell nothing more to Hollywood and—surprisingly—he kept that vow. MacDonald (born in 1903) is meant to be a proper, inexperienced English girl of eighteen, and Eddy, who could never manage dash or fire (he always looked pained from the effort; you could see the dull ache of someone who recognized his limitations), is supposed to be a Viennese rake. This is by no means the worst of the dozens of MacDonald-Eddy love-duet films—the songs are still mostly by Coward, and they include "I'll See You Again"—but this isn't one of the rare ones redeemed by high spirits, either. It's bad enough: you pass the time watching the actors ladling on their characterizations. And this being a big M-G-M Technicolor production, MacDonald, even when she is supposed to be starving, is dressed in Adrian's plushiest low-camp creations. All the women in the large cast are decked out in ruffles and puffs and bows. W. S. Van Dyke directed; the cast includes George Sanders, Ian Hunter, Felix Bressart, Curt Bois, Veda Ann Borg, Sig Rumann, and Herman Bing. (Also filmed in England in 1933, with Anna Neagle.) *(Theatre 80 St. Marks; Jan. 29.)*

Black Orpheus (1959)—With Marpessa Dawn, directed by Marcel Camus. High baroque about feast days and nights in Rio, greatly admired in its time by the people who didn't find it suffocatingly lush. In Portuguese. (Cinema Studio 1; through Jan. 27.)

Bread and Chocolate—With Nino Manfredi and Anna Karina, directed by Franco Brusati. In Italian. (Art, and Festival.)

The Brink's Job—With Peter Falk, Peter Boyle, Allen Goorwitz, Warren Oates, Gena Rowlands, and Paul Sorvino; directed by William Friedkin. (Eastside Cinema, and Criterion.)

Bus Stop (1956)—See this not for the William Inge play, shrewdly widened by George Axelrod, but for Marilyn Monroe and Eileen Heckart. Don Murray plays a dimly ardent cowboy. (Regency; starting Feb. 1.)

California Suite—Neil Simon's four battling-couples playlets set in the Beverly Hills Hotel have been intercut, and the director, Herbert Ross, has bleached the space around the pairs of combatants to get rid of it as tastefully as possible. This look of sunstruck swank is appropriate to the mawkish, bittersweet Wasp playlets (Jane Fonda and Alan Alda; Maggie Smith and Michael Caine) in which gallant people use bitchy wisecracks to conceal their breaking hearts. The third playlet (low-comedy Jewish, with Walter Matthau as a husband caught with a hooker by his wife, Elaine May) is directed apathetically, and the fourth (slapstick black, with Richard Pryor and Bill Cosby as vacationing doctors from Chicago) is a disaster, and not only because it has no comic rhythm. When the black doctors stumble around a flooded hotel room, crash into each other, and step on broken glass, and Cosby bites Pryor's nose, the sequences have horrifying racist overtones. (Inadvertently, the movie seems to be saying that while these black men may be educated, they're still savages.) The audience doesn't get restless, because the pairs of actors keep whacking each other with insults; at the end, there's always the loneliness, the fear, and the reconciliation. Simon and Ross turn vaudeville into mush. (1/8/79) (Loews Tower East, and National.)

CAT AND MOUSE—Lelouch at his most tricksy and fake lyric, making a thriller with the inappropriately intelligent and beautiful Michèle Morgan as the wife of a film producer and high-rise builder. The plot involves rude and rich servants, an insurance man who turns up at a race track, and a charming, rotten detective, played by Serge Reggiani. His attempts at being keen-eyed are rather slothful, for what he really wants to be is a novelist. The film is spoiled by a moony benevolence. In French. (5/22/78) (New Yorker; through Jan. 25.)

CIRCLE OF IRON—With David Carradine, Roddy McDowall, and Christopher Lee; directed by Richard Moore. (R.K.O. 86th St., and Loews State 2.)

THE CLASS OF MISS MACMICHAEL—With Glenda Jackson, Oliver Reed, Michael Murphy, and Rosalind Cash; directed by Silvio Narizzano. (R.K.O. 86th St., Greenwich, Loews 83rd Quad, and R.K.O. Cinerama 2; starting Jan. 26.)

COMING HOME—The time is 1968; the place is Los Angeles. Jane Fonda plays the proper, repressed wife of a hawkish Marine captain (Bruce Dern); after her husband leaves for Vietnam she volunteers for work in a veterans' hospital and meets a paraplegic (Jon Voight), who is in a rage of helplessness. Hal Ashby directed this intuitive yet amorphous movie, which falls apart when he resorts to melodramatic crosscutting. (2/20/78) (D. W. Griffith, and Loews 83rd Quad.)

DAYS OF HEAVEN—An eloquent film about Americanness and the pangs of exile. Terrence Malick wrote and directed the picture, set in Texas in 1916. There is little or no sense of our being in a country about to enter a world war; we are in an entirely cutoff land of wheat fields that are more highly lit than the characters' lives. (9/18/78) (Trans-Lux East, Quad Cinema, and Embassy 72nd St.)

DEATH ON THE NILE—Anthony Shaffer's adaptation of Agatha Christie's 1937 novel has wit and edge and structure—too much structure, as it turns out, for the methodical pacing of the director, John Guillermin. But if the overall effect is disappointing, from moment to moment the details are never less than engaging. Peter Ustinov is an ideal fatuous, vain Hercule Poirot. With Maggie Smith, Angela Lansbury, Mia Farrow, Bette Davis, I. S. Johar, Simon MacCorkindale, Jon Finch, Jack Warden, David Niven, Olivia Hussey, Harry Andrews, and Jane Birkin. (10/23/78) (Waverly, and Loews 83rd Quad.)

DONA FLOR AND HER TWO HUSBANDS—Directed by Bruno Barreto. In Portuguese. (Cinema Studio 1; through Jan. 27.)

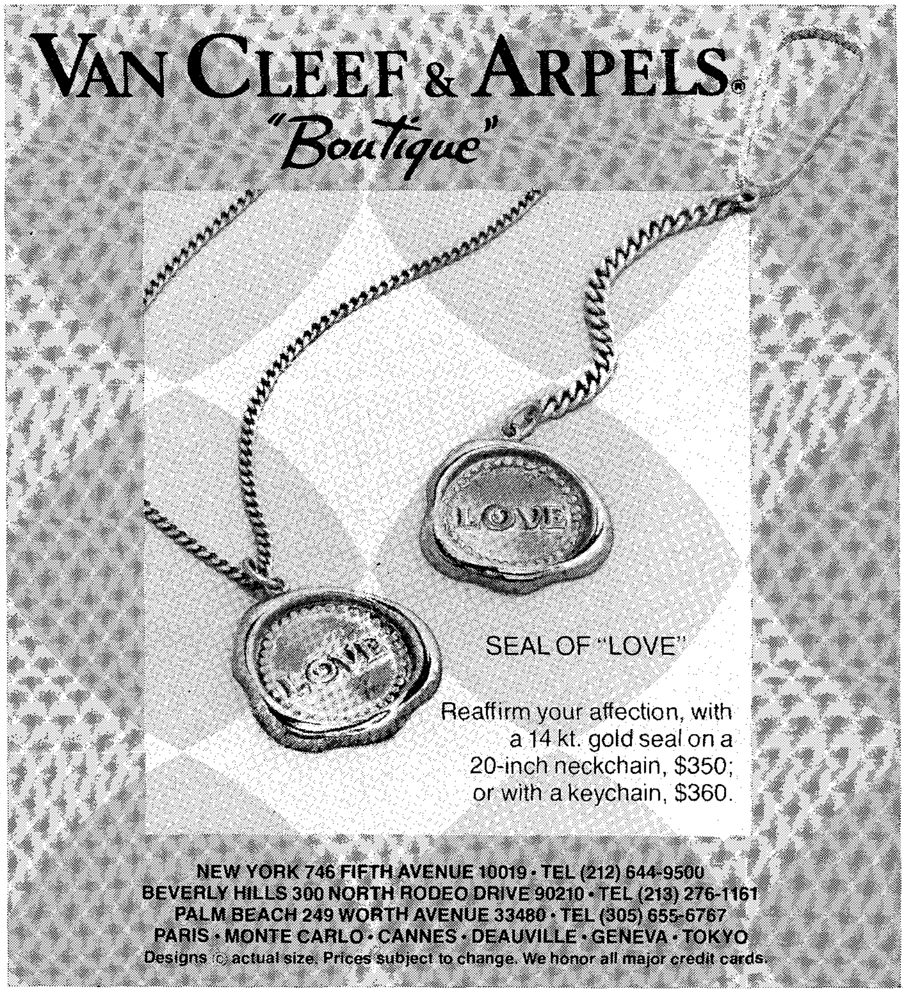
DOSSIER 51—Directed by Michel Deville. In English and French. (Quad Cinema.)

DOUBLE INDEMNITY (1944)—Billy Wilder's cold, gripping, clever film from James Cain's story, with Barbara Stanwyck and Fred MacMurray and Edward G. Robinson. We are in the chill of a world of life insurance and of greedy people living lives of sophisticated violence in smart little eggbox apartments. Barbara Stanwyck is pure ice, perfectly cast. A freezing picture, very efficient. (Bleecker St. Cinema; Jan. 31.)

DUET FOR CANNIBALS (1969)—Susan Sontag made this chamber film in Sweden. It's about an older couple and the games they play with a younger couple; as the games don't seem to have rules or stakes, it's all rather dry. In Swedish. (Thalia; Jan. 28-29.)

EQUUS (1977)—Careful, unimaginative version of Peter Shaffer's play; the sensitive-important-picture pacing is like a black armband. As the tormented psychiatrist, Richard Burton does his elocutionary thing. Directed by Sidney Lumet. (11/7/77) (Olympia; through Jan. 30.)

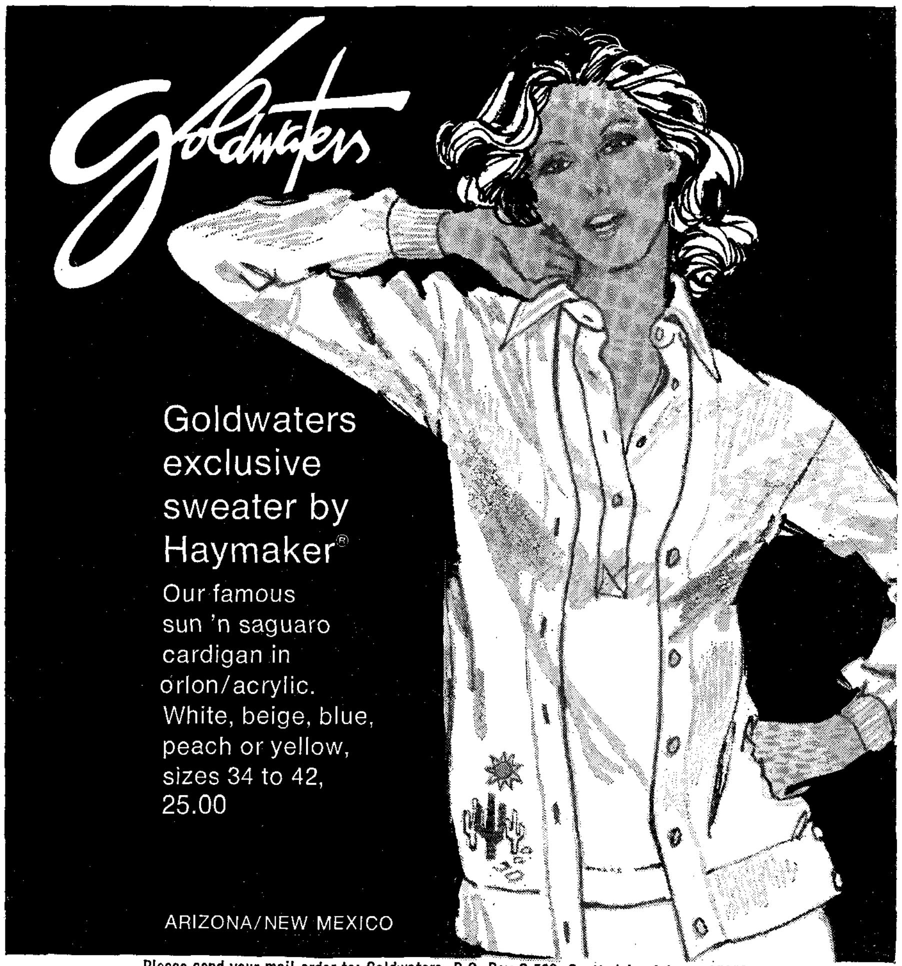
FEMMES FATALES (1976; the original French title is "Calmos")—The first half hour of this sexual extravaganza by the highly original French writer-director Bertrand Blier is a peerless dirty-boy romp. The heroes (Jean-Pierre Marielle and Jean Rochefort) are two forty-year-old Parisian boulevardiers who look like wax grooms on a stale wedding cake. Marielle is a gynecologist who can't bear to look at women's genitals anymore, and Rochefort is a baby-blue-eyed pimp who is exhaust-


VAN CLEEF & ARPELS®
"Boutique"

SEAL OF "LOVE"

Reaffirm your affection, with a 14 kt. gold seal on a 20-inch neckchain, $350; or with a keychain, $360.

NEW YORK 746 FIFTH AVENUE 10019 • TEL (212) 644-9500
BEVERLY HILLS 300 NORTH RODEO DRIVE 90210 • TEL (213) 276-1161
PALM BEACH 249 WORTH AVENUE 33480 • TEL (305) 655-6767
PARIS • MONTE CARLO • CANNES • DEAUVILLE • GENEVA • TOKYO
Designs © actual size. Prices subject to change. We honor all major credit cards.


Goldwaters

Goldwaters exclusive sweater by Haymaker®

Our famous sun 'n saguaro cardigan in orlon/acrylic. White, beige, blue, peach or yellow, sizes 34 to 42, 25.00

ARIZONA/NEW MEXICO

Please send your mail order to: Goldwaters, P.O. Box C-500, Scottsdale, Arizona 85252.
Please add 1.75 for postage/handling. Arizona, California and New Mexico residents please add state sales tax.

GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

ed by women's sexual demands. They run away to the countryside, to a village where they eat and drink and wear old clothes and begin to stink. Calm, that's what they want. Up to this point, the film is an inspired exploitation-porno fantasy, with Claude Renoir's Panavision images and Georges Delerue's music providing a feeling of grandeur and folly. But then the story takes a science-fiction turn. It shifts from the lunacy and regressions of these two men to the sexual revulsion felt by men en masse, and Blier and his co-scriptwriter (Philippe Dumarcay) lose the flavor and the characters and fall back on the stored-up debris of mass culture. Yet no one but Blier has matched such raunchiness with such beauty; you have to have a true respect for raunchiness to do that. With Brigitte Fossey, who's like sensual porcelain, as the doctor's blond cat of a wife. In French. (10/16/78) (Carnegie Hall Cinema; Jan. 26.)

Get Out Your Handkerchiefs—Blier's latest sex comedy is flagrantly funny in a slangy, buoyant, unpredictable way. Like his earlier "Going Places" (see below), it's about two pals (played by the same actors—Gérard Depardieu and Patrick Dewaere) who don't really understand women, and their not understanding women is part of their bond. This time, the two aren't roughnecks; they're polite, respectable men, for whom women are like another species. With the lovely, dark Carole Laure as Depardieu's wife and Dewaere's mistress. Michel Serrault as the neighbor, and Riton as the Mozartean prodigy. In French. (10/16/78) (Paris.)

Going Places (1974)—Here Gérard Depardieu and Patrick Dewaere play two Rabelaisian young layabouts who serve as tokens of the pursuit of void pleasures. They spend their time on a spree of truancy and shoplifting—teasing middle-aged women, stealing cars, making idle love to a girl (Miou-Miou) whom they cruelly call frigid when they have always treated her abominably. Jeanne Moreau, as an ex-convict, provides the one gleam of fire and poise in the film. In French. (10/16/78) (Carnegie Hall Cinema; Jan. 26. . . . ¶ Cinema Village; Jan. 31-Feb. 1.)

The Girl from Missouri (1934)—One of Jean Harlow's less memorable adventures; Anita Loos contrived it for her, and it's on the funny-tough side, with a complement of gold-diggers and millionaires, but there's too much plot and too little comic substance. In pursuit of men and money, Harlow is involved in such pranks as tossing her ice cream at her beau, landing in jail, getting out, and diving in front of the camera in her step-ins in order to throw her arms around a gent. "I have always been a good girl," she announces—the film having been made after the censors rebuked her. Since her beloved here is the chilly, urbane Franchot Tone, the announcement seems gratuitous. Jack Conway directed; with Patsy Kelly, Alan Mowbray, and M-G-M's favorite bores, Lionel Barrymore and Lewis Stone. (Regency; Jan. 30-31.)

Les Girls (1957)—George Cukor directed this backstage-story musical (it's about a lawsuit over a former showgirl's memoirs), and the color consultant, George Hoyningen-Huené, gave it a classy look, but, with one exception, nobody connected with it was really at his best—not Gene Kelly, who was the star, or the scenarist, John Patrick, and certainly not the choreographer, Jack Cole. (He hit rock bottom, with horrible quasi-cultured numbers.) Even the Cole Porter score is weak, and the whole show is overproduced. The exception is the tall, blithe, and beautiful comedienne Kay Kendall, who does a funny, drunk "La Habanera" and has a number with Kelly in which she seems to be outdancing him and having an easy, amused time of it. Her role isn't large enough, though. The cast includes Henry Daniell, Taina Elg, Jacques Bergerac, Patrick MacNee, and that bane of fifties movie musicals—the movie executives' idea of "adorable"—Mitzi Gaynor. From a story by Vera Caspary. (Theatre 80 St. Marks; Jan. 31.)

Hail the Conquering Hero (1944)—If you've never seen one of Preston Sturges's classic comedies, you may not quite know what hit you. He uses verbal slapstick as well as visual slapstick, and his comic timing is so quirkily effective that the dialogue keeps popping off like a string of firecrackers. In this satire on hero worship, patriotism, and mother love, Eddie Bracken, son of his town's biggest First World War hero, joins the Marines in the Second World War and is discharged for hay fever. Ashamed, he writes his mother that he's been sent overseas, and thinking he can never return home, tells his girl (Ella Raines) that he doesn't love her anymore. But one night he's out drinking with six Marines, and one of them, known as Bugsy, for good reason, tells him he should go home and see his beautiful mother; the sergeant agrees, and the upshot is that they drag him home, claiming that he's a war hero. The town goes mad. With Freddie Steele, once middleweight boxing champion of the world, as Bugsy, and William Demarest as a Marine sergeant. (Theatre 80 St. Marks; Jan. 30.)

S	M	T	W	T	F	S
			24	25	26	27
28	29	30	31	1		

Halloween—With Donald Pleasence and Jamie Lee Curtis, directed by John Carpenter. (8th St. Playhouse.)

Hamlet (1948)—Laurence Olivier gives an active and exciting performance in the version he directed—a handsome production with lively contributions by Eileen Herlie (the Queen), Basil Sydney (the King), Jean Simmons (Ophelia), and Stanley Holloway (Grave Digger). (Carnegie Hall Cinema; Jan. 28.)

Heaven Can Wait—We all can wait for something better, in spite of the acting contributions of Warren Beatty, as a dead football player intent on being reincarnated; of Julie Christie, as a gutsy English girl in love with him; of James Mason, as a heavenly guardian angel; and—most startling of all—in spite of a script by the tremendously intelligent Elaine May, in collaboration with Warren Beatty. (7/10/78) (34th St. East.)

The Innocent—With Giancarlo Giannini, Laura Antonelli, and Jennifer O'Neill; directed by Luchino Visconti. In Italian. (Gemini 2.)

Interiors—A giant stride made by Woody Allen, who has written and directed a magnificent study of a family in the midst of change. Nearly all the members of the family are afflicted by the pressures of a society that puts a premium on "self-expression." With Geraldine Page, E. G. Marshall, Maureen Stapleton, Diane Keaton, Marybeth Hurt. (8/7/78) (72nd Street East, and Olympia; through Jan. 30.)

Invasion of the Body Snatchers—Undiluted pleasure and excitement. The scriptwriter, W. D. (Rick) Richter, supplies some of the funniest lines ever heard from the screen, and the director, Phil Kaufman, provides such confident professionalism that you sit back in the assurance that every spooky nuance you're catching is just what was intended. This set of variations on the low-budget classic directed by Don Siegel in 1956 has its own macabre originality. With Brooke Adams, Veronica Cartwright, Jeff Goldblum, Donald Sutherland, Leonard Nimoy, Kevin McCarthy, and Don Siegel. (12/25/78) (Gemini 1, 86th St. East, and Rivoli.)

Ivan the Terrible, Parts I and II (1944-46)—For this movie, the city of Kazan was rebuilt full scale in Central Asia with lumber imported from Siberia, and millions of rubles' worth of sets, beards, and brocades went into Eisenstein's great, weird two-part extravaganza on the evils of tyranny. In Part I, Ivan (Nikolai Cherkassov) is crowned and then, because of the opposition of the nobles, is forced to abdicate; in Part II, with the help of the people, he is restored to the throne. Overpowering and operatic, the movie resembles a gigantic Expressionist mural. In Russian. (Bleecker St. Cinema; Feb. 1.)

Johnny Guitar (1954)—A very rum Western, with cockeyed feminist attitudes expressed by Joan Crawford as a gambling-house owner. Directed by Nicholas Ray at his most delirious, which at least makes his work more of a fling than usual, if not distinguished. With Ernest Borgnine and John Carradine. Enjoyable. (Thalia; Jan. 30.)

King Lear (1971)—Blindness and nothingness are the controlling metaphors in this gray, cold Peter Brook production. Paul Scofield gives a frigid performance, and the cast, including the Cordelia, has dead eyes. (Little Theatre; Feb. 1.)

King of the Gypsies—Based on the Peter Maas book, with Sterling Hayden, Shelley Winters, Susan Sarandon, Judd Hirsch, Brooke Shields, and Eric Roberts; directed by Frank Pierson. (Bay Cinema, Loews Ciné, and Loews State 1.)

The Last Wave—The young Australian director Peter Weir treats the white Australians' guilt over their treatment of the aborigines in terms of alienation and occult manifestations. The decadent white race is represented by a sickly paleface corporate lawyer (Richard Chamberlain), and the aborigines by a lithe, graceful young man (Gulpilil) and a dignified wily shaman (Nandjiwarra Amagula). Weir, who has apparently studied Nicolas Roeg's films, knows how to create an allusive, ominous atmosphere. The portents keep coming, but there's no delivery. The film is over-deliberate and sluggish, and Chamberlain keeps us conscious that he's acting all the time. With Olivia Hamnett as the lawyer's wife. (1/22/79) (Beekman, and Paramount.)

The Late Great Planet Earth—Based on the Hal Lindsey book, narrated by Orson Welles, directed by Robert Amram. (Guild, and Embassy 1. . . . ¶ R.K.O. 86th St.; through Jan. 25.)

The Lord of the Rings—An animated film based on the J. R. R. Tolkien story, directed by Ralph Bakshi. (Ziegfeld.)

Madame Rosa—Simone Signoret giving a magnificent performance as an ex-whore of the Belleville *quartier* of Paris. Now too old and puffy to practice her job, she makes a meagre living by taking in the abandoned children of younger prostitutes. She is a Jewess who survived Auschwitz; her favorite foster child is the offspring of an Arab father, and she has faithfully brought the boy up as an Arab. The film was directed by Moshe Mizrahi, himself a Jew who was brought up in Alexandria; he has made a firm, astute picture with an understanding of the Arab-Jewish predicament that may be unique, not only because of his upbringing but also because of his fairness. In French. (3/27/78) (New Yorker; through Jan. 25.)

Magic—It's intended to be a thriller, but there's little suspense and almost no fun in this account of a schizophrenic ventriloquist (Anthony Hopkins), adapted by William Goldman from his novel, and directed by Richard Attenborough. The gloomily withdrawn Hopkins has no vulgarity in his soul—nothing that suggests any connection with the world of entertainment—and the picture grinds along, as we watch most of the tiny cast being eliminated. With Ann-Margret, Burgess Meredith, and Ed Lauter. (12/11/78) (Embassy. . . . ¶ Greenwich, and Loews 83rd Quad; through Jan. 25. . . . ¶ Olympia; starting Jan. 31.)

Max Havelaar—Directed by Fons Rademakers. In Dutch. (Plaza.)

Midnight Cowboy (1969)—Jon Voight as Joe Buck, the cowboy, and Dustin Hoffman as Ratso Rizzo—two lost, lonely men who find friendship. The John Schlesinger film is a brutal, superficial satire of America, but the actors take hold of one's emotions and one's imagination. From James Leo Herlihy's novel. (Bleecker St. Cinema; Jan. 26-27.)

Midnight Express—Puts the squeeze on us right from the start. It's single-minded in its manipulation of the audience: this is a clear-cut case of film technique split off from any artistic impulse. The film is based on the story of Billy Hayes, a vacationing American college student who was caught smuggling two kilos of hashish out of Turkey and imprisoned. But its juiciest episodes are inventions; the screenwriter, Oliver Stone, and the director, Alan Parker, have subjected their Billy (Brad Davis) to the most photogenic sadomasochistic brutalization that they could dream up. With John Hurt as Max, Randy Quaid as Jimmy, and Paul Smith as the Turkish head guard, Hamidou, who looks like a Picasso bull. (11/27/78) (U. A. East, and R.K.O. Cinerama 1; through Jan. 25. . . . ¶ St. Marks Cinema, and Gramercy; through Jan. 30.)

Moment by Moment—With Lily Tomlin and John Travolta, directed by Jane Wagner. (Coronet.)

Monsieur Verdoux (1947)—Chaplin as a deft, fastidious Bluebeard in a comedy with attempted Shavian ironies: this private entrepreneur of murder feels guiltless, and contrasts what he does with what governments do in war. "Numbers sanctify," he says. Chaplin is more talented at carrying out his pantomime bits than in the talky passages, which are meant to be complexly unsettling and come across as turgid. The casting is not all it might be, with the glorious exception of Martha Raye as Annabella, who is so full of low-comedy life that, despite all Verdoux's calculations, and one attempt after another, he fails to kill her. It's not exactly a work of movie art, but it's so special a film that maybe it deserves to be called a classic. (Regency; Jan. 28-29.)

Movie Movie—Better than the dum-dum title would suggest: it's a pair of skillful parodies of early-thirties movies, written by Larry Gelbart and Sheldon Keller, and directed by Stanley Donen. The star of both is George C. Scott, who seems to preside. In the first—a black-and-white spoof of Warners fight pictures—he's a white-haired old geezer, a manager-trainer to a young boxer. And in the second—a color parody of backstage musicals, principally based on "42nd Street"—he's slick-haired Spats Baxter, a Broadway impresario. Also with Harry Hamlin, Ann Reinking, Barry Bostwick, Rebecca York, Kathleen Beller, Michael Kidd, Jocelyn Brando, Eli Wallach, Red Buttons, and Trish Van Devere. (12/4/78) (Sutton, and Cinema 3.)

Murder, My Sweet (1945)—Philip Marlowe (Dick Powell) is employed by Moose Malloy (Mike Mazurki), a murderous, cretinous giant, to find the sweetheart he lost while doing a stretch in the jug; two beautiful women (Claire Trevor and Anne Shirley) periodically embrace Marlowe—a not especially perceptive detective—for the purpose of pulling his own gun on him. Raymond Chandler regarded this movie, based on his "Farewell, My Lovely," as the most successful film adaptation of his novels, and thought that Dick Powell came closest to his conception of Marlowe. The author could be wrong on both counts; the movie is energetic enough, but its crumminess can't all be explained by fidelity to the material. Edward Dmytryk directed, in the brutal, fast style popular in the war years; the screenplay is by John Paxton. With Esther Howard, Otto Kruger, Miles Mander, and Ralf Harolde. (Bleecker St. Cinema; Jan. 31.)

Murder on the Orient Express (1974)—This all-star version of an Agatha Christie antiquity is utterly inoffensive, and maybe it hardly matters that it isn't very good. Vanessa Redgrave, Rachel Roberts, and Ingrid Bergman are standouts in a cast that includes John Gielgud, Lauren Bacall, Wendy Hiller, Sean Connery, and Albert Finney as Hercule Poirot. Sidney Lumet directed. (St. Marks Cinema; through Jan. 30.)

Night of the Living Dead (1968)—It would be fun to be able to dismiss this as undoubtedly the best movie ever made in Pittsburgh, but it also happens to be one of the most gruesomely terrifying movies ever made—and when you leave the theatre you may wish you could forget the whole horrible experience. It's about a night when the dead rise and eat the living. Duane Jones is the lead; George A. Romero photographed and directed. There's no point pretending that he doesn't have talent. (Cinema Village; Jan. 26-27.)

Now, Voyager (1942)—A campy modern tear-jerker variation on the Cinderella story: a psychiatrist (Claude Rains) enables the sexually repressed, neurotically dowdy Bostonian Charlotte Vale (Bette Davis) to become an attractive, confident woman. The scenarist, Casey Robinson, adapted the novel by Olive Higgins Prouty, the genius of kitsch who also wrote "Stella Dallas;" both novels are about the glories of female self-sacrifice. A couple of the most quoted bits in film history come from this movie: Paul Henreid lighting two cigarettes and tenderly handing one to Davis, and her parting line to him: "Don't ask for the moon—we have the stars." The best scene may actually be Charlotte's brisk dismissal of her priggish suitor, played by John Loder. The score, by Max Steiner, aims right for the jugular; the director, Irving Rapper, is just barely competent, and the action plods along, yet this picture is all of a piece, and if it were better it might not work at all. This way, it's a crummy classic. With Gladys Cooper, Bonita Granville, Lee Patrick, Ilka Chase, Charles Drake, and Franklin Pangborn. (Theatre 80 St. Marks; Feb. 1.)

Once in Paris—With Wayne Rogers, Gayle Hunnicutt, and Jack Lenoir; directed by Frank D. Gilroy. (68th St. Playhouse.)

One Sings, the Other Doesn't (1977)—Agnès Varda brings a Disney touch to this account of the evolution of modern women's consciousness between 1962 and 1976. It's a cheery, educational feminism-can-be-fun movie, centering on two young women's abortions, careers, babies. The sunshiny, mass-cult-hip simplicity of the feminist movement celebrated here is so laughable that you can't hate the picture. You just feel that some of your brain cells have been knocked out. In French. (11/14/77) (Thalia; Jan. 28-29.)

On the Yard—With Thomas Waites and John Heard, directed by Raphael D. Silver. (Cinema II.)

Palm Beach Story (1942)—One of the giddiest and most chaotic of Preston Sturges's satiric orgies. The romantic problems of the leads (Joel McCrea and Claudette Colbert) get shoved aside by the secondary characters. Colbert, travelling by train, becomes involved with a bunch of drunken millionaires—members of the "Ale and Quail Club," on board with their hounds and guns—who stage an informal skeet shoot in the club car and demolish the glassware. Sturges's comic invention soars, but the picture is too wild to be sustained; still, it's a joy, despite the lulls of waggish humor. With Mary Astor, Rudy Vallée, and the Sturges stock company, including William Demarest, Franklin Pangborn, and Jimmy Conlin. (Theatre 80 St. Marks; Jan. 30.)

Rain and Shine—Directed by Ferenc Andràs. In Hungarian. (Quad Cinema.)

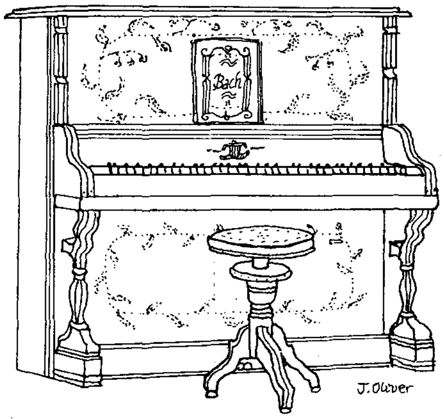
Rififi (1956)—A quartet of thieves breaks into a jewelry store, and the director, Jules Dassin, who made this picture in France (and in French), eliminated all dialogue for a tense half hour as we watch how they do it. It is thoroughly engrossing, because we see the criminals as craftsmen, and we celebrate their teamwork, their finesse, their triumph. The film also provides nasty glimpses of underworld Parisian prostitutes and hopheads. "Rififi" is the granddaddy of a batch of suspense films featuring how to knock over safes or break into banks and museums, but it's not all that good. With Jean Servais, Robert Manuel, Carl Mohner, and Dassin as the four; and Robert Hossein, Marie Sabouret, Magali Noel. (Carnegie Hall Cinema; Jan. 29.)

Rogopag (1962)—A four-episode film, directed by Roberto Rossellini, Jean-Luc Godard, Pier Paolo Pasolini, and Ugo Gregoretti. In Italian. (Little Theatre; through Jan. 28.)

Same Time, Next Year—A tepid, sweet meal. Decorous lifelong adultery by two ciphers, played by Ellen Burstyn and Alan Alda. The time span is from 1951 to 1977. Bernard Slade wrote it, and Robert Mulligan directed it. (12/4/78) (Cinema I.)

Secrets—With Jacqueline Bisset and Per Oscarsson, directed by Philip Saville. (U.A. East, and R.K.O. Cinerama 1; starting Jan. 26.)

A Slave of Love—A new Russian classic, made by Nikita Mikhalkov. Set in the Crimea just after the October Revolution, with White Russians still holding out in the south, it tells a story worthy of Chekhov in its simplicity and idiosyncrasy of detail. A preposterously melodramatic film-within-the-film is being made. The woman star is Olga (Yelena Solovei). She longs for a cause almost as if she were yearning for a trip to Moscow; the cause is all around her, but she cannot see it. The film is a most beautiful and fragile story about people out of step with their era. In Russian. (8/28/78) (New Yorker; starting Jan. 26.)



A Special Day (1977)—A schematic romance that takes place in Rome on May 8, 1938, during Hitler's visit with Mussolini. Sophia Loren is an oppressed working-class housewife, the mother of six children, and Marcello Mastroianni is a suspected homosexual who has just been dismissed as a radio announcer and is about to be interned in Sardinia. Their humiliation draws them together. This strenuous exercise in sensitivity was directed by Ettore Scola in a style that might be called genteel shamelessness—the turf so well tended by Noël Coward when he was being "real." In Italian. (10/17/77) (Cinema Village; Jan. 31-Feb. 1.)

Summer Interlude (1951)—This rapturous study of a ruined summer romance was Ingmar Bergman's first great breakthrough. Maj-Britt Nilsson plays the tired ballerina who has been emotionally dead since her adolescence. In Swedish. (Bleecker St. Cinema; Jan. 28-29.)

Superman—Christopher Reeve, the young actor chosen to play the lead, is the best reason to see the film: he's immediately likable, with an open-faced, deadpan style that's just right for a windup hero. Though one of the two or three most expensive movies ever made, it's cheesy-looking, and the plotting is so hit-or-miss that the story never seems to get started; the special effects are far from wizardly, and the editing often seems hurried and jerky just at the crucial points. Directed by Richard Donner. With Marlon Brando, Gene Hackman, and Margot Kidder. (1/1/79) (Murray Hill, Loews Orpheum, and Loews Astor Plaza.)

Sweethearts (1938)—One of the liveliest of the Jeanette MacDonald and Nelson Eddy musicals. The title is ironic; they are squabbling husband-and-wife operetta stars, trading insults written by Dorothy Parker and Alan Campbell. The Parker-Campbell script has nothing to do with the original story of Victor Herbert's 1913 operetta; the songs are retained as part of the long-running show, "Sweethearts," that the couple is appearing in. This was M-G-M's first three-color-process Technicolor feature, and it has startling color costuming by Adrian. Directed by W. S. Van Dyke; choreographed by Albertina Rasch. With Ray Bolger, Mischa Auer, Frank Morgan, Allyn Joslyn, Reginald Gardiner, Herman Bing, and Jimmy Conlin. (Theatre 80 St. Marks; Jan. 29.)

Swept Away (1975)—Lina Wertmüller's Marxist story of a wealthy, industry-upheld bitch on a yacht who finds herself marooned in a state of heavily erotic political masochism. Her partner is the very sailor whom she has been abusing for marine inefficiency and the wearing of stinking T-shirts. In Italian. (New Yorker; starting Jan. 26.)

Tell Me Lies (1968)—Peformed by the Royal Shakespeare Company, directed by Peter Brook. (Little Theatre; Jan. 30.)

A Theatrical Experiment in Africa (1971)—Peter Brook and his acting troupe performing in African villages. (Little Theatre; Jan. 31.)

Violette—With Isabelle Huppert, Stéphane Audran, and Jean Carmet; directed by Claude Chabrol. In French. (Trans-Lux 85th St., Quad Cinema, and Cinema Studio 2.)

Wifemistress—With Marcello Mastroianni and Laura Antonelli, directed by Marco Vicario. In Italian. (Little Carnegie.)

The Wiz—With Diana Ross in the lead, Dorothy is now a shy schoolteacher in Harlem, and Diana Ross's shy is like Sergeant Bilko's modest. Fervently wet-eyed, she sings songs of preachy uplift in relentlessly slow arrangements. Nipsey Russell (as the Tinman) is able to ride right over the film's muddy carelessness, and a sweetness comes through the Pagliacci makeup that Michael Jackson wears as the Scarecrow, and Mabel King, who plays the Wicked Witch, has a hot growly song. But the whole production has a stagnant atmosphere, and the big dance numbers are free-form traffic jams. With Lena Horne, Richard Pryor, and Ted Ross. Directed by Sidney Lumet. (10/30/78) (Loews 83rd Quad, and Forum.)

Your Turn, My Turn—With Marlène Jobert and Philippe Leotard, directed by François Leterrier. In French. (Cinema Studio 1; starting Jan. 28.)

citywise

We're from Herald Square, and we love New York.

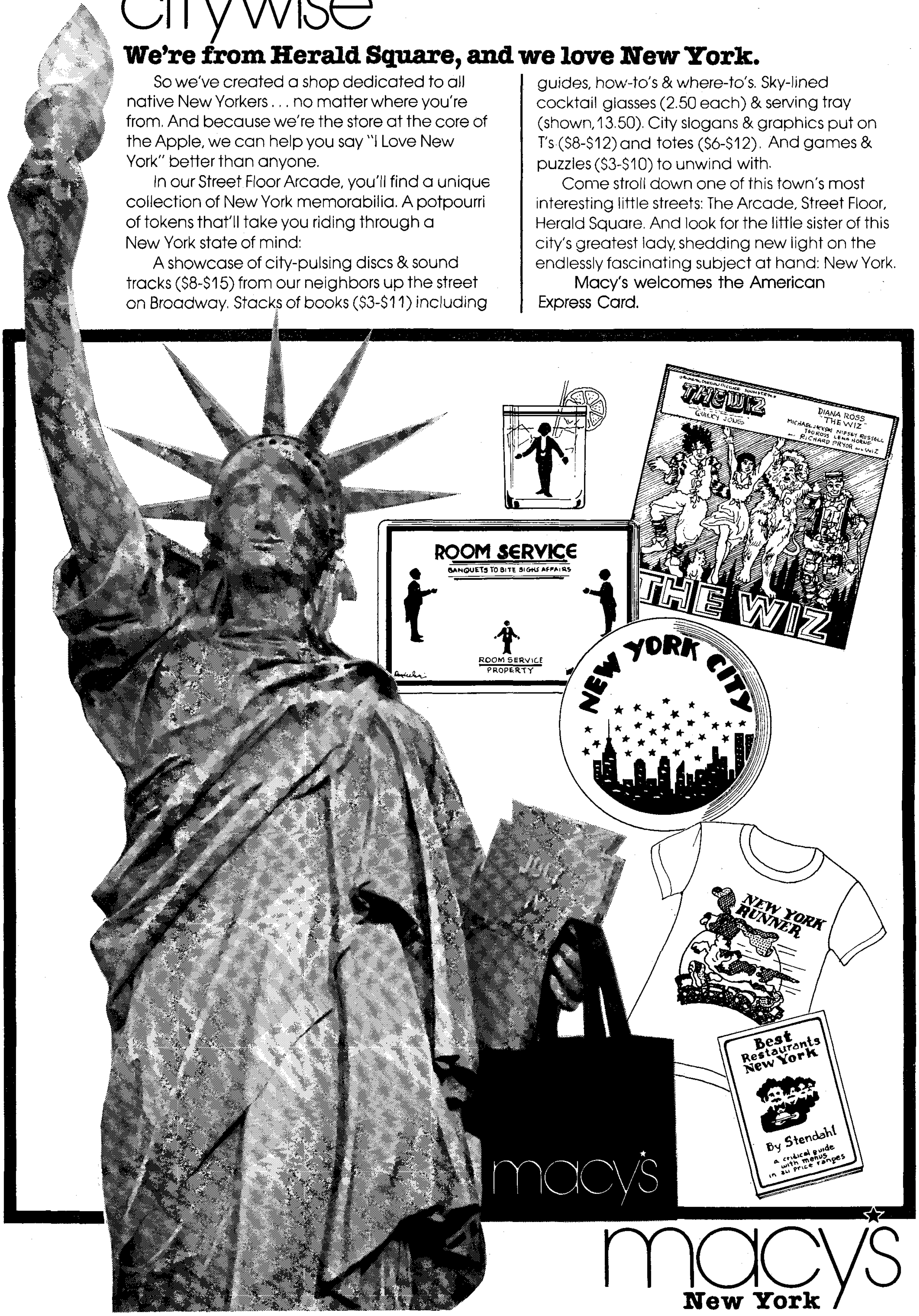
So we've created a shop dedicated to all native New Yorkers . . . no matter where you're from. And because we're the store at the core of the Apple, we can help you say "I Love New York" better than anyone.

In our Street Floor Arcade, you'll find a unique collection of New York memorabilia. A potpourri of tokens that'll take you riding through a New York state of mind:

A showcase of city-pulsing discs & sound tracks ($8-$15) from our neighbors up the street on Broadway. Stacks of books ($3-$11) including guides, how-to's & where-to's. Sky-lined cocktail glasses (2.50 each) & serving tray (shown, 13.50). City slogans & graphics put on T's ($8-$12) and totes ($6-$12). And games & puzzles ($3-$10) to unwind with.

Come stroll down one of this town's most interesting little streets: The Arcade, Street Floor, Herald Square. And look for the little sister of this city's greatest lady, shedding new light on the endlessly fascinating subject at hand: New York.

Macy's welcomes the American Express Card.


THE WIZ
ORIGINAL MOTION PICTURE SOUNDTRACK
DIANA ROSS "THE WIZ"
MICHAEL JACKSON NIPSEY RUSSELL TED ROSS LENA HORNE RICHARD PRYOR as THE WIZ
THE WIZ
ROOM SERVICE
BANQUETS TO BITE SIGHS AFFAIRS
ROOM SERVICE PROPERTY
NEW YORK CITY
NEW YORK RUNNER
Best Restaurants New York
By Stendahl
a critical guide with menus in all price ranges
macy's

macy's
New York

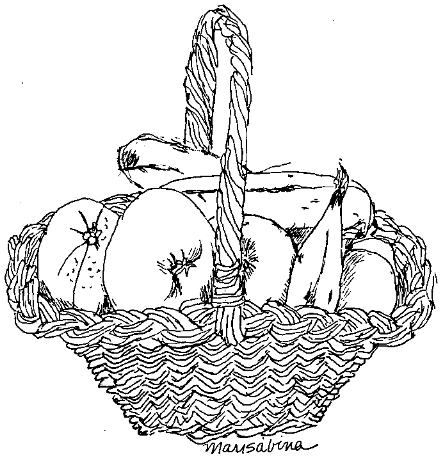
THE
NEW YORKER

THE TALK OF THE TOWN

Notes and Comment

WITH the departure of the Shah of Iran from his country on what promises to be a long, long "vacation," one of the strangest political confrontations of recent times approaches its close. On one side was a head of state who possessed all the formidable means of control with which our brutal century has supplied unscrupulous rulers. He commanded one of the most lavishly equipped—or, to use the modish term, "sophisticated"—armies in the world. He had at his disposal a secret-police force that was known internationally for its cruelty and efficiency. He controlled the channels of mass communication. He had banned the political opposition and jailed much of its leadership. His family's fortune, amassed in what may be the largest single case of financial corruption in history, amounted to an estimated twenty billion dollars. (India's latest annual budget was eighteen billion dollars.) In addition to all this, he enjoyed the unreserved support of the world's greatest military and economic power, the United States. Iran was seen by most of the world not only as an "island of stability" (to use President Carter's infelicitous phrase of last year) but also as a "regional superpower." On the other side was an amorphous, unorganized (at first), and unarmed opposition movement that appeared to be led by an Islamic clergyman who was living in France. According to most methods of reckoning political power, the Shah should have been nearly invincible; yet after only a few months of political struggle he was defeated, and his opposition, which now seemed to consist of almost the entire nation, was dancing in the streets. The opposition did not espouse a philosophy of nonviolence (its slogan, "Death to the Shah," was hardly pacific); yet the fact is that it carried out one of the very few nonviolent revolutions in history. Its first move was to launch enormous public demonstrations; its second move was to go on strike, most notably in the country's oil fields; and its coup de grâce was to physically embrace the soldiers in the streets and put carnations in their gun barrels.

Among the most remarkable features of the Iranian revolution was the uselessness to the Shah of his control over the apparatus of force. Surface-to-air missiles and squadrons of advanced jet planes were of no help in dealing with workers on strike and with demonstrating citizens. And one diplomatic observer on the scene said of the Shah's troops, "They can shoot people, but they cannot make them work; even the most boneheaded general must realize this." Of course, soldiers did in fact kill thousands of demonstrators, but these killings only weakened the Shah's hold on the nation. The economic and political measures that had made his government a regional superpower left him powerless within his own borders. Even the military help of the United States was of no use. President Carter, wishing to show American support for the Shah, ordered an aircraft-carrier task force to sail from the Philippines into the Persian Gulf, but before it had arrived he ordered it back again. To be credible, a show of force must threaten some move that can at least theoretically be made, but in the Iranian situation there simply was no suitable action for an aircraft carrier to take; you cannot stop a revolution with bombs. Force, which is often said to be the final arbiter in political affairs, was stalemated. The instruments of violence were all in the hands of the Shah, but power, it turned out, resided in the Iranian people.



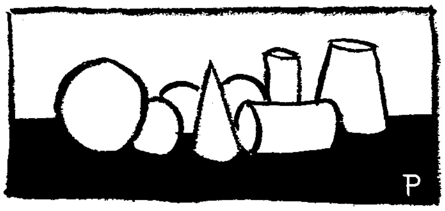
• •

Restrained Joy

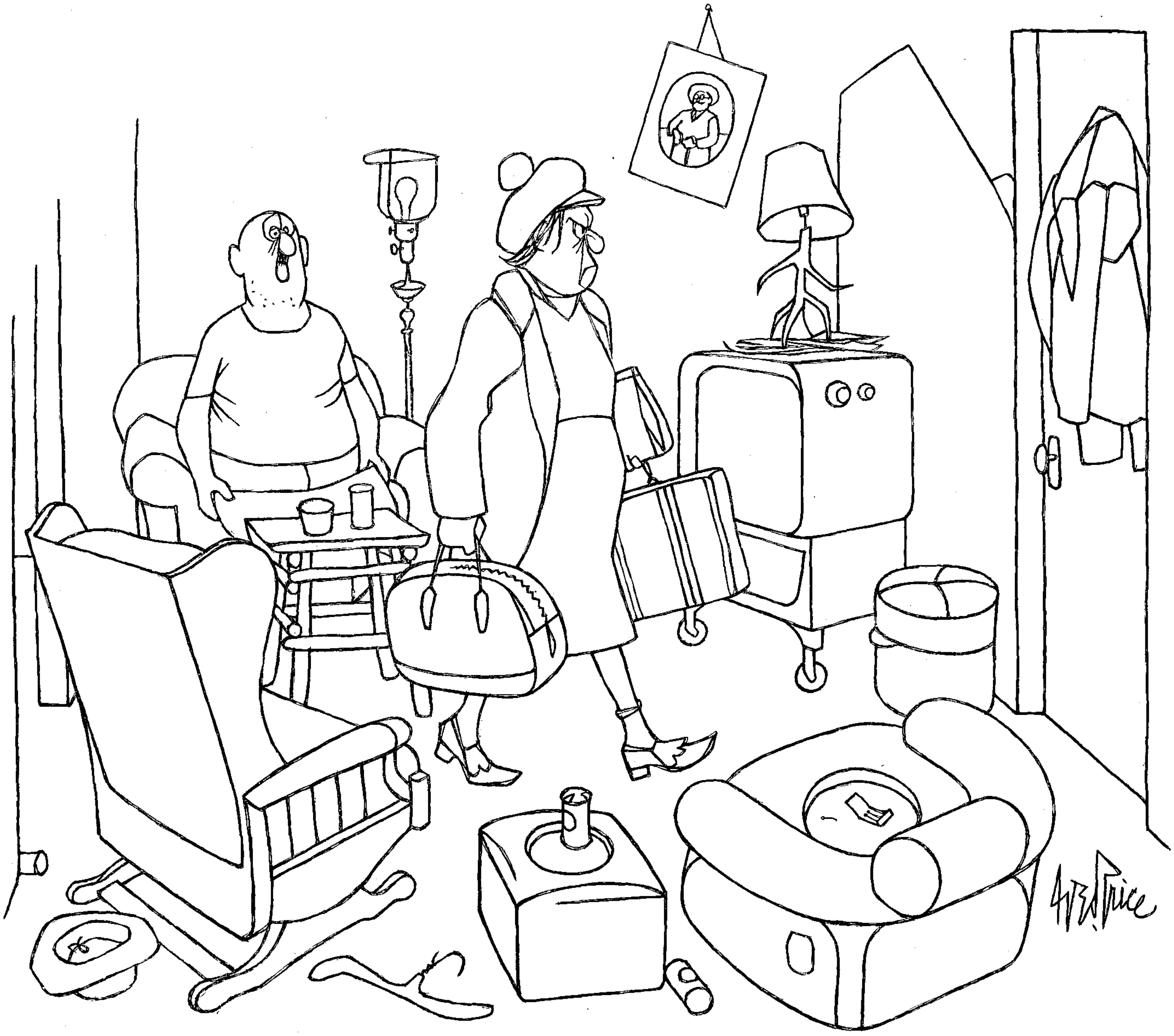
THERE was good news out of the New York Public Library last week to cheer the more than six hundred and thirteen thousand people from New York and around the world—writers, scholars, fashion designers, patent lawyers, magazine researchers, horseplayers, cartoonists, oil executives, college students, and general readers—who during the last fiscal year consulted, free of charge, something like two and a half million books, manuscripts, posters, prints, broadsides, clay tablets, and periodicals in the library's noncirculating Research Libraries collection of twenty-two million items. And, because it was one of the few times since the late sixties that library officials had more good news than bad news to report, they were experiencing what Richard Salomon, the chairman of the library's board of trustees, called "restrained joy." Thanks to two three-hundred-and-seventy-five-thousand-dollar gifts—one from the Gladys Krieble Delmas Foundation (Mrs. Delmas is a scholar who uses the library a lot in researches into English literature and incunabula) and the other from Time, Inc. (one of the many New York corporations that use the library's books and maps and manuscripts and documents every week)—the two-block-long Main Reading Room of the library's central building, at Fifth Avenue and Forty-second Street (a room connecting to eighty miles of shelves in the main stacks), will now be open until 9 P.M. three nights a week, Mondays, Tuesdays, and Wednesdays, instead of only on Tuesdays. At the same time, the library has reallocated some other money to open several of its special divisions—Rare Books, Manuscripts and Archives, and the Spencer and Arents Collections—at ten in the morning five days a week, like the Main Reading Room, instead of at one in the afternoon. The library is still closed all day Thursdays and Sundays, and it is still open only until 6 P.M. on Fridays and Saturdays, but it is now open forty-nine hours a week instead of forty-three, as it had been since June of 1976.

What restrained the joy? Bad news of the familiar sort: the city had just proposed cutting half a million dollars from its contribution to the library's budget for 1979-80. If the cut should be sustained, it would affect only the hours of service and the numbers of new books bought for the eighty-odd branch libraries that the New York Public Library maintains in Manhattan and the Bronx and on Staten Island, since the city, together with the state, pays the library to operate the branches but pays only for maintenance and security at the central building. The cut, therefore, would not affect the library's ability to acquire, through purchase, gift, and exchange, about a hundred and fifty thousand new books and other documents a year for the Research Libraries—the standard number of annual acquisitions for the only metropolitan research library to be ranked with the Library of Congress, the British Library, the Bibliothèque Nationale, the Lenin State Library, in Moscow, and the Harvard University Library as one of the greatest libraries in the world. Except for Harvard, the New York Public Library (exclusive of its branches) is the only great library that buys its books mostly with private funds. Like the Bronx Zoo and the American Museum of Natural History and many of New York's other treasures, the library is a private institution; its endowment for the Research Libraries, together with the financial support received every year from more than forty thousand individuals and corporations and foundations, amounts to more money than the Research Libraries get from all government sources. But various city cuts in the last decade have had their effect. In the past, when money ran free, the central building never closed for even a day; in fact, from May 23, 1911, when President Taft cut a ribbon to inaugurate New York's palace of books, which the city built for the library over a period of nine years and spent nine million dollars on—it has walls of Vermont marble, Philippine-teak floors, French-walnut panelling, gold leaf on the ceiling of the Main Reading Room, and, of course, the lions—the library was open every day until V-E Day, which was spontaneously declared a holiday. As recently as November, 1970, the library was open eighty-seven hours a week: from 9 A.M. to 10 P.M. Monday through Saturday, and from 1 P.M. to 10 P.M. on Sundays and holidays. At that time, the city started kicking in less money, whereupon the senior library staff petitioned the trustees not to take any irreversible steps; they meant that it was better to cut hours, which could always be restored later, than to stop buying books, which if they were once passed up might never again be available. The trustees went along—wisely, they now feel.

"I learn something new about this library every day I'm here," we were told by Richard Salomon, who had invited us over to his office for a corned-beef sandwich and a Pepsi and a briefing on the latest developments. "Did you know it takes an hour just to walk through all the rooms here? Speaking as a levelheaded businessman, I have never seen such treasures, so much romance." Salomon, who is dapper, affable, and, currently, full of delight, sold his family business, Lanvin-Charles of the Ritz, to Squibb eight years ago, when none of his sons wanted to go into the business, and he now sits on the boards of Squibb, Channel 13, and Brown University. He got involved in the library a couple of years ago after telling one of his sons that he didn't have enough to do. "I'm so pleased with the new gifts that have extended our hours—particularly because the money is coming from people and businesses we perform a real service for. And I'm going to be talking to more of them. Being a trustee is a very different business these days from what it was when Washington Irving became president of the Astor Library, one of our two predecessor libraries. Or when an uncle of mine was on the board of a French hospital at the turn of the century. His only job was to meet with the other trustees at the end of the year, find out what the deficit was, and then make it up out of his own pocket. Today, if the library is going to get more public support, we have to become more open and welcoming, and show ourselves off. Have you seen the beautiful exhibit hall downstairs? Probably not—it has been cut up into office space since 1932, when we first started to bulge at the seams. It's one of my projects to get that room back—after we start opening on Thursdays. We probably have just enough space to last until the end of the century, because the people here are so ingenious. We stand books on their long edges now in the stacks, so they won't stand so high. Have you seen the stacks? Fourteen current university presidents were once pages in our stacks. The books are dustier than they used to be, because the city can't pay for porters to dust them anymore, but perhaps that is fortunate; a recent theory suggests that dust helps preserve books from deterioration. But what about the books printed since 1850? That's when books started to be printed on pulp paper that has an acid content that turns the paper itself into dust eventually. Luckily, we don't have to worry about that with our current phone books. We have phone books from virtually every community in the United States and from hundreds of foreign cities all over the world. Have you seen the Picture Collection? That consists of two million catalogued pictures from magazines and newspapers and prints, arranged by subject, and it is used every day by cartoonists and illustrators. Have you ever seen the Hunt-Lenox globe? It's the oldest known post-Columbian globe of the world, made, probably, in about 1510. Richard Morris Hunt, the architect of the Lenox Library, which was our other predecessor institution, picked it up in a little Paris shop and brought it home for his kids to play with. Eat up! I have to show you these things, because how could I describe them?"



We ate up, and Salomon gathered a couple of colleagues—Mrs. Susan Lamb, vice-president for development, and Walter Zervas, administrative associate—and whirled us around the building. And we kept wondering, How could anyone describe this place—the things it has, the use it gets? At the little souvenir shop in the main hall, after our tour, we bought the "Guide to the Research Collections of the New York Public Library," to see if we could begin to suggest an answer. This is a three-hundred-page scholarly book, in eight-point type, two columns to a page, that does nothing but describe what's in the library. It's like an attempt to describe what's in a human mind.



"I'll miss you. 'Mary' is a grand old name."

• •

Anyway, we took it home and poked through it, and here are a few things the library has: six card drawers listing books in the collection which were printed before 1521; the first book ever written and printed in the Ladino language, "Regimento de la Vida" (1564); the Spencer Collection, of finely illustrated books, which includes a tenth-century palm-leaf manuscript from northern India, and also includes a copy of Firdausi's "Shah Namah," or "Book of Kings," made for Shah Abbas the Great, of Persia, in 1614, with forty-four illustrations; the two Arents Collections, one of books in parts, like the Dickens novels that appeared in serial form, and one of anything to do with tobacco, which has an original Thomas Nast drawing of Santa Claus smoking a pipe, the drawing that standardized the image of Santa Claus for the Western world; the Jewish Division, of a hundred and fifteen thousand books, which includes the "Arba Turim," by Jacob ben Asher, printed on vellum in Italy in 1475 and probably the first dated book ever printed in Hebrew, and also includes an English translation of the first Jewish sermon preached in America (it was delivered in Spanish by Rabbi Haim Isaac Carigal at Newport on May 28, 1773); the Rare Book Division, which has the first book printed in the American colonies (the Bay Psalm Book, printed in Massachusetts in 1640, of which there are eleven copies left), the first Gutenberg Bible brought to this country (only the first leaf is missing), Mrs. Helen Hay Whitney's collection of two hundred cookbooks, Walt Whitman's own heavily corrected and revised copy of the 1860 edition of "Leaves of Grass" (when the Secretary of the Interior found this book in Whitman's desk, he dismissed him from the department); the Schomburg Center for Research in Black Culture, on West 135th Street, which has the manuscript of a sermon preached in 1821 by Lemuel Haynes, a black minister who was pastor to a white congregation in Rutland, Vermont, for thirty years; and, here and there in the library, a Chinese mulberry-bark banknote of the Ming dynasty, a thousand books printed in Latin America before 1800, the original manuscript of "A Connecticut Yankee in King Arthur's Court" and the corrected typescript of "The Waste Land" (both in the Berg Collection), every issue of the New York *Post* (founded in 1801), practically every issue of *The Sporting News* (founded in 1886), silver annual passes for New York Giants baseball games which were designed by Charles Dana Gibson, a hundred and fifty English-language editions of Izaak Walton's "The Compleat Angler," thirty-five hundred books in Latvian, and a hundred and twenty books in Sorbian, the language of well over a hundred thousand Slavs who live in East Germany. And what about Shakespeare? Five first folios, ten second folios, three third folios, and four fourth folios. And three first quartos. *And* keep in mind that the library acquires a hundred and fifty thousand new books and other pieces of material every year. "The New York Public Library," says James W. Henderson, former Andrew W. Mellon Director of the Research Libraries, in his preface to the book, "is, in actuality, a universe of libraries containing virtually every kind of library collection and service yet described."

Stationery

AS we were just about to step off a curb, our friend Janet plunged out of the back door of a No. 7 bus flourishing a piece of paper.

"This reminded me of a story I meant to tell you *last* winter. Where were you?" she said.

We shrugged.

"Everything was on sale all over town," she said. "I was at my bank on Fifty-first Street, so Saks was the nearest. I went around to all the reduced counters there, and I ended up in reduced stationery. I asked the saleswoman, 'What are those plastic things?' She said, 'Madam, those are Lucite letter openers.' I looked at the plastic things more closely. Three of them said 'Leslie R. Parker,' two said 'Lawrence Markman,' and my favorite one said 'Steven H. Glovstky'—which reminded me of my ex-husband's name. Which I don't use. A name like that you have to spell all the time. You spend your whole life spelling. I thought it would be nice to send the 'Steven H. Glovstky' to my friend Joe. However, I asked if it was reduced from eight-forty to what, and the saleswoman said no, it was reduced from fourteen dollars for a name of your choosing down to eight dollars and forty cents for either 'Leslie,' 'Lawrence,' or 'Steven.' I said I thought two dollars would be enough for a joke. She said the buyer had reduced the merchandise and there was nothing she could do about it. I said I'd like to speak to the buyer. She said, 'You can't speak to the buyer, but you can speak to the service manager, around the corner.' I stood in line while the service manager was taking back personalized gift items, and when it was my turn I asked to have a Lucite letter opener with the name 'Steven H. Glovstky' reduced to two dollars, as I was planning to give it to someone named Joe. Or maybe Ed. The service manager said to me—and I wrote these very words down—" Janet checked the piece of paper, and read, " 'It is not the policy of the store to negotiate sales items with a customer.' " She went on, "So I ended up buying a key chain that wasn't reduced."

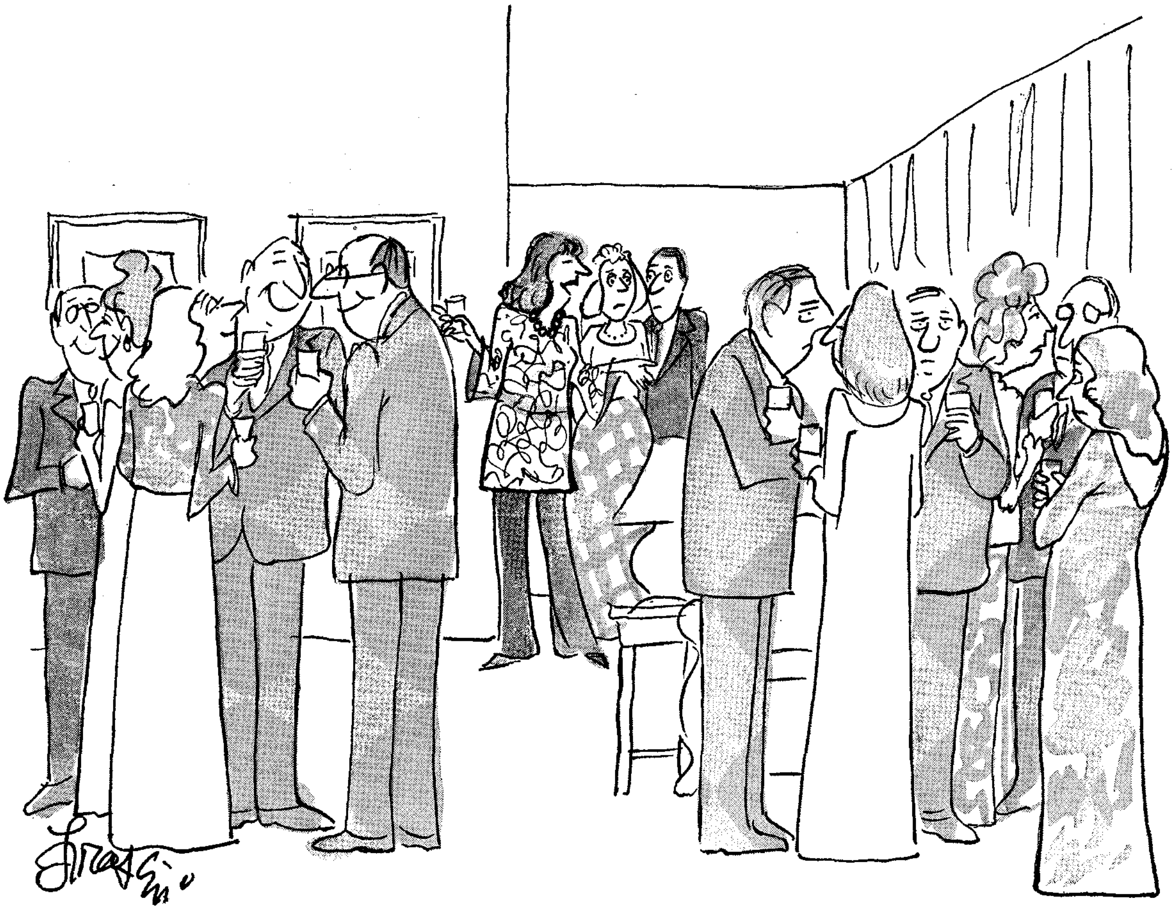
We nodded, and stepped off the curb.

A Theatre Life

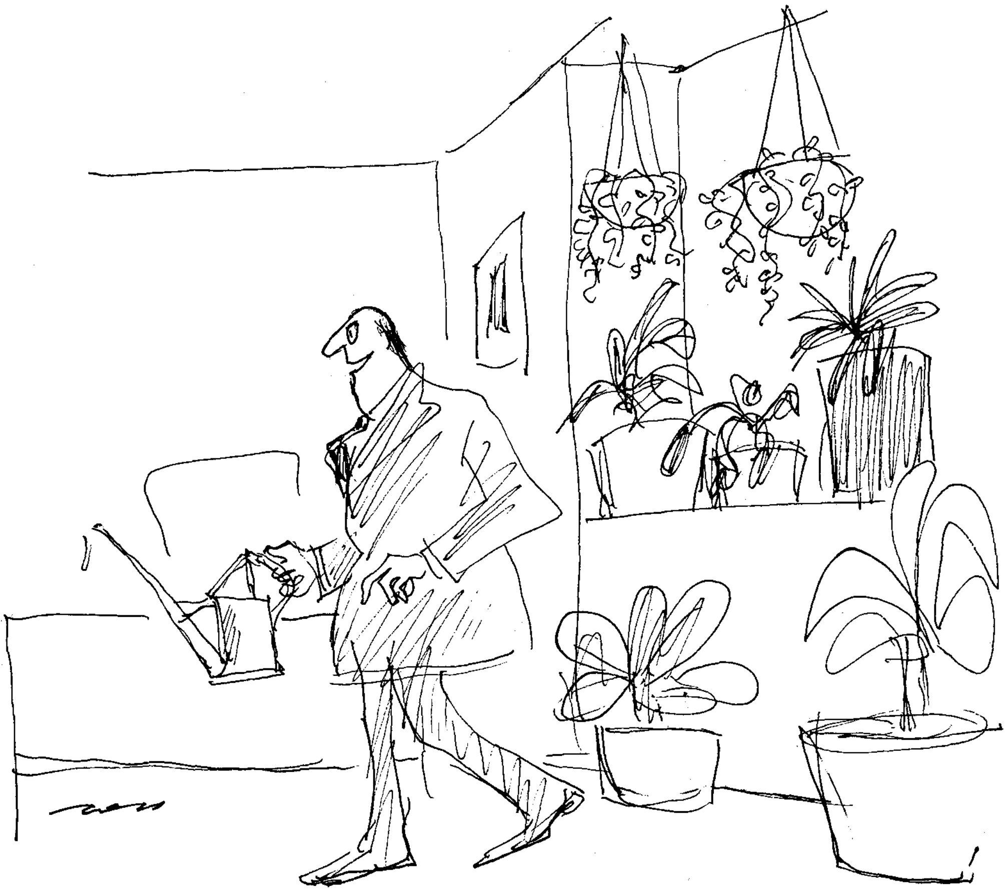
AH, to be stage-struck all one's life, despite loud protestations to the contrary! Oh, to be able to play with *Miss* Anderson and *Miss* Cornell when one is in, or barely out of, one's teens, and to have the Neighborhood Playhouse School of the Theatre and some summer stock already behind one! Ah, to be able to dedicate one's life when one is very young, and never deviate! Such is the story of Marian Seldes, at present acting in "Deathtrap," Ira Levin's eminently playable but strangely mirthless and charmless comedy thriller. Now, midway in her career, she has published a book—"The Bright Lights: A Theatre Life" (Houghton Mifflin).

Tall in her flat shoes, dark-haired, pale, fast-moving, finely bred, and regal, Marian Seldes goes around in the evening in a black velvet coat, and carries an old-fashioned square silk bag with a gold clasp, inherited from her Aunt Marian. "It was taken away from me, darling, right here on the street," she said to us the other evening. "The only reason I got it back was that I screamed so loud it was recovered almost immediately." Marian Seldes was always articulate. At the Playhouse, she was known to be brainy, which made her suspect, because it was generally thought that brains tended to inhibit Method acting. Still, she knows instinctively *how* to scream very loud in order to recover her handbag.

This young woman doesn't covet anything that money can buy. At the mention of a mink coat: "Darling, I have



"Take your pick. Happy about China or depressed about Cleveland."



"And now I think I'll have a little drink."

• •

one—from my aunt. One of those old ones—only it's warm, and I love it."

Speak of a maid to clean up? "My dear darling, I've never had a maid. What would I do with a maid?"

She is looking for appreciation, she says. "Desperately. I fall right into that line. I think I'm honest, though, in saying it's a need for appreciation more than for approval. I want whatever work I do to be recognized."

It is.

Back at the Playhouse, if a teacher wanted a paper, Marian Seldes was always the one to comply. Most students simply ignored such requests, which usually came from a voice teacher—never from the acting teacher, Sanford Meisner. Because Marian Seldes is the daughter of the playwright and critic Gilbert Seldes ("When you are growing up, my darling, and the man you most admire is in theatre . . ."), Sanford Meisner would call her out to one of his improvisations with a pitiless "Miss *Bel Geddes*." Marian would blush—she was always a great blusher, which tempted the students as well as the teachers—and keep very quiet. And then Meisner would tell his blush story: Eleonora Duse, alone, stage center, playing an old woman. The maid comes in to announce a visitor. He is her lover of long ago. At which point, Duse's face is overtaken by such a flush that she automatically hides it in her hands. That was Meisner's "Blush and Best Actress" story. No student ever forgot it.

Marian Seldes has always danced. First at the School of American Ballet. Then at the Playhouse, with Martha Graham. Years later, she appeared with Martha Graham's company in "Mendicants of Evening." And in 1977 she danced, and played the title role, in "Isadora Duncan Sleeps with the Russian Navy," in Wynn Handman's American Place Theatre. Her first stage credit was as a super in a 1942 Ballet Theatre production of "Petrouchka," at the old Metropolitan Opera House.

On the "Today" show, Marian Seldes gives a voluble performance. She imitates *Miss* Anderson. Her first professional role on Broadway was that of one of *Miss* Anderson's attendants in "Medea," directed by John Gielgud. Then came "Crime and Punishment," directed by Theodore Komisarjevsky. When "Crime and Punishment" folded, Gielgud was kind enough to plant her right back in "Medea."

Where does an actress begin? Not necessarily with a struggle. Marian Seldes' father thought his friend Robert Edmond Jones, the famous stage designer, could guide her. He lived in the building. "Early in the evening of the second of January, 1945," she writes in her book, "I put on my best dress, navy-blue with accordion pleats and a white organdy collar; nylon stockings; and patent-leather shoes. I walked down the stairs and knocked on the oak double doors; a tall, gentle man with a birdlike body—a gentle eagle—asked me to come into the dining room, where he worked and ate at an enormous table. 'Sit here. We'll have B. and B. and cake. Will that be all right?' Fascinated by his bright, staring eyes, not knowing what B. and B. was, I nodded and obeyed. I loved the warmth and sting of it and tried to drink it slowly, so that the time with him would last. He told me stories about the theatre. He acted for me in a bizarre, funny way. I felt I was *seeing* Sarah Bernhardt rip the bracelets off her arms in 'Phèdre.' I wanted to shout 'Bravo!' and laugh at the wildness of his performance. Suddenly, he changed his mood and made me weep. I don't know how long I was there. I came back to the eighth floor and kissed my parents good night and wrote him a letter."

Two weeks later, Jones sent for her. He meant to deter her, but, of course, the maneuver was useless. From the time she had played an angel in a school pageant at Dalton, all deterrents had been useless. What is surprising is how few of them there were. Instead of going to college, she went to the Neighborhood Playhouse. She had sent in college applications, and had been accepted, but there was no question of her going to college; directly after school came "Medea," in which she played one of *Miss* Anderson's attendants. For thirty-seven dedicated years now, she has been working in the theatre. For almost three years, she was in "Equus;" she played both female leads—Hester *and* Dora.

Of theatre life she writes perspicaciously. This is not the usual theatrical biography. Not at all. It is a book about acting: about the chemistry of acting and of the stage. She writes with great exactitude. She should. She teaches in both the Drama and the Dance Departments of Juilliard.

Although Marian Seldes is still not recognized on the street, she has reached a measure of fame. At Sardi's, where she sups off antipasto after "Deathtrap," and calls the waiter "darling," her caricature hangs on the wall above her.

WINGLESS

THE small children are reading from a book filled with simple words and sentences.

“ ‘Once upon a time there was a little chimney-sweep, whose name was Tom.’ ”

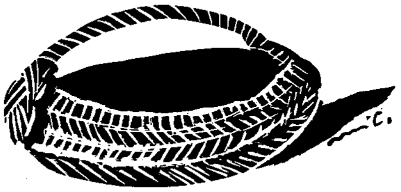
“ ‘He cried half his time, and laughed the other half.’ ”

“ ‘You would have been giddy, perhaps, at looking down: but Tom was not.’ ”

“ ‘You, of course, would have been very cold sitting there on a September night, without the least bit of clothes on your wet back; but Tom was a water-baby, and therefore felt cold no more than a fish.’ ”

The children have already learned to write their names in beautiful penmanship. They have already learned how many farthings make a penny, how many pennies make a shilling, how many shillings make a pound, how many days in April, how many stone in a ton. Now they singsong here and tumble there, tearing skirts with swift movements. Must Dulcie really cry after thirteen of her play chums have sat on her? There, Dulcie, there. I myself have been kissed by many rude boys with small, damp lips, on their way to boys' drill. I myself have humped girls under my mother's house. But I swim in a shaft of light, upside down, and I can see myself clearly, through and through, from every angle. Perhaps I stand on the brink of a great discovery, and perhaps after I have made my great discovery I will be sent home in chains. Then again, perhaps my life is as predictable as an insect's and I am in my pupa stage. How low can I sink, then? That woman over there, that large-bottomed woman, is important to me. It's for her that I save up my sixpences instead of spending for sweets. Is this a love like no other? And what pain have I caused her? And does she love me? My needs are great, I can see. But there are the children again (of which I am one), shrieking, whether in pain or pleasure I cannot tell. The children, who are beautiful in groupings of three, and who only last night pleaded with their mothers to sing softly to them, are today maiming each other. The children at the end of the day have sour necks, frayed hair, dirt under their fingernails, scuffed shoes, torn clothing. And why? First they must be children.

I shall grow up to be a tall, graceful, and altogether beautiful woman, and I shall impose on large numbers of people my will and also, for my own amusement, great pain. But now. I shall try to see clearly. I shall try to tell differences. I shall try to distinguish the subtle gradations of color in fine cloth, of fingernail length, of manners. That woman over there. Is she cruel? Does she love me? And if not, can I make her? I am not yet tall, beautiful, graceful, and able to impose my will. Now I swim in a shaft of light and can see myself clearly. The schoolhouse is yellow and stands among big green-leaved trees. Inside are our desks and a woman who wears spectacles, playing the piano. Is a girl who can sing "Gaily the troubadour, plucked his guitar" in a pleasing way worthy of being my best friend? There is the same girl, unwashed and glistening, setting traps for talking birds. Is she to be one of my temptations? Oh, this must be a love like no other. But how can my limbs that hate be the same limbs that love? How can the same limbs that make me blind make me see? I am defenseless and small. I shall try to see clearly. I shall try to separate and divide things as if they were sums, as if they were drygoods on the grocer's shelves. Is this my mother? Is she here to embarrass me? What shall I say about her behind her back, when she isn't there, long after she has gone? In her smile lies her goodness. Will I always remember that? Am I horrid? And if so, will I always be that way? Not getting my own way causes me to fret so, I clench my fist. My charm is limited, and I haven't learned to smile yet. I have picked many flowers and then deliberately torn them to shreds, petal by petal. I am so unhappy, my face is so wet, and still I can stand up and walk and tell lies in the face of terrible punishments. I can see the great danger in what I am—a defenseless and pitiful child. Here is a list of what I must do. So is my life to be like an apprenticeship in dressmaking, a thorny path to carefully follow or avoid? Inside, standing around the spectacled woman playing the piano, the children are singing a song in harmony. The children's voices: pinks, blues, yellows, violets, all suspended. All is soft, all is embracing, all is comforting. And yet I myself, at my age, have suffered. My tears, big, have run down my cheeks in uneven lines—my tears, big, and my hands too small to hold them. My tears have been the result of my disappointments. My disappointments stand up and grow ever taller. They will not be lost to me. There they are. Let me pin tags on them. Let me have them registered, like newly domesticated animals. Let me cherish my disappointments, fold them up, tuck them away, close to my breast, because they are so important.



But again I swim in a shaft of light, upside down, and I can see myself clearly, through and through, from every angle. Over there, I stand on the brink of a great discovery, and it is possible that like an ancient piece of history my presence will leave room for theories. But who will say? For days my body has been collecting water, but still I won't cry. What is that to me? I am not yet a woman with a terrible and unwanted burden. I am not yet a dog with a cruel and unloving master. I am not yet a tree growing on barren and bitter land. I am not yet the shape of darkness in a dungeon.

Where? What? Why? How then? Oh that!

I am primitive and wingless.

"DON'T eat the strings on bananas—they will wrap around your heart and kill you."

"Oh. Is that true?"

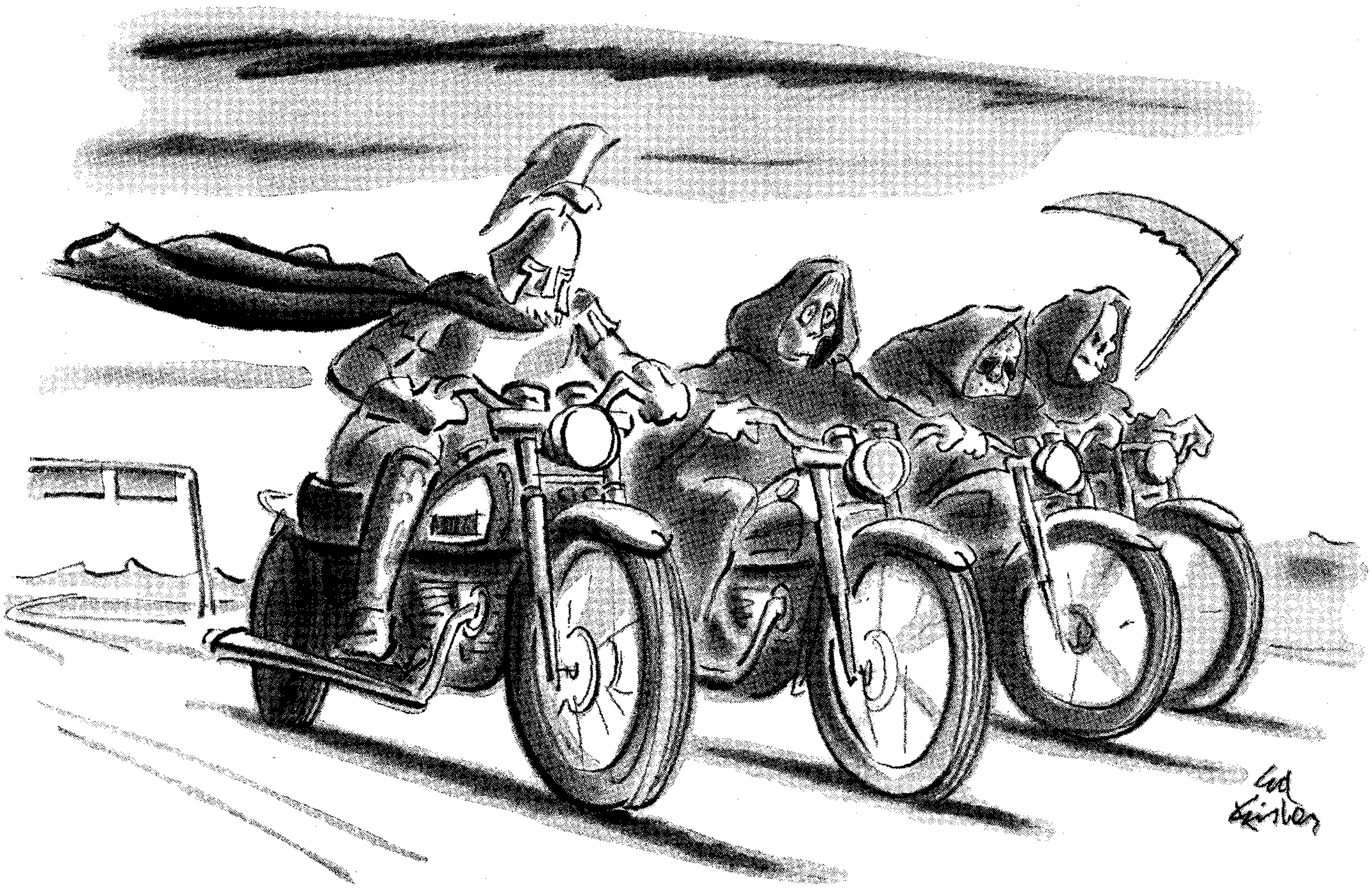
"No."

"Is that something to tell children?"

"No. But it's so funny. You should see how you look trying to remove all the strings from the bananas with your monkey fingernails. Frightened?"

"Frightened. Very frightened."

TODAY, keeping a safe distance, I followed the woman I love when she went for a walk on a carpet of pond lilies. As she walked, she ate some black nuts, pond-lily black nuts. She walked for a long time, saying what must be wonderful things to herself. Then in the middle of the pond she stopped, because a man had stood up suddenly in front of her. I could see that he wore clothes made of tree bark and sticks in his ears. He said things to her and I couldn't make them out, but he said them to her so forcefully that drops of brown water sprang from his mouth. The woman I love put her hands over her ears, shielding herself from the things he said. Then he put wind in his cheeks and blew himself up until in the bright sun he looked like a boil, and the woman I love put her hands over her eyes, shielding herself



• •

from the way he looked. Then, instead of removing her cutlass from the folds of her big and beautiful skirt and cutting the man in two at the waist, she only smiled—a red, red smile—and like a fly he dropped dead.

THE sea, the shimmering pink-colored sand, the swimmers with hats, two people walking arm in arm, talking in each other's faces, dots of water landing on noses, the sea spray on ankles, on overdeveloped calves, the blue, the green, the black, so deep, so smooth, a great and swift undercurrent, glassy, the white wavelets, a storm so blinding that the salt got in our eyes, the sea turning inside out, shaking everything up like a bottle with sediment, a boat with two people heaving a brown package overboard, the mystery, the sharp teeth of that yellow spotted eel, the wriggle, the smooth lines, open mouths, families of great noisy birds, families of great noisy people, families of biting flies, the sea, following me home, snapping at my heels, all the way to the door, the sea, the woman.

"I have frightened you? Again, you are frightened of me?"

"You have frightened me. I am very frightened of you."

"Oh, you should see your face. I wish you could see your face. How you make me laugh."

AND what are my fears? What large cows! When I see them coming, shall I run and hide face down in the gutter? Are they really cows? Can I stand in a field of tall grass and see nothing for miles and miles? On the other hand, the sky, which is big and blue as always, has its limits. This afternoon the wind is loud as in a hurricane. There isn't enough light. There is a noise—I can't tell where it is coming from. A big box has stamped on it "Handle Carefully." I have been in a big white building with curving corridors. I have passed a dead person. There is the woman I love, who is so much bigger than me.

THAT mosquito . . . now a stain on the wall. That lizard, running up and down, up and down . . . now so still. That ant, bloated and sluggish, a purseful of eggs in its jaws . . . now so still. That blue-and-green bird, head held aloft, singing . . . now so still. That land crab, moving slowly, softly, even beautifully, sideways . . . but now so still. That cricket, standing on a tree stem, so ugly, so revolting, I am made so unhappy . . . now so still. That mongoose, now asleep in its hole, now stealing the sleeping chickens, moving so quickly, its eyes like two grains of light . . . now so still. That fly, moving so contentedly from tea bun to tea bun . . . now so still. That butterfly, moving contentedly from beautiful plant to beautiful plant in the early-morning sun . . . now so still. That tadpole, swimming playfully in the shallow water . . . now so still.

I shall cast a shadow and I shall remain unaware.

My hands, brown on this side, pink on this side, now indiscriminately dangerous, now vagabond and prodigal, now cruel and careless, now without remorse or forgiveness, but now innocently slipping into a dress with braided sleeves, now holding an ice-cream cone, now reaching up with longing, now clasped in prayer, now feeling for reassurance, now pleading my desires, now pleasing, and now, even now, so still in bed, in sleep.

—JAMAICA KINCAID

•

Most awe-inspiring of the cast is Ion Tiriac, who peers through brooding eyes from behind his bushy beard.—Pete Axthelm in Newsweek.

Awe-inspiring but damned inconvenient.

THE CINDERELLA WALTZ

Milo and Bradley are creatures of habit. For as long as I've known him, Milo has worn his moth-eaten blue scarf with the knot hanging so low on his chest that the scarf is useless. Bradley is addicted to coffee and carries a thermos with him. Milo complains about the cold, and Bradley is always a little edgy. They come out from the city every Saturday—this is not habit but loyalty—to pick up Louise. Louise is even more unpredictable than most nine-year-olds; sometimes she waits for them on the front step, sometimes she hasn't even gotten out of bed when they arrive. One time she hid in a closet and wouldn't leave with them.

Today Louise has put together a shopping bag full of things she wants to take with her. She is taking my whisk and my blue pottery bowl, to make Sunday breakfast for Milo and Bradley; Beckett's "Happy Days," which she has carried around for weeks, and which she looks through, smiling—but I'm not sure she's reading it; and a coleus growing out of a conch shell. Also, she has stuffed into one side of the bag the fancy Victorian-style nightgown her grandmother gave her for Christmas, and into the other she has tucked her octascope. Milo keeps a couple of dresses, a nightgown, a toothbrush, and extra sneakers and boots at his apartment for her. He got tired of rounding up her stuff to pack for her to take home, so he has brought some things for her that can be left. It annoys him that she still packs bags, because then he has to go around making sure that she has found everything before she goes home. She seems to know how to manipulate him, and after the weekend is over she often calls tearfully to say that she has left this or that, which means that he must get his car out of the garage and drive all the way out to the house to bring it to her. One time, he refused to take the hour-long drive, because she had only left a copy of Tolkien's "The Two Towers." The following weekend was the time she hid in the closet.

"I'll water your plant if you leave it here," I say now.

"I can take it," she says.

"I didn't say you couldn't take it. I just thought it might be easier to leave it, because if the shell tips over the plant might get ruined."

"O.K.," she says. "Don't water it today, though. Water it Sunday afternoon."

I reach for the shopping bag.

"I'll put it back on my windowsill," she says. She lifts the plant out and carries it as if it's made of Steuben glass. Bradley bought it for her last month, driving back to the city, when they stopped at a lawn sale. She and Bradley are both very choosy, and he likes that. He drinks French-roast coffee; she will debate with herself almost endlessly over whether to buy a coleus that is primarily pink or lavender or striped.

"Has Milo made any plans for this weekend?" I ask.

"He's having a couple of people over tonight, and I'm going to help them make crêpes for dinner. If they buy more bottles of that wine with the yellow flowers on the label, Bradley is going to soak the labels off for me."

"That's nice of him," I say. "He never minds taking a lot of time with things."

"He doesn't like to cook, though. Milo and I are going to cook. Bradley sets the table and fixes flowers in a bowl. He thinks it's frustrating to cook."

"Well," I say, "with cooking you have to have a good sense of timing. You have to coördinate everything. Bradley likes to work carefully and not be rushed."

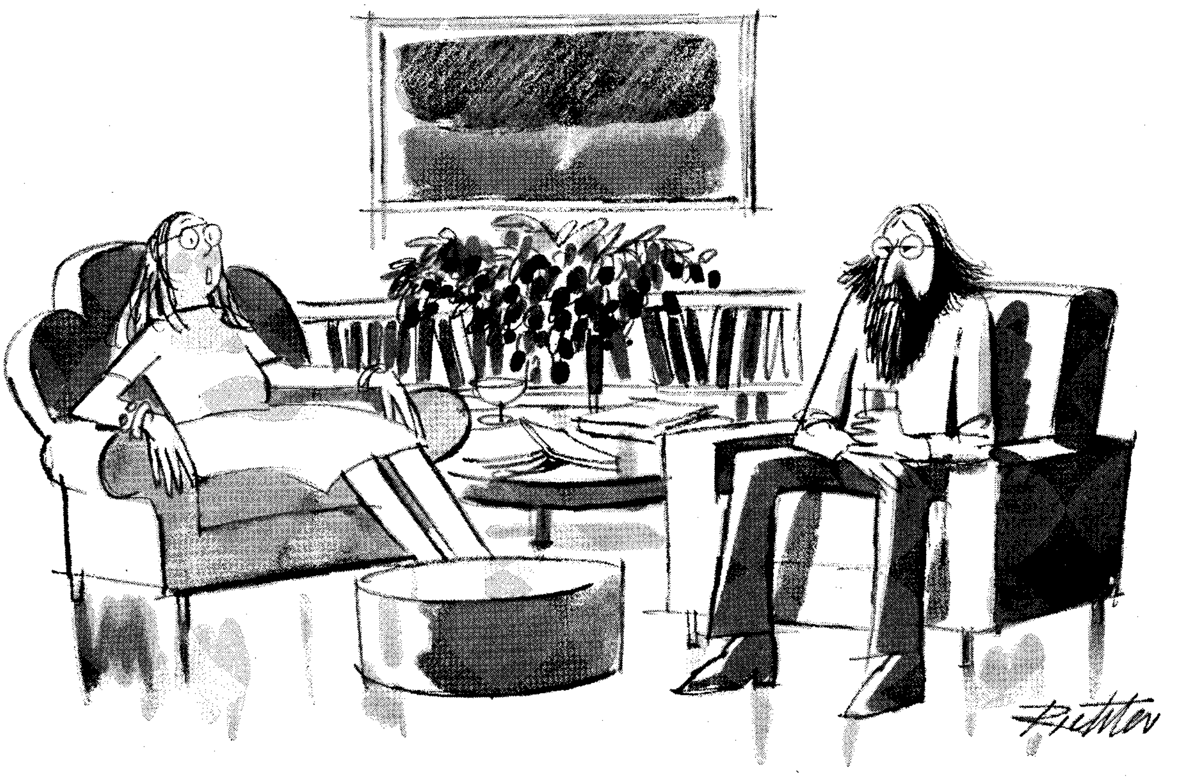
I wonder how much she knows. Last week she told me about a conversation she'd had with her friend Sarah. Sarah was trying to persuade Louise to stay around on the weekends, but Louise said she always went to her father's. Then Sarah tried to get her to take her along, and Louise said that she couldn't. "You could take her if you wanted to," I said later. "Check with Milo and see if that isn't right. I don't think he'd mind having a friend of yours occasionally."

She shrugged. "Bradley doesn't like a lot of people around," she said.

"Bradley likes you, and if she's your friend I don't think he'd mind."

She looked at me with an expression I didn't recognize; perhaps she thought I was a little dumb, or perhaps she was just curious to see if I would go on. I didn't know how to go on. Like an adult, she gave a little shrug and changed the subject.

At ten o'clock Milo pulls into the driveway and honks his horn, which makes a noise like a bleating sheep. He



"Say something funny, even if it's contrived."

36A
ZIEGLER

"Thank God you're here. Walter has been Barry Manilowing us to death."

knows the noise the horn makes is funny, and he means to amuse us. There was a time just after the divorce when he and Bradley would come here and get out of the car and stand around silently, waiting for her. She knew that she had to watch for them, because Milo wouldn't come to the door. We were both bitter then, but I got over it. I still don't think Milo would have come into the house again, though, if Bradley hadn't thought it was a good idea. The third time Milo came to pick her up after he'd left home, I went out to invite them in, but Milo said nothing. He was standing there with his arms at his sides like a wooden soldier, and his eyes were as dead to me as if they'd been painted on. It was Bradley whom I reasoned with. "Louise is over at Sarah's right now, and it'll make her feel more comfortable if we're all together when she comes in," I said to him, and Bradley turned to Milo and said, "Hey, that's right. Why don't we go in for a quick cup of coffee?" I looked into the back seat of the car and saw his red thermos there; Louise had told me about it. Bradley meant that they should come in and sit down. He was giving me even more than I'd asked for.

It would be an understatement to say that I disliked Bradley at first. I was actually afraid of him, afraid even after I saw him, though he was slender, and more nervous than I, and spoke quietly. The second time I saw him, I persuaded myself that he was just a stereotype, but someone who certainly seemed harmless enough. By the third time, I had enough courage to suggest that they come into the house. It was embarrassing for all of us, sitting around the table—the same table where Milo and I had eaten our meals for the years we were married. Before he left, Milo had shouted at me that the house was a farce, that my playing the happy suburban housewife was a farce, that it was unconscionable of me to let things drag on, that I would probably kiss him and say, "How was your day, sweetheart?," and that he should bring home flowers and the evening paper. "Maybe I would!" I screamed back. "Maybe it would be nice to do that, even if we were pretending, instead of you coming home drunk and not caring what had happened to me or to Louise all day." He was holding on to the edge of the kitchen table, the way you'd hold on to the horse's reins in a runaway carriage. "I care about Louise," he said finally. That was the most horrible moment. Until then, until he said it that way, I had thought that he was going through something horrible—certainly something was terribly wrong—but that, in his way, he loved me after all. "*You don't love me*?" I had whispered at once. It took us both aback. It was an innocent and pathetic question, and it made him come and put his arms around me in the last hug he ever gave me. "I'm sorry for you," he said, "and I'm sorry for marrying you and causing this, but you know who I love. I told you who I love." "But you were kidding," I said. "You didn't mean it. You were kidding."

When Bradley sat at the table that first day, I tried to be polite and not look at him much. I had gotten it through my head that Milo was crazy, and I guess I was expecting Bradley to be a horrible parody—Craig Russell doing Marilyn Monroe. Bradley did not spoon sugar into Milo's coffee. He did not even sit near him. In fact, he pulled his chair a little away from us, and in spite of his uneasiness he found more things to start conversations about than Milo and I did. He told me about the ad agency where he worked; he is a designer there. He asked if he could go out on the porch to see the brook—Milo had told him about the stream in the back of our place that was as thin as a pencil but still gave us our own watercress. He went out on the porch and stayed there for at least five minutes, giving us a chance to talk. We didn't say one word until he came back. Louise came home from Sarah's house just as Bradley sat down at the table again, and she gave him a hug as well as us. I could see that she really liked him. I was amazed that I liked him, too. Bradley had won and I had lost, but he was as gentle and low-key as if none of it mattered. Later in the week, I called him and asked him to tell me if any free-lance jobs opened in his advertising agency. (I do a little free-lance artwork, whenever I can arrange it.) The week after that, he called and told me about another agency, where they were looking for outside artists. Our calls to each other are always brief and for a purpose, but lately they're not just calls about business. Before Bradley left to scout some picture locations in Mexico, he called to say that Milo had told him that when the two of us were there years ago I had seen one of those big circular bronze Aztec calendars and I had always regretted not bringing it back. He wanted to know if I would like him to buy a calendar if he saw one like the one Milo had told him about.

Today, Milo is getting out of his car, his blue scarf flapping against his chest. Louise, looking out the window, asks the same thing I am wondering: "Where's Bradley?"

Milo comes in and shakes my hand, gives Louise a one-armed hug.

"Bradley thinks he's coming down with a cold," Milo says. "The dinner is still on, Louise. We'll do the dinner. We have to stop at Gristede's when we get back to town, unless your mother happens to have a tin of anchovies and two sticks of unsalted butter."

"Let's go to Gristede's," Louise says. "I like to go there."

"Let me look in the kitchen," I say. The butter is salted, but Milo says that that will do, and he takes three sticks instead of two. I have a brainstorm and cut the cellophane on a leftover Christmas present from my aunt—a wicker plate that holds nuts and foil-wrapped triangles of cheese—and, sure enough: one tin of anchovies.

"We can go to the museum instead," Milo says to Louise. "Wonderful."

But then, going out the door, carrying her bag, he changes his mind. "We can go to America Hurrah, and if we see something beautiful we can buy it," he says.

They go off in high spirits. Louise comes up to his waist, almost, and I notice again that they have the same walk. Both of them stride forward with great purpose. Last week, Bradley told me that Milo had bought a weathervane in the shape of a horse, made around 1800, at America Hurrah, and stood it in the bedroom, and then was enraged when Bradley draped his socks over it to dry. Bradley is still learning what a perfectionist Milo is, and how little sense of humor he has. When we were first married, I used one of our pottery casserole dishes to put my jewelry in, and he nagged me until I took it out and put the dish back in the kitchen cabinet. I remember his saying that the dish looked silly on my dresser because it was obvious what it was and people would think we left our dishes lying around. It was one of the things that Milo wouldn't tolerate, because it was improper.

WHEN Milo brought Louise back on Sunday night they were not in a good mood. The dinner had been all right, Milo said, and Griffin and Amy and Mark had been amazed at what a good hostess Louise had been, but Bradley hadn't been able to eat.

"Is he still coming down with a cold?" I ask. I was still a little shy about asking questions about Bradley.

Milo shrugs. "Louise made him take megadoses of Vitamin C all weekend."

Louise says, "Bradley said that taking too much Vitamin C was bad for your kidneys, though."

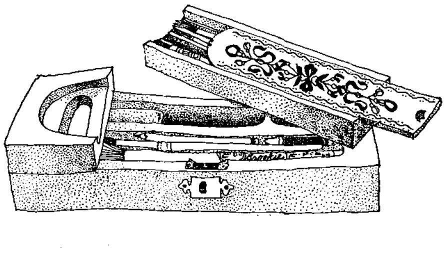
"It's a rotten climate," Milo says, sitting on the living-room sofa, scarf and coat still on. "The combination of cold and air pollution . . ."

Louise and I look at each other, and then back at Milo. For weeks now, he has been talking about moving to San Francisco, if he can find work there. (Milo is an architect.) This talk bores me, and it makes Louise nervous. I've asked him not to talk to her about it unless he's actually going to move, but he doesn't seem to be able to stop himself.

"O.K.," Milo says, looking at us both. "I'm not going to say anything about San Francisco."

"*California* is polluted," I say. I am unable to stop myself, either.

Milo heaves himself up from the sofa, ready for the drive back to New York. It is the same way he used to get off the sofa that last year he lived here. He would get up, dress for work, and not even go into the kitchen for breakfast—just sit, sometimes in his coat as he was sitting just now, and at the last minute he would push himself up and go out to the driveway, usually without a goodbye, and get in the car and drive off either very fast or very slowly. I liked it better when he made the tires spin in the gravel when he took off.



He stops at the doorway now, and turns to face me. "Did I take all your butter?" he says.

"No," I say. "There's another stick." I point into the kitchen.

"I could have guessed that's where it would be," he says, and smiles at me.

WHEN Milo comes the next weekend, Bradley is still not with him. The night before, as I was putting Louise to bed, she said that she had a feeling he wouldn't be coming.

"I had that feeling a couple of days ago," I said. "Usually Bradley calls once during the week."

"He must still be sick," Louise said. She looked at me anxiously. "Do you think he is?"

"A cold isn't going to kill him," I said. "If he has a cold, he'll be O.K."

Her expression changed; she thought I was talking down to her. She lay back in bed. The last year Milo was with us, I used to tuck her in and tell her that everything was all right. What that meant was that there had not been a fight. Milo had sat listening to music on the phonograph, with a book or the newspaper in front of his face. He didn't pay very much attention to Louise, and he ignored me entirely. Instead of saying a prayer with her, the way I usually did, I would say to her that everything was all right. Then I would go downstairs and hope that Milo would say the same thing to me. What he finally did say one night was "You might as well find out from me as some other way."

"Hey, are you an old bag lady again

THE SLEEPER

Did you mark me, or I mark you,
Ambiguous hunter, gentle sleeper,
As, toward the bull's-eye where we race,
The sunny become the men of winter?

Those tears that were the mead of snow—
Snow fences, leggings, masks of breath—
Are floating off toward the bluing hills
Somewhere in memory to the left,

Past where the mind has put down now
Its single husk in the long row,
While in the mirror's face the storm
Rattles its foil for the last time.

—Howard Moss

• •

"Greater love hath no dog."

• •

this weekend?" Milo says now, stooping to kiss Louise's forehead.

"Because you take some things with you doesn't mean you're a bag lady," she says primly.

"Well," Milo says, "you start doing something innocently, and before you know it it can take you over."

He looks angry, and acts as though it's difficult for him to make conversation, even when the conversation is full of sarcasm and double-entendres.

"What do you say we get going?" he says to Louise.

In the shopping bag she is taking is her doll, which she has not played with for more than a year. I found it by accident when I went to tuck in a loaf of banana bread that I had baked. When I saw Baby Betsy, deep in the bag, I decided against putting the bread in.

"O.K.," Louise says to Milo. "Where's Bradley?"

"Sick," he says.

"Is he too sick to have me visit?"

"Good heavens, no. He'll be happier to see you than to see me."

"I'm rooting some of my coleus to give him," she says. "Maybe I'll give it to him like it is, in water, and he can plant it when it roots."

When she leaves the room, I go over to Milo. "Be nice to her," I say quietly.

"I'm nice to her," he says. "Why does everybody have to act like I'm going to grow fangs every time I turn around?"

"You were quite cutting when you came in."

"I was being self-deprecating." He sighs. "I don't really know why I come here and act this way," he says.

"What's the matter, Milo?"

But now he lets me know he's bored with the conversation. He walks over to the table and picks up a *Newsweek* and flips through it. Louise comes back with the coleus in a water glass.

"You know what you could do," I say. "Wet a napkin and put it around that cutting and then wrap it in foil, and put it in water when you get there. That way, you wouldn't have to hold a glass of water all the way to New York."

She shrugs. "This is O.K.," she says.

"Why don't you take your mother's suggestion," Milo says. "The water will slosh out of the glass."

"Not if you don't drive fast."

"It doesn't have anything to do with my driving fast. If we go over a bump in the road, you're going to get all wet."

"Then I can put on one of my dresses at your apartment."

"Am I being unreasonable?" Milo says to me.

"I started it," I say. "Let her take it in the glass."

"Would you, as a favor, do what your mother says?" he says to Louise.

Louise looks at the coleus, and at me.

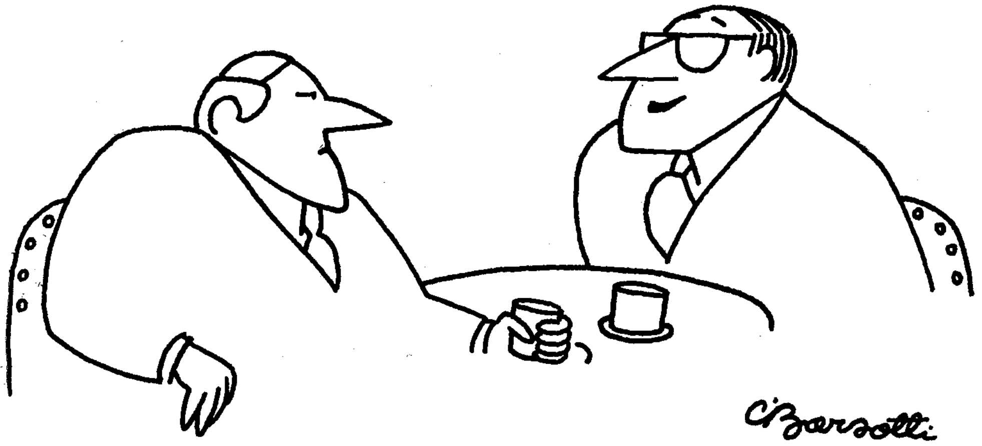
"Hold the glass over the seat instead of over your lap, and you won't get wet," I say.

"Your first idea was the best," Milo says.

Louise gives him an exasperated look and puts the glass down on the floor, pulls on her poncho, picks up the glass again and says a sullen goodbye to me, and goes out the front door.

"Why is this my fault?" Milo says. "Have I done anything terrible? I—"

"Do something to cheer yourself



“O.K., O.K., I lied. O.K.?”

• •

up,” I say, patting him on the back.

He looks as exasperated with me as Louise was with him. He nods his head yes, and goes out the door.

“WAS everything all right this weekend?” I ask Louise.

“Milo was in a bad mood, and Bradley wasn’t even there on Saturday,” Louise says. “He came back today and took us to the Village for breakfast.”

“What did you have?”

“I had sausage wrapped in little pancakes and fruit salad and a rum bun.”

“Where was Bradley on Saturday?”

She shrugs. “I didn’t ask him.”

She almost always surprises me by being more grownup than I give her credit for. Does she suspect, as I do, that Bradley has found another lover?

“Milo was in a bad mood when you two left here Saturday,” I say.

“I told him if he didn’t want me to come next weekend, just to tell me.” She looks perturbed, and I suddenly realize that she can sound exactly like Milo sometimes.

“You shouldn’t have said that to him, Louise,” I say. “You know he wants you. He’s just worried about Bradley.”

“So?” she says. “I’m probably going to flunk math.”

“No, you’re not, honey. You got a C-plus on the last assignment.”

“It still doesn’t make my grade average out to a C.”

“You’ll get a C. It’s all right to get a C.”

She doesn’t believe me.

“Don’t be a perfectionist, like Milo,” I tell her. “Even if you got a D, you wouldn’t fail.”

Louise is brushing her hair—thin, shoulder-length, auburn-colored hair. She is already so pretty and so smart in everything except math that I wonder what will become of her. When I was her age, I was plain and serious and I wanted to be a tree surgeon. I went with my father to the park and held a stethoscope—a real one—to the trunks of trees, listening to their silence. Children seem older now.

“What do you think’s the matter with Bradley?” Louise says. She sounds worried.

“Maybe the two of them are unhappy with each other right now.”

She misses my point. “Bradley’s sad, and Milo’s sad that he’s unhappy.”

I drop Louise off at Sarah’s house for supper. Sarah’s mother, Martine Cooper, looks like Shelley Winters, and I have never seen her without a glass of Galliano on ice in her hand. She has a strong candy smell. Her husband has left her, and she professes not to care. She has emptied her living room of furniture and put up ballet bars on the walls, and dances in a purple leotard to records by Cher and Mac Davis. I prefer to have Sarah come to our house, but her mother is adamant that everything must be, as she puts it, “fifty-fifty.” When Sarah visited us a week ago and loved the chocolate pie I had made, I sent two pieces home with her. Tonight, when I left Sarah’s house, her mother gave me a bowl of jello fruit salad.

The phone is ringing when I come in the door. It is Bradley.

“Bradley,” I say at once, “whatever’s wrong, at least you don’t have a neighbor who just gave you a bowl of maraschino cherries in green jello with a Reddi Wip flower squirted on top.”

“Jesus,” he says. “You don’t need me to depress you, do you?”

“What’s wrong?” I say.

He sighs into the phone. “Guess what?” he says.

“What?”

“I’ve lost my job.”

It wasn’t at all what I was expecting to hear. I was ready to hear that he was leaving Milo, and I had even thought that that would serve Milo right. Part of me still wanted him punished for what he did. I was so out of my mind when Milo left me that I used to go over and drink Galliano with Martine Cooper. I even thought seriously about forming a ballet group with her. I would go to her house in the afternoon, and she would hold a tambourine in the air and I would hold my leg rigid and try to kick it.

“That’s awful,” I say to Bradley. “What happened?”

“They said it was nothing personal—they were laying off three people. Two other people are going to get the axe at the agency within the next six months. I was the first to go, and it was nothing personal. From twenty thousand bucks a year to nothing, and nothing personal, either.”

“But your work is so good. Won’t you be able to find something again?”

“Could I ask you a favor?” he says. “I’m calling from a phone booth. I’m not in the city. Could I come talk to you?”

“Sure,” I say.

It seems perfectly logical that he should come alone to talk—perfectly logical until I actually see him coming up the walk. I can’t entirely believe it. A year after my husband has left me, I am sitting with his lover—a man, a person I like quite well—and trying to cheer him up because he is out of work. (“Honey,” my father would say, “listen to Daddy’s heart with the stethoscope, or you can turn it toward you and listen to your own heart. You won’t hear anything listening to a tree.” Was my persistence willfulness, or belief in magic? Is it possible that I hugged Bradley at the door because I’m secretly glad he’s down and out, the way I used to be? Or do I really want to make things better for him?)

He comes into the kitchen and thanks me for the coffee I am making, drapes his coat over the chair he always sits in.

“What am I going to do?” he asks.

“You shouldn’t get so upset, Bradley,” I say. “You know you’re good. You won’t have trouble finding another job.”

“That’s only half of it,” he says. “Milo thinks I did this deliberately. He told me I was quitting on him. He’s very angry at me. He fights with me, and then he gets mad that I don’t enjoy eating dinner. My stomach’s upset, and I can’t eat anything.”

"Maybe some juice would be better than coffee."

"If I didn't drink coffee, I'd collapse," he says.

I pour coffee into a mug for him, coffee into a mug for me.

"This is probably very awkward for you," he says. "That I come here and say all this about Milo."

"What does he mean about your quitting on him?"

"He said . . . he actually accused me of doing badly deliberately, so they'd fire me. I was so afraid to tell him the truth when I was fired that I pretended to be sick. Then I really *was* sick. He's never been angry at me this way. Is this always the way he acts? Does he get a notion in his head for no reason and then pick at a person because of it?"

I try to remember. "We didn't argue much," I say. "When he didn't want to live here, he made me look ridiculous for complaining when I knew something was wrong. He expects perfection, but what that means is that you do things his way."

"I *was*. I never wanted to sit around the apartment, the way he says I did. I even brought work home with me. He made me feel so bad all week that I went to a friend's apartment for the day on Saturday. Then he said I had walked out on the problem. He's a little paranoid. I was listening to the radio, and Carole King was singing that song 'It's Too Late,' and he came into the study and looked very upset, as though I had planned for the song to come on. I couldn't believe it."

"Whew," I say, shaking my head. "I don't envy you. You have to stand up to him. I didn't do that. I pretended the problem would go away."

"And now the problem sits across from you drinking coffee, and you're being nice to him."

"I know it. I was just thinking we look like two characters in some soap opera my friend Martine Cooper would watch."

He pushes his coffee cup away from him with a grimace.

"But anyway, I like you now," I say. "And you're exceptionally nice to Louise."

"I took her father," he says.

"Bradley—I hope you don't take offense, but it makes me nervous to talk about that."

"I don't take offense. But how can you be having coffee with me?"

"You invited yourself over so you could ask that?"

"Please," he says, holding up both hands. Then he runs his hands through his hair. "Don't make me feel illogical. He does that to me, you know. He doesn't understand it when everything doesn't fall right into line. If I like fixing up the place, keeping some flowers around, therefore I can't like being a working person, too, therefore I deliberately sabotage myself in my job." Bradley sips his coffee.

"I wish I could do something for him," he says in a different voice.

This was not what I have expected, either. We have sounded like two wise adults, and then suddenly he has changed and sounds very tender. I realize the situation is still the same. It is two of them on one side and me on the other, even though Bradley is in my kitchen.

"Come and pick up Louise with me, Bradley," I say. "When you see Martine Cooper, you'll cheer up about your situation."

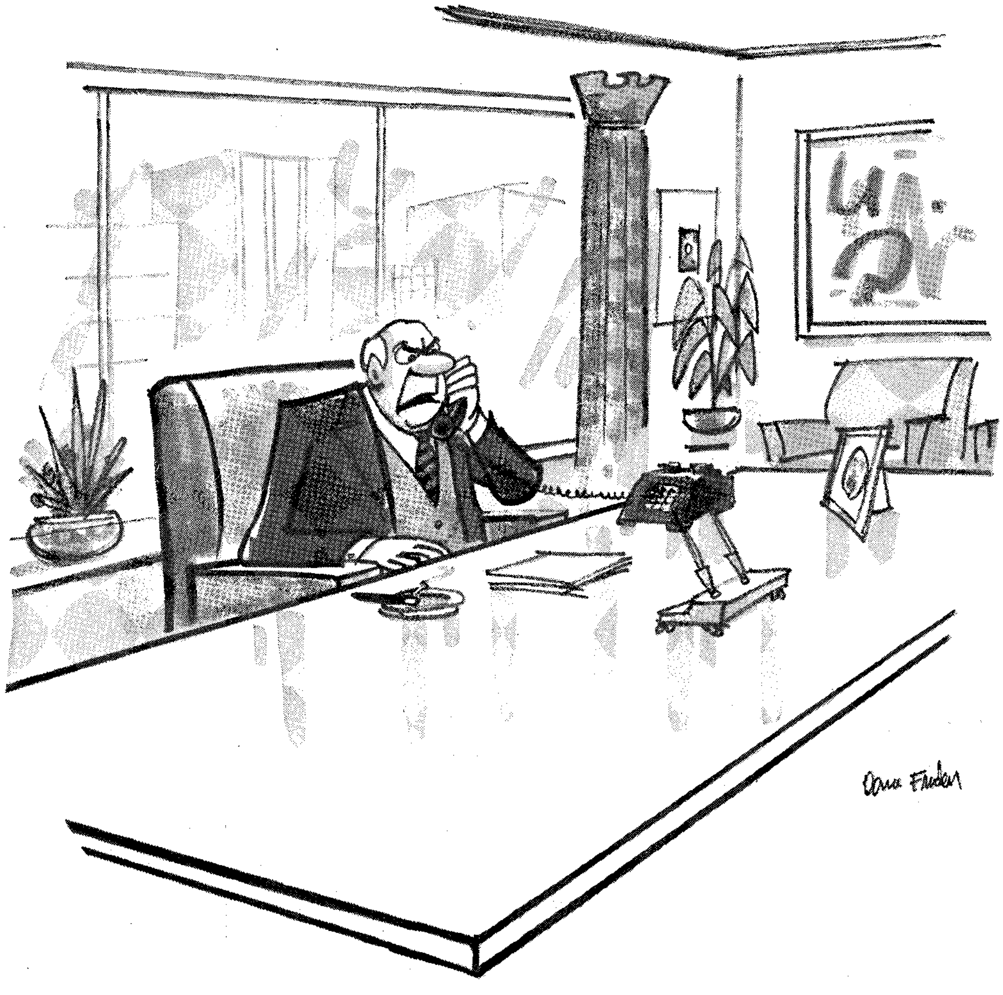
He looks up from his coffee. "You're forgetting what I'd look like to Martine Cooper," he says.

Milo is going to California. He has been offered a job with a new San Francisco architectural firm. I am not the first to know. His sister, Deanna, knows before I do, and mentions it when we're talking on the phone. "It's middle-age crisis," Deanna says sniffily. "Not that I need to tell you." Deanna would drop dead if she knew the way things are. She is scandalized every time a new scene is put up in Bloomingdale's window. ("Those mannequins had eyes like an Egyptian princess, and *rags*. I swear to you, they had mops and brooms and ragged gauze dresses on, with whores' shoes—stiletto heels that prostitutes wore in the fifties.")

I hang up from Deanna's call and tell Louise I'm going to drive to the gas station for cigarettes. I go there to call New York on their pay phone.

"Well, I only just knew," Milo says. "I found out for sure yesterday, and last night Deanna called and so I told her. It's not like I'm leaving tonight."

He sounds elated, in spite of being upset that I called. He's happy in the way he used to be on Christmas morning. I remember him once running into the living room in his underwear and tearing open the gifts we'd been sent by relatives. He was looking for the eight-slice toaster he was sure we'd



"Just who do you think you're calling a yo-yo?"

get. We'd been given two-slice, four-slice, and six-slice toasters, but then we got no more. "Come out, my eight-slice beauty!" Milo crooned, and out came an electric clock, a blender, and an expensive electric pan.

"When are you leaving?" I ask him.

"I'm going out to look for a place to live next week."

"Are you going to tell Louise yourself this weekend?"

"Of course," he says.

"And what are you going to do about seeing Louise?"

"Why do you act as if I don't like Louise?" he says. "I will occasionally come back East, and I will arrange for her to fly to San Francisco on her vacations."

"It's going to break her heart."

"No it isn't. Why do you want to make me feel bad?"

"She's had so many things to adjust to. You don't have to go to San Francisco right now, Milo."

"It happens, if you care, that my own job here is in jeopardy. This is a real chance for me, with a young firm. They really want me. But anyway, all we need in this happy group is to have you bringing in a couple of hundred dollars a month with your graphic work and me destitute and Bradley so devastated by being fired that of course he can't even look for work."

"I'll bet he is looking for a job," I say.

"Yes. He read the want ads today and then fixed a crab quiche."

"Maybe that's the way you like things, Milo, and people respond to you. You forbade me to work when we had a baby. Do you say anything encouraging to him about finding a job, or do you just take it out on him that he was fired?"

There is a pause, and then he almost seems to lose his mind with impatience.

"I can hardly *believe*, when I am trying to find a logical solution to all our problems, that I am being subjected, by telephone, to an unflattering psychological analysis by my ex-wife." He says this all in a rush.

"All right, Milo. But don't you think that if you're leaving so soon you ought to call her, instead of waiting until Saturday?"

Milo sighs very deeply. "I have more sense than to have important conversations on the telephone," he says.

MILO calls on Friday and asks Louise whether it wouldn't be nice if both of us came in and spent the night Saturday and if we all went to brunch together Sunday. Louise is excited. I never go into town with her.

Louise and I pack a suitcase and put it in the car Saturday morning. A cutting of ivy for Bradley has taken root, and she has put it in a little green plastic pot for him. It's heartbreaking, and I hope that Milo notices and has a tough time dealing with it. I am relieved I'm going to be there when he tells her, and sad that I have to hear it at all.

In the city, I give the car to the garage attendant, who does not remember me. Milo and I lived in the apartment when we were first married, and moved when Louise was two years old. When we moved, Milo kept the apartment and sublet it—a sign that things were not going well, if I had been one to heed such a warning. What he said was that if we were ever rich enough we could have the house in Connecticut *and* the apartment in New York. When Milo moved out of the house, he went right back to the apartment. This will be the first time I have visited there in years.

d. ehrenberg

Louise strides in in front of me, throwing her coat over the brass coat-rack in the entranceway—almost too casual about being there. She's the hostess at Milo's, the way I am at our house.

He has painted the walls white. There are floor-length white curtains in the living room, where my silly flowered curtains used to hang. The walls are bare, the floor has been sanded, a stereo as huge as a computer stands against one wall of the living room, and there are four speakers.

"Look around," Milo says. "Show your mother around, Louise."

I am trying to remember if I have ever told Louise that I used to live in this apartment. I must have told her, at some point, but I can't remember it.

"Hello," Bradley says, coming out of the bedroom.

"Hi, Bradley," I say. "Have you got a drink?"

Bradley looks sad. "He's got champagne," he says, and looks nervously at Milo.

SURFACES

At four o'clock in the afternoon
the night came early with clouds
like flaming tarlatans, heavy skirts
of Spanish color, in the slow whirl
of New York's West Side winter sky.
Low little shops glowed in festival
and the traffic stood at a standstill,
car occupants with visages like angels
fiercely golden, and watching nothing.
We could bet our lives on this illusion,
raise families, make love in dances
of meaning, the surfaces of mauve
and tinsel splashing, and out to
the torn, magnificent Hudson. These
were only surfaces, the mind's aberration as the slow custom of sunset departed.
But we bet our lives on it and glowed
for an instant, heard voices like a religion,
an apocalypse renewal, or like choirs
of people straight out of Walt Whitman—
this was at about Columbus Ave. & 92nd:
Japanese, Greek, Hindustani, Puerto Rican.
It was the red sky light that had made
the connection; until darkness quenched
the vision, the traffic wild and stilled.

—JANE MAYHALL

• •

HERMAN'S
Vaguely Continental Cuisine

"No one *has* to drink champagne," Milo says. "There's the usual assortment of liquor."

"Yes," Bradley says. "What would you like?"

"Some bourbon, please."

"Bourbon." Bradley turns to go into the kitchen. He looks different; his hair is different—more wavy—and he is dressed as though it were summer, in straight-legged white pants and black leather thongs.

"I want Perrier water with strawberry juice," Louise says, tagging along after Bradley. I have never heard her ask for such a thing before. At home, she drinks too many Cokes. I am always trying to get her to drink fruit juice.

Bradley comes back with two drinks and hands me one. "Did you want anything?" he says to Milo.

"I'm going to open the champagne in a moment," Milo says. "How have you been this week, sweetheart?"

"O.K.," Louise says. She is holding a pale-pink, bubbly drink. She sips it like a cocktail.

Bradley looks very bad. He has circles under his eyes, and he is ill at ease. A red light begins to blink on the phone-answering device next to where Bradley sits on the sofa, and Milo gets out of his chair to pick up the phone.

"Do you really want to talk on the phone right now?" Bradley asks Milo quietly.

Milo looks at him. "No, not particularly," he says, sitting down again. After a moment, the red light goes out.

"I'm going to mist your bowl garden," Louise says to Bradley, and slides off the sofa and goes to the bedroom. "Hey, a little toadstool is growing in here!" she calls back. "Did you put it there, Bradley?"

"It grew from the soil mixture, I guess," Bradley calls back. "I don't know how it got there."

"Have you heard anything about a job?" I ask Bradley.

"I haven't been looking, really," he says. "You know."

Milo frowns at him. "Your choice, Bradley," he says. "I didn't ask you to follow me to California. You can stay here."

"No," Bradley says. "You've hardly made me feel welcome."

"Should we have some champagne—all four of us—and you can get back to your bourbons later?" Milo says cheerfully.

We don't answer him, but he gets up anyway and goes to the kitchen. "Where have you hidden the tulip-shaped glasses, Bradley?" he calls out after a while.

"They should be in the cabinet on the far left," Bradley says.

"You're going with him?" I say to Bradley. "To San Francisco?"

He shrugs, and won't look at me. "I'm not quite sure I'm wanted," he says quietly.

The cork pops in the kitchen. I look at Bradley, but he won't look up. His new hairdo makes him look older. I remember that when Milo left me I went to the hairdresser the same week and had bangs cut. The next week, I went to a therapist who told me it was no good trying to hide from myself. The week after that, I did dance exercises with Martine Cooper, and the week after that the therapist told me not to dance if I wasn't interested in dancing.

"I'm not going to act like this is a funeral," Milo says, coming in with the glasses. "Louise, come in here and have champagne! We have something to have a toast about."

Louise comes into the living room suspiciously. She is so used to being refused even a sip of wine from my glass or her father's that she no longer even asks. "How come I'm in on this?" she asks.

"We're going to drink a toast to me," Milo says.

Three of the four glasses are clustered on the table in front of the sofa. Milo's glass is raised. Louise looks at me, to see what I'm going to say. Milo raises his glass even higher. Bradley reaches for a glass. Louise picks up a glass. I lean forward and take the last one.

"This is a toast to me," Milo says, "because I am going to be going to San Francisco."

It was not a very good or informative toast. Bradley and I sip from our glasses. Louise puts her glass down hard and bursts into tears, knocking the glass over. The champagne spills onto the cover of a big art book about the Unicorn Tapestries. She runs into the bedroom and slams the door.

Milo looks furious. "Everybody lets me know just what my insufficiencies are, don't they?" he says. "Nobody minds expressing himself. We have it all right out in the open."

"He's criticizing me," Bradley murmurs, his head still bowed. "It's because I was offered a job here in the city and I didn't automatically refuse it."

I turn to Milo. "Go say something to Louise, Milo," I say. "Do you think that's what somebody who isn't brokenhearted sounds like?"

He glares at me and stumps into the bedroom, and I can hear him talking to Louise reassuringly. "It doesn't mean you'll *never* see me," he says. "You can fly there, I'll come here. It's not going to be that different."

"You lied!" Louise screams. "You said we were going to brunch."

"We are. We are. I can't very well take us to brunch before Sunday, can I?"

"You didn't say you were going to San Francisco. Where *is* San Francisco, anyway?"

"I just said so. I bought us a bottle of champagne. You can come out as soon as I get settled. You're going to like it there."

Louise is sobbing. She has told him the truth and she knows it's futile to go on.

By the next morning, Louise acts the way I acted—as if everything were just the same. She looks calm, but her face is small and pale. She looks very young. We walk into the restaurant and sit at the table Milo has reserved. Bradley pulls out a chair for me, and Milo pulls out a chair for Louise, locking his finger with hers for a second, raising her arm above her head, as if she were about to take a twirl.

She looks very nice, really. She has a ribbon in her hair. It is cold, and she should have worn a hat, but she wanted to wear the ribbon. Milo has good taste: the dress she is wearing, which he bought for her, is a hazy purple plaid, and it sets off her hair.

"Come with me. Don't be sad," Milo suddenly says to Louise, pulling her by the hand. "Come with me for a minute. Come across the street to the park for just a second, and we'll have some space to dance, and your mother and Bradley can have a nice quiet drink."

She gets up from the table and, looking long-suffering, backs into her coat, which he is holding for her, and the two of them go out. The waitress comes to the table, and Bradley orders three Bloody Marys and a Coke, and eggs Benedict for everyone. He asks the waitress to wait awhile before she brings the food. I have hardly slept at all, and having a drink is not going to clear my head. I have to think of things to say to Louise later, on the ride home.

"He takes so many *chances*," I say. "He pushes things so far with people. I don't want her to turn against him."

"No," he says.

"Why are you going, Bradley? You've seen the way he acts. You know that when you get out there he'll pull something on you. Take the job and stay here."

Bradley is fiddling with the edge of his napkin. I study him. I don't know who his friends are, how old he is, where he grew up, whether he believes in God, or what he usually drinks. I'm shocked that I know so little, and I reach out and touch him. He looks up.

"Don't go," I say quietly.

The waitress puts the glasses down quickly and leaves, embarrassed because she thinks she's interrupted a tender moment. Bradley pats my hand on his arm. Then he says the thing that has always been between us, the thing too painful for me to envision or think about.

"I love him," Bradley whispers.

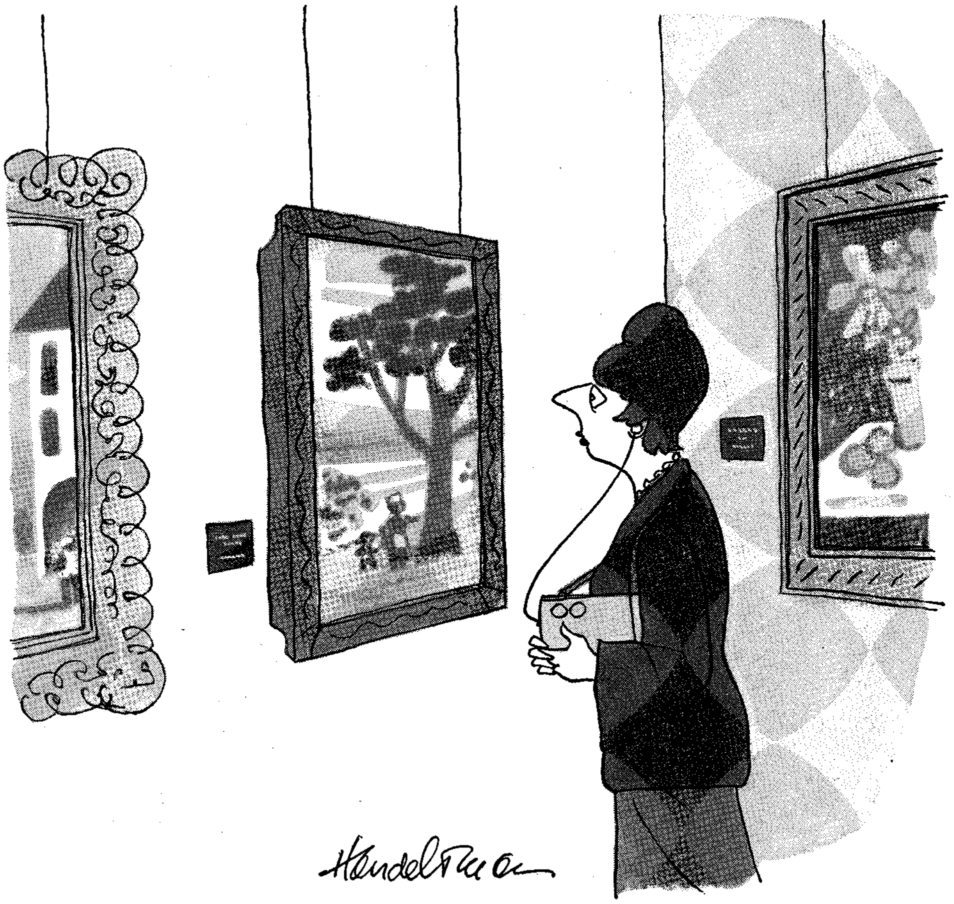
We sit quietly until Milo and Louise come into the restaurant, swinging hands. She is pretending to be a young child, almost a baby, and I wonder for an instant if Milo and Bradley and I haven't been playing house, too—pretending to be adults.

"Daddy's going to give me a first-class ticket," Louise says. "When I go to California we're going to ride in a glass elevator to the top of the Fairman Hotel."

"The Fairmont," Milo says, smiling at her.

Before Louise was born, Milo used to put his ear to my stomach and say that if the baby turned out to be a girl he would put her into glass slippers instead of bootees. Now he is the prince once again. I see them in a glass elevator, not long from now, going up and up, with the people below getting smaller and smaller, until they disappear.

—Ann Beattie



"This painting, we're sorry to say, is pure trash."

•

Mile High Lemon Pie

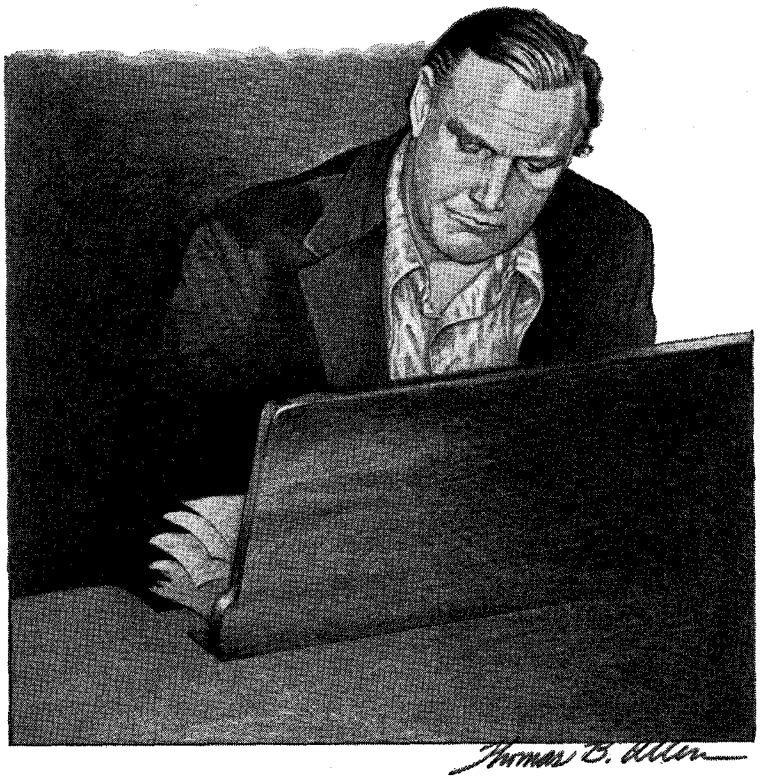
1 cup evaporated mile . . .
—*Los Angeles Times.*

Ingenious.

PROFILES

SUPER CHOPS

SOME lives pivot on paradox. Dave McKenna has been a jazz pianist thirty years, but it is almost impossible to get him to talk about music beyond, for example, the random observation that there is no such thing as the pure improvisation he constantly practices. He has lived on Cape Cod twelve years, but he has only been in the ocean once. In a society that deifies the automobile, he does not drive. He is the hardest-swinging jazz pianist of all time, but he lives a quiet, unswinging middle-class life made up largely of eating, playing rumbustious Ping-Pong with his sons, Steven and Douglas, and watching sports on television—particularly the Red Sox, who have been with him all his life. He plays the piano with supreme authority but considers himself a barroom or dance-band pianist. The amplified bass fiddle has become the dominant instrument in jazz during the past decade, but McKenna's left hand is so rhythmically powerful that it brushes the new bassists aside. He is, along with Tommy Flanagan and Jimmy Rowles and Ellis Larkins, among the best of the post-Tatum pianists, but he stays low: he is rarely in New York, and in order to hear him one must travel to Schenectady, the Cape, Rochester, Boston, Newport.



Dave McKenna

He spent two weeks at Bradley's last fall, and one night before work he had dinner at Antolotti's, on East Forty-ninth Street. He was dolled up in a three-piece tan corduroy suit, and he ate with his customary relish—a dozen clams on the half shell, two orders of gnocchi with marinara sauce, veal piccata, salad, and cheesecake, all washed down with a couple of Martinis, a white Corvo, a good Barolo, and espresso. He delivered this brief litany between Martinis: "I'm crazy about Italian cooking, and my ambition is to eat at every good Italian restaurant in New York. There must be at least fifty of them. When I was at Bradley's last year, I went to Gino's, on Lexington at Sixtieth, and the Amalfi, which moved a while ago from West Forty-seventh to East Forty-eighth. Tony Bennett hangs out there when he's in town. I go to Patsy's, on Fifty-sixth back of Carnegie Hall. Ballato's, down on East Houston, is great, and Joe's, on Macdougal, is a down-home, peasant-type place. I come here a lot, and I guess Elston Howard does, too, because I've seen him twice. I haven't been to Vesuvio, on West Forty-eighth, for years, but it used to be fine. I've been to Romeo Salta, and I go to San Marco, on West Fifty-second. I went recently to San Marino with Zoot and Louise Sims. I tried Il Monello, at Seventy-sixth and Second, and Parioli, where Bill Buckley goes. Some guitarist from Boston told me that Parioli has the best chocolate cake he ever had, which is interesting, because I usually don't go to Italian restaurants for chocolate cake. I'd be willing to take gigs in New Haven just for the white pizza they have there. I guess I'd like to be a Craig Claiborne. That's my idea of putting your heart and your soul into your work."

He arrived replete at Bradley's, and during his first set, in which he built a medium head of steam, he fashioned one of his free-association songfests. He has said that stringing together songs with common themes helps pass the time when he is playing. (He also likes to speed up fast numbers, as if he were trying to get them over with as quickly as possible.) He warmed up with "Darn That Dream," "At Sundown," and "When Day Is Done"—which falsely presaged an essay on songs having to do with evening or night, for he abruptly veered into "Silk Stockings" and "Blue Skies." Then came "My Ship," and he had found his text: "Lost in a Fog" was followed by "Red Sails in the Sunset," "On Moonlight Bay," "How Deep Is the Ocean?," "The Devil and the Deep Blue Sea," "Wave," and "I Cover the Waterfront." He closed the set with a beautiful, rocking blues and Zoot Sims' "Red Door."

McKenna sat down at a table near the piano, a fine concert grand left to Bradley Cunningham by the late Paul Desmond. It is both a gift to the first-rate pianists who inhabit the club and a retroactive gibe at Cunningham, who, Desmond knew, should have long since replaced his venerable upright with a good piano. McKenna is a man-mountain, whose perfect proportions contain a massive eagle's head, a logger's forearms, and hot-dog fingers. He is well over six feet, and, possibly for streamlining, he wears his brown hair flat and straight back. When he is at the Cape, he likes to talk about New York and how much he'd love to live here again, and when he is in New York he likes to talk about the Cape. For a while, he spoke with some heat of why the Red Sox had blown the pennant, and when he was asked how the summer had been at the Cape he said, "Good. I like to be around salt water, but the ocean is overstated. Sand is gritty and the ocean has waves. Last year, I went swimming in a freshwater pond, and if I lived near one I'd go in three or four times a day—or would have. Since I've gained weight, I'd never go to a public beach. I'd have to have a private pond."

ONE afternoon a year or so before that, McKenna, who was stretched out on a beach chair in his back yard in South Yarmouth, talked about his house and his early life. The house is a gray-shingled bungalow and the back yard is largely macadam, from which sprout two basketball nets. A stone barbecue and a picnic table at one edge look unused. The surrounding landscape is scrub pine and sand. McKenna had on a red-flowered sports shirt, worn outside khaki pants, and sneakers. His chair was surrounded by the sports pages of the Boston *Globe* and *Herald American*. "My wife, Frankie, got the house for ten thousand," McKenna said. "And we had to borrow a thousand for the down payment. It only has three small bedrooms. I could use a music room. It's still fresh air here, but the new houses are beginning to hem me in. When we moved, it was all woods. There was nothing next door, and there was nothing behind me. I figured no one would build across the street between me and Route 6, but they did. The beauty of being here was all that land to roam in. I'm used to that from the fields and farms there were around Woonsocket, Rhode Island, where I was born. I was born there in 1930. My mother, Catherine Reilly, came from South Boston. She still plays piano. She studied violin with a member of the Boston Symphony. She played the top tunes of the time, but not too forcefully—'Lazybones' and 'Stormy Weather.' She's got good ears and knows all the chords and can transpose anything, and she reads better than I do. But I don't think she ever could have been a dedicated musician. She's got too much of a sense of humor. My father was from Woonsocket. He drove a parcel-post truck. He was a street drummer—that is, he played snare drum in military bands, like the Sons of Italy—and he also played drums in dance bands. He had a fantastic roll. His musical likes included brass bands and the 'William Tell Overture.' But there's nothing wrong with that. Sousa marches are really put together well, and I've always thought 'The Star-Spangled Banner' should never be sung but should be played by a good Sousa or Goldman band. A brass band makes it much more stirring. My father's father and grandfather had been drummers before him—his Grandfather McKenna played drums in the Civil War. I was the first non-drummer in three or four generations. I have a younger brother, Donald, and two sisters, Jean and Pat. Jean teaches school and lives with my parents, in Woonsocket, and she's a pretty good semi-pro singer. She's not a belter and she has good pitch. Pat lives in Barrington, Rhode Island, and is married to a schoolteacher. Woonsocket wasn't a bad place to grow up in. It was a family town, and it was mostly French-Canadian, like all the mill towns in New England. There was semi-professional baseball, and we used to go up to Boston to see the Braves and the Red Sox. I've been a Sox fan since I was seven. I was always more of a fan than a player, although I was in a kind of softball league for a while in New York in the fifties. I played in the outfield, and the team I was with included Zoot Sims and Carl Fontana and Al Cohn, and we played in

"It's a really good feeling. I was always 'Congressman Bothelder,' but now they've begun to call me 'the durable Congressman Bothelder.'"

february 14...a day for love, sweet love
a day for godiva chocolates

If the one you love loves chocolates wait till you hand her a box of Godiva's. The ultimate in rich, mouth-watering confections: creams spiked with a smidge of cognac or brandy; hazelnut pralines; thin, tinsel wrapped mints layered like tiny Napoleons ... all beautifully molded little bonbons, sure to win the heart.

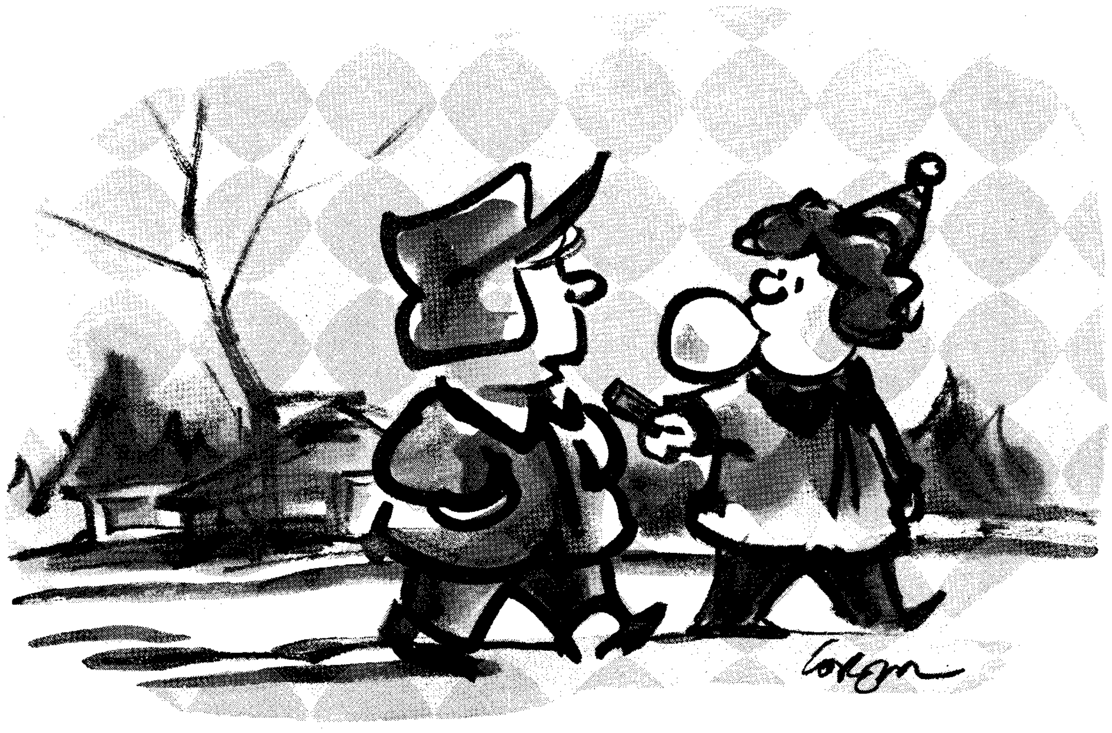
The 1 lb. gold box trimmed in red ribbon and rose, 10.50;
1 lb. traditional velvety red heart, 15.00; the 22 oz. Belgian heart, 45.00.

February 6 to Valentine's Day we've reserved a special place in the heart of our Street Floor filled with Godivas Galore. They'll also be in their usual home in Au Chocolat, 59th Street, New York.
And all stores except Manhasset and Scarsdale.

In New York call our heart-line (212) 355-5900 to order Godivas. Or call the Bloomingdale's nearest you.

bloomingdale's

1000 Third Avenue, New York. Open late Monday and Thursday evenings.



"No, thanks—I don't do bubble gum."

Central Park. We didn't have a name, and once we beat Jimmy Dorsey's band, which showed up in uniforms. My mother didn't think it was right for her to teach me piano herself, so she sent me to the nuns in parochial school, and they taught me that in-between music with John Thompson music books, and I wasn't interested. But I listened every morning on the radio to 'The 9:20 Club' from Boston, and I heard records by Benny Goodman and Nat Cole and the boogie-woogie pianists. When I was twelve or thirteen, I started playing at showers and weddings, and I joined the musicians' union at fifteen. When I was sixteen, I played with Boots Mussulli around Milford, which was just over the border from us in Massachusetts. Milford was eighty per cent Italian and eighty per cent musicians. That's where I learned about Italian food. There were never any bass players, so I had to finagle around a lot with my left hand to make it sound full, which is why I have that guitar effect—that strumming thing in my left hand now.

"I joined Charlie Ventura's band in 1949. Jackie Cain and Roy Kral had just left, but he still had Ed Shaughnessy on drums and Red Mitchell on bass. I went with Woody Herman's band in 1950, and stayed until I was drafted, in 1951. That was the band that had Conte Candoli and Rolf Ericson and Doug Mettome and Don Fagerquist and Al Cohn and Sonny Igoe. I was a disgraceful, drunken kid, and Woody should have fired me. But the Army solved that. After I was drafted, I tried to connect with a service band, but it didn't work. I took basic training with the M.P.s and I did a lot of K.P., and then they sent me overseas—to Japan, where I went to cooking school, and on to Korea. The Koreans were not allowed to touch any of the food, so we had to do all the cooking. I learned how to bake a cake for a hundred men, and how to make pancakes, but my biscuits were like rocks. I remember the *bong* they made when they landed on the mess tray. I was over there a year and a half. We could hear the artillery all the time, and once we were strafed and I was the last guy left in the cook tent. It was a situation where you pressed yourself so close to the ground your belly button made an imprint. That same time, a fat mess sergeant fainted after he discovered that two .50-calibre bullets passed right through the place he always sat in the tent. There was a service band up the road in Korea, and a drummer from Providence who was in it tried to get me in, but the only opening was for accordion. I'd never played one, so this drummer and another guy borrowed one, and they pumped it while I tried to play, but I couldn't get the hang of it, and I didn't make the band.

"When I got home, Boots Mussulli said I sounded the same, even though I'd hardly touched the piano since I'd been away—which is strange, because I've never had that many chops. My mother desperately begged me to use the G.I. Bill and go to college, but I rejoined Charlie Ventura. I spent the rest of the fifties with Ventura and Gene Krupa and with Stan Getz and a group that Zoot Sims and Al Cohn had. I was with Buddy Rich in 1960. I worked a lot in the sixties with Bobby Hackett and at Eddie Condon's place, in the East Fifties. New York was my headquarters, even though I never had an apartment and lived in hotels. Once in a while, I'd go back to Milford just to eat."

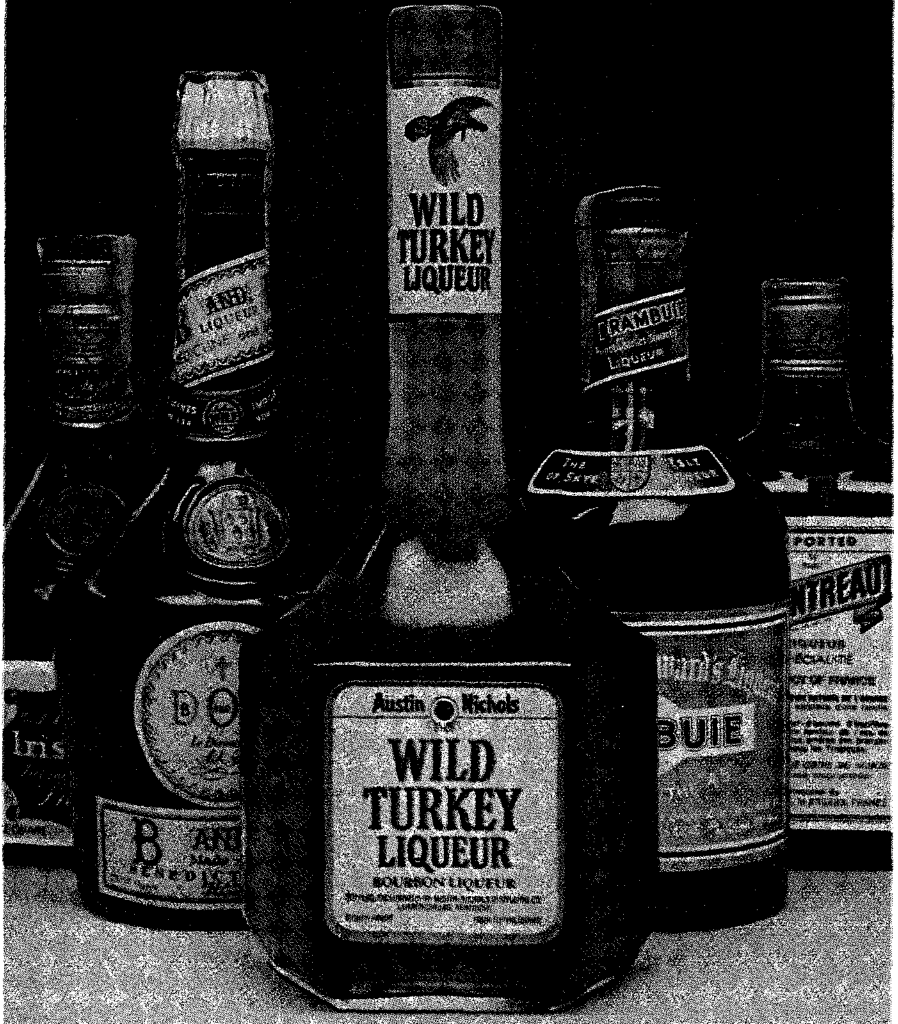
BETWEEN 1970 and 1977, McKenna's headquarters were at The Columns, in West Dennis. Housed in a handsome mid-nineteenth-century clapboard building to which huge antebellum columns had been added, it was owned and operated by a gentle, self-effacing man named Warren Maddows, whose great delight was to join McKenna near closing time for a couple of Tony Bennett-inspired songs. (Maddows died in 1978, and The Columns closed.) At first, McKenna played on a bandstand in the small bar to the left of the front door. It was cluttered and noisy and cheerful, and musicians like Bobby Hackett and Dick Johnson frequently sat in. (Hackett said he considered McKenna "the greatest piano player in the world," and though he was often given to hyperbole, he meant it.) During the summer of 1971, Teddi King sang with McKenna for a month. Zoot Sims and Earl Hines and Teddy Wilson and Joe Venuti and Red Norvo spelled McKenna when he took his rare off-Cape jobs. Maddows never made any money from The Columns, but he often kept it open into the winter, and he gradually expanded it. By the summer of 1977, he had added a spacious yellow-and-white tent to the rear of the building, and late that August he hired Teddy Wilson to play duets with McKenna. One set in the middle of the first week went like this:

McKenna, gleaming in a blue shirt, white pants, and white shoes, sat at a low upright and played "Lover, Come

Back to Me," "Dixieland One-Step," "Misty," and "That's a Plenty," and retired. Wilson, in a conservative tie and jacket, effortlessly unreeled "Stompin' at the Savoy," "Tea for Two," "Basin Street Blues," "I Can't Get Started," "Moonglow," and an Ellington medley. McKenna, his face impassive and pleasant, listened to Wilson, and, when Wilson finished, talked about music. McKenna talks rapidly and without preamble. "There was a point in the mid-fifties when I got away from jazz and into listening to songs," he said. "Harold Arlen and Jerome Kern and Alec Wilder. Songwriters are my heroes, and I've always wanted to be one. Take Alec Wilder's 'I'll Be Around.' That's the greatest pop song ever written. I should be learning new songs every day. Instead, I'm playing a lot of the same tunes, and I don't like that. I miss Bobby Hackett; he taught me a lot of tunes. Some pianists can play entire scores, but I can't do that. I don't think I know *any* of 'My Fair Lady' or any Leonard Bernstein." When McKenna complains, which he does a lot, it means he's feeling fine. He said, "I'd have more fun if I could play just two nights a week. With six nights, you don't have the enthusiasm. It takes the heat off you when you play for dancing, which people are happier doing than just sitting around in their bodies listening. People are always after you to play hot, but I don't have super chops. I don't *know* if I play jazz. I don't know if I qualify as a bona-fide jazz guy. I play barroom piano. I like to stay close to the melody. When I play, I just tool along, and the only thing I think about is what I'm going to play next. But I like to sound even and professional, to keep everything on an even keel. Very few jazz musicians are complete improvisers. The greatest have little patterns they follow. I have my own patterns, my own licks. Sometimes I play in runs, because people like to hear those things. Also, I'm getting paid to do that, so I have to stick them in once in a while. But I like to deëmphasize them, I like to play more sparingly. I play so many single-note lines because I've listened more to horn players than to piano players. But I loved Nat Cole. He came the closest to bending notes on the piano, except maybe Oscar Peterson. I'd rather listen to Nat Cole than Art Tatum. Tatum makes you sweat too much. I'm more at home playing alone. I appreciate the coloration of a bassist, but I'd rather play alone or with a little band. I'd love to

Of the
5 Great Liqueurs
in the world
only one is made in
America.

Wild Turkey Liqueur.

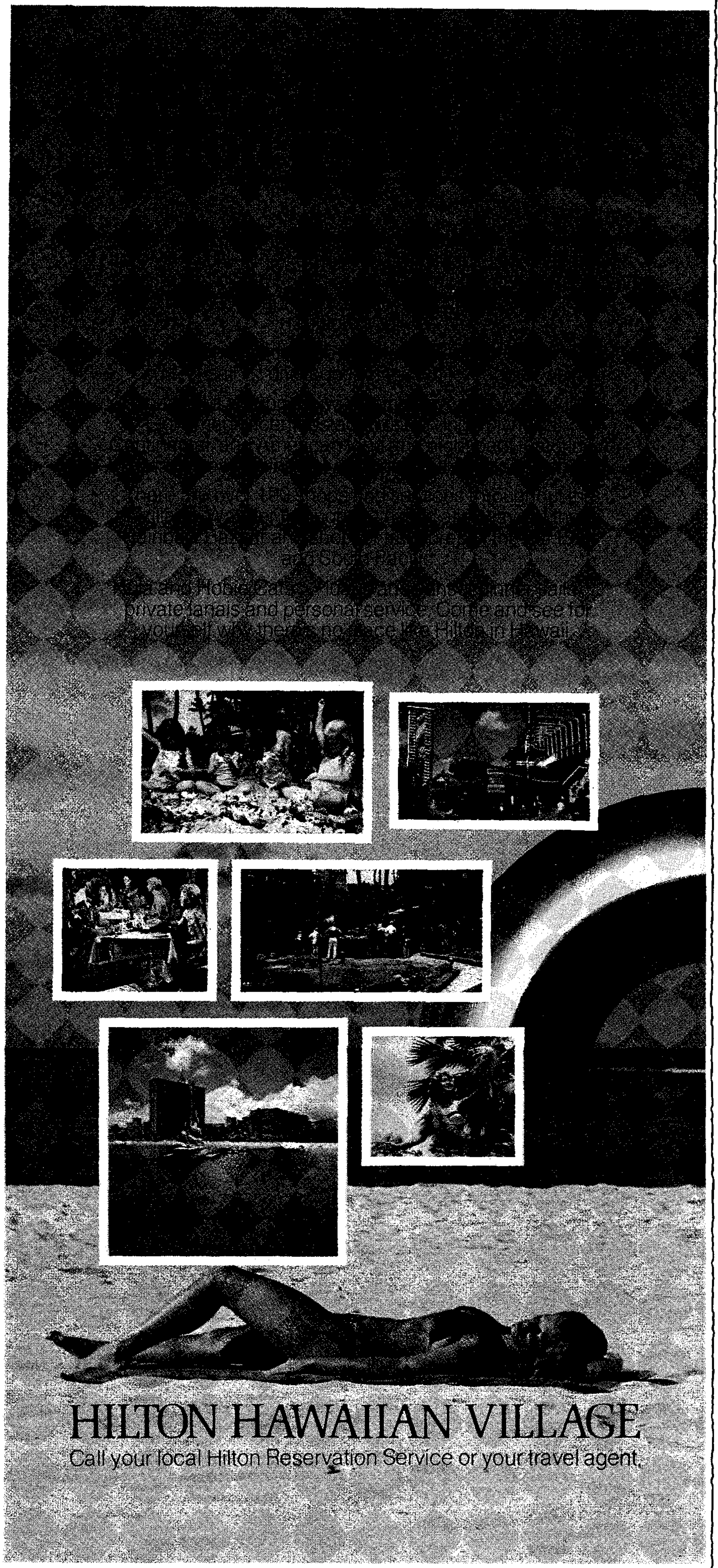


Scotland has Drambuie. Ireland has Irish Mist. France has Cointreau and B&B.

Now America can boast its own great native liqueur: Wild Turkey Liqueur created in Kentucky by the originators of America's finest native whiskey, Wild Turkey.

Wild Turkey Liqueur is the "sippin' sweet cream" of liqueurs. It's made to be savored slowly after dinner. Or as a mellow accompaniment to an evening's conversation. You've tasted the great liqueurs of Europe. Now taste America's great one—Wild Turkey Liqueur.

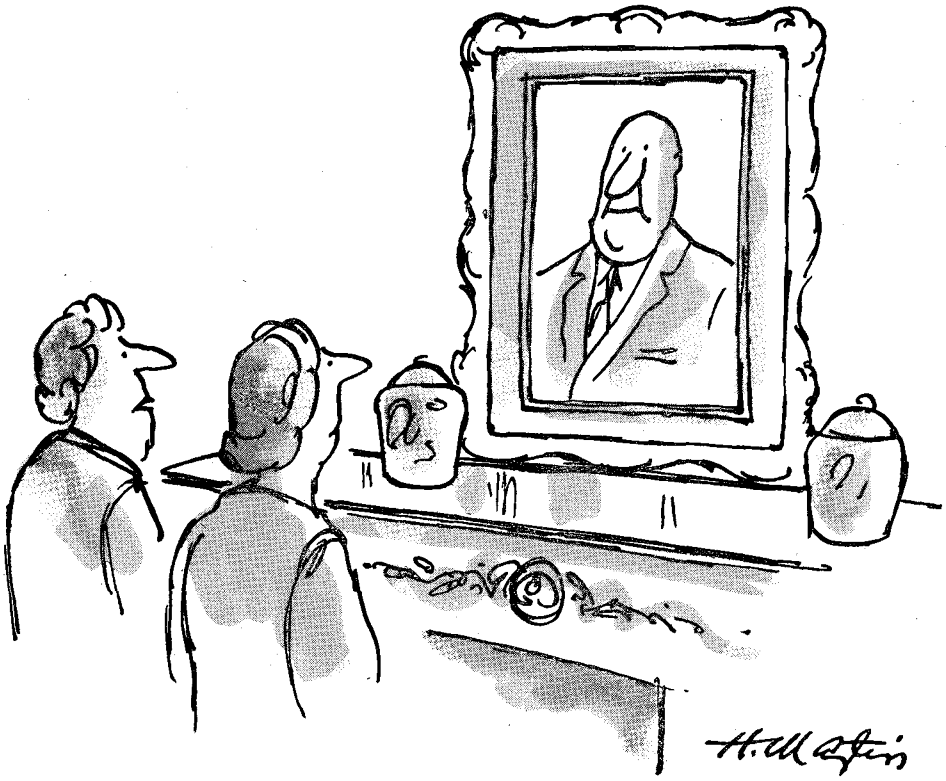
NOTICE: SUPPLY WILL BE LIMITED. IF NOT IN YOUR STORE, PLEASE CONTACT AUSTIN, NICHOLS & CO., LAWRENCEBURG, KY. 80 PROOF © 1977


private lanais and personal service. Come and see for yourself why there's no place like Hilton in Hawaii.
HILTON HAWAIIAN VILLAGE
Call your local Hilton Reservation Service or your travel agent.

play in a Dixieland band like the one I worked in at Condon's. 'Whiskeyland jazz,' Hackett called it."

A second upright had been placed akimbo to the first, and after the intermission Wilson sat down at the piano that he and McKenna had used and McKenna took the second one. The two pianists faced one another, and McKenna, looking as if he were about to play in his first recital, immediately deferred to Wilson, who selected the tunes and set the tempos. (At the start of the gig, McKenna, in typical knock-himself-down fashion, had expressed fear that he would not be able to keep up with the fast tempos he knew Wilson would set.) The first number, "How High the Moon," was fast, and a pattern was set: Wilson played the first chorus, McKenna soloed for two choruses, Wilson soloed, and the two exchanged four-bar breaks before playing the last chorus together. Neither pianist betrays much emotion when he plays. Wilson, his back straight and his head tipped slightly forward, occasionally shuts his eyes briefly and presses his lips together, and McKenna, bent over the keyboard like a tall person stooping to talk to a child, wrinkles his brow and evinces a slight gathering of cheek muscles below his right ear. In recent years, Wilson, perhaps weary at last of perfecting his exquisite miniaturistic solos, has relied more and more on his patterns, and his playing has taken on an automatic gentility. McKenna, who once resembled a controlled Tatum with dashes of Nat Cole and Wilson, has been going in the opposite direction. His rhythmic power, spelled out by his ingenious left hand—an avalanche of guitar chords, ground figures, sharp offbeats, and pouring single-note melodic lines—has become unfettered. The rock-rock, rock-rock, rock-rock of his time becomes irresistible: it is hypnotic, ecstatic. Nothing remains still before it. And his right hand has grown more and more startling. He places his notes so that they jar and sharpen the beat. He likes to emphasize the first note of a phrase and then, unexpectedly, the fifth or sixth. He likes to shake up the listener's rhythmic expectations. He also likes to insert madcap arpeggios and double-time phrases. It is a joyous, triumphant, foraging style, and by the end of Wilson and McKenna's second number it was clear that McKenna was helplessly blowing Wilson out of the water. Wilson would effect an almost transparent pointillistic chorus, and then McKenna, his left hand rolling and rumbling, would roar into his chorus, and all memory of what Wilson had just played would be gone. A fast "Who's Sorry Now?" went by, and the two settled into a long medium blues. Wilson approaches the blues as if he were nibbling grapes, but McKenna shoulders his way in, scattering boogie-woogie basses, wild stop-time choruses, and thumping low-register explosions in both hands. Wilson remained unperturbed, and the last number, a short, driving "I'll Remember April," was anticlimactic.

WHEN The Columns failed to reopen in 1978, McKenna went into the Lobster Boat, several miles down Route 28 toward Hyannis. It has a huge white mock ship's prow that points into a parking lot running along the highway. Behind the prow are a lozenge-shaped lounge and a big, boxy dining room. The lounge has a bar and a small bandstand opposite, which holds an upright piano. The wall back of the bandstand is curved and contains a couple of dozen portholes, each of them fitted out with a hanging plant. The piano bench is flanked by carriage lamps fastened to the wall, and there are candlesticks on the piano and a glass chandelier over it. The ceiling is beamed and decorated with signal flags and ship's wheels, and the patrons sit below in a comfortable rummage shop furnished with sofas, director's chairs, captain's chairs, overstuffed chairs, side tables, and standing lamps. It is three New England parlors placed end to end. A color television set behind the bar was showing a Red Sox-Yankees game, and when McKenna arrived, at eight-twenty, he plunked himself at the bar and watched. Frankie McKenna had driven him over, and she sat at a table next to the piano with a good local Billie Holiday singer named Shirley Carroll. At a quarter to nine, McKenna tore himself away from the television and went into his first set. He had had dinner in Yarmouth Port, in an Italian restaurant called La Cipollina, and had put away a small pizza, chicken piccata, linguine with red clam sauce, a salad, half of Frankie McKenna's shrimps with sweet peppers, and a mocha pudding with whipped cream. He was in a benevolent mood. He began with "Don't Take Your Love from Me," and went on through "The Moon of Manakoora," "Sleepy Lagoon," "Isn't It Romantic," "My Romance," and "My Funny Valentine," ending with a blues, three songs in which Shirley Carroll sat in, and a medium bebop tune. He swung quietly but hard.

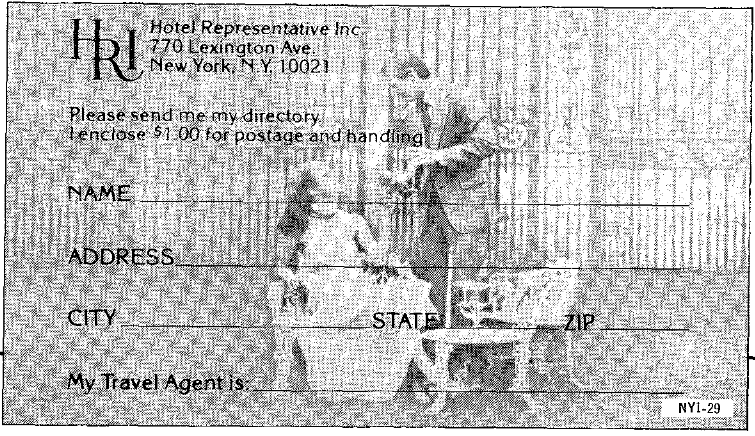


"In 1976, Alfred and his company were swallowed up by a conglomerate, and we haven't seen him since."

He returned immediately to the game, and Frankie McKenna talked about herself and her life with McKenna. She is short and has shingled gray hair and a soft Carolina accent. She is a pretty woman, with a long-suffering face and a smile that closes her eyes. (McKenna has a tempestuous side, and if he doesn't work it out through his playing or in several banging games of Ping-Pong it is apt to spill over on his family.) "I was born an only child and grew up in North and South Carolina," she said in a gentle voice. "My parents were divorced when I was sixteen. My father, Jimmy Wiggins, was a salesman who could charm the bark off a tree. He was medium-sized and dark-haired and well-mannered—a Southern gentleman. His mother was a McQueen, and derived descent from Mary Queen of Scots. He died several years ago. My mother had long since remarried. She's an attractive lady and a champion bridge player. I went to the University of South Carolina two years on scholarship, and, because I was very poor, took practical courses—secretarial courses. Then I went to New York and lived with a group of Carolina girls who had a large apartment on Riverside Drive. I worked first as a secretary to a sales manager of a lingerie company, but come summer I'd take a leave of absence and go home. I liked being Southern in the North and having an accent, and all that. I also worked for a public-relations outfit and as a secretary at ABC Records. I took little night jobs, too—at Downey's Steak House and Basin Street. I met Dave in 1959 in Junior's Bar & Lounge, a musicians' hangout, and we were married three months later. My mother came up on the plane practically carrying the whole wedding—flowers and all—in her arms. I had a two-room apartment across from London Terrace, on Twenty-fourth, and when Steve, who's eighteen now, was born, it was awful. We moved to a fourth-floor walkup at Ninth and Twenty-first, and Douglas, who's fourteen, was born. I had everything pretty well organized. Summers, I got a portable swimming pool and put it on the roof and filled it from a hose I'd attached to my kitchen sink. Our dog Midge chased a beach ball around the roof and the kids chased her and the people from next door threw pennies in the pool. We came up here the first time in the mid-sixties, and each year we'd buy a junk car and at the end of the summer park it in front of our building and let it die. In the fall of 1966, we decided to move up. It was too much in New York with two small children and Dave's

"An interesting and comprehensive 136 page booklet for the demanding traveler."
Town & Country

The 1979 Complete Directory of The Leading Hotels of the World
...an association of independently owned deluxe hotels



HRI Hotel Representative Inc.
770 Lexington Ave.
New York, N.Y. 10021

Please send me my directory.
I enclose $1.00 for postage and handling.

NAME ____________________

ADDRESS ____________________

CITY ____________ STATE ______ ZIP ________

My Travel Agent is: ____________________

NYI-29

The worth of Woodard in wrought iron and wood.

This gourmet stand with butcher block reaches back to capture the sound of hooves on cobblestone streets and the smell of just-baked bread. It was built by craftsmen who understand history and respect styling. See it at any of our fine dealers.

Woodard

For color brochures and the name of the store near you, write Woodard, 318 Elm St., Owosso, Mich. 48867.

hours and the stairs to walk up. I got to do the moving, because Dave was working, and a man named McCarthy, who lived over us and had offered to help in a weak moment, drove me up in his station wagon. We moved into this house in April of 1967.

"Dave is a complex person. He's honest and he's moral. He doesn't put people down, and he's never squandered money. He's a good father, even though he doesn't take the boys fishing, and all that, and he prefers not to be the disciplinarian. But he's very good in a quiet way when someone gets out of hand. He loves his roots, and he loves house and home. He's the most unmechanical person I've ever seen. I can't stand to watch him when he has a screwdriver in his hand. I have to walk away. But it doesn't matter, because I'm a fixit. That's my therapy. Dave was very, very shy when we were married. His mother told me that he could never accept any kind of compliment when he was growing up. It got him all flustered, and he'd pretend he hadn't heard. But he's getting better, and I think he's beginning to admit to himself that he might be a good piano player."

The Red Sox were leading the Yankees by three runs, and McKenna's second set was effervescent. He played a string of "baby" songs—"Baby Won't You Please Come Home?," "Baby Face," "Melancholy Baby," "Gee, Baby, Ain't I Good to You?," "Oh, Baby," and a stinging, very fast "I Found a New Baby." When he finished, he headed back to the bar, commenting first on how hot it was up on the bandstand and how he wished he could go home and watch the rest of the game in peace.

—Whitney Balliett

●

Peasants who for generations had been proud of their vital role in European society now learned that their countrymen were being fed by "The American Middle West—Breadbasket of the World," and palates once soothed by the finest wines from the choicest grapes were being washed by a cheap brown fluid called Coca-Cola—the notorious "Coke," now in the late 1940s selling 50 million bottles a day, enough to float a light cruiser.
—*"The Glory and the Dream," by William Manchester, page 444.*

In Bangkok the prime minister was the Coca-Cola concessionaire and the police chief had the Pepsi-Cola franchise; Adlai Stevenson called their rivalry "the ice cold war." Coke was ahead there and everywhere else. The sun never set on it. Every day people abroad consumed fifty billion bottles of it, enough Coke to float a light cruiser.—*Page 825.*

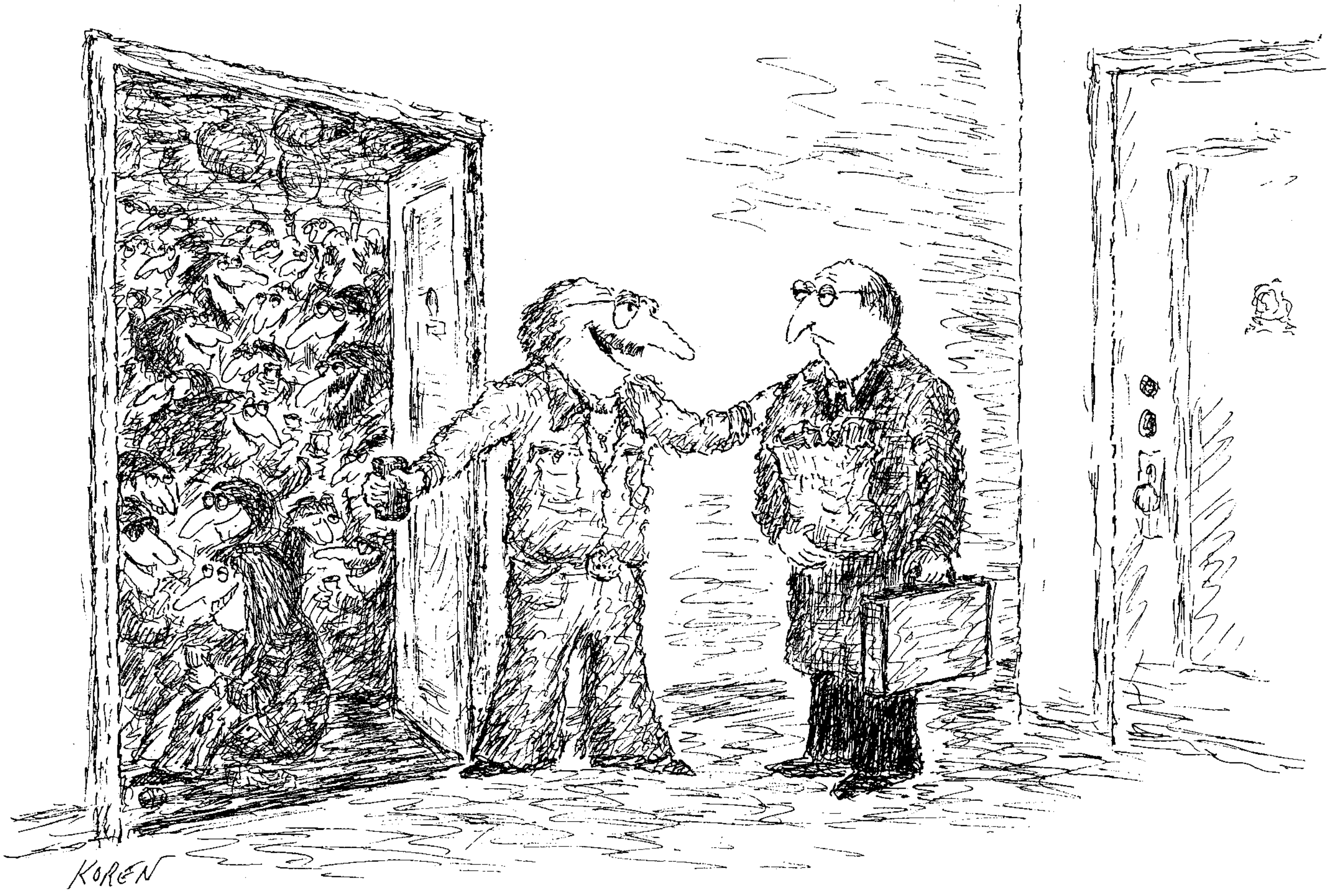
She still in dry dock?

THE THEATRE

Off Broadway

BERNARD POMERANCE's "The Elephant Man," which most auspiciously opened last week at St. Peter's Church, is based on the actual case of an English freak named John Merrick, so horribly deformed by an enormous head and what are called in the play "protuberances" that people fainted or sickened at the sight of him. According to a note in the program, he spent the last four years of his life—from 1886 to 1890—in the London Hospital, in Whitechapel, where Frederick Treves was consultant surgeon. Merrick (Philip Anglim) and Treves (Kevin Conway) are the principal characters in the play. Treves first sees Merrick at a street fair, where his manager and shill is describing him to the crowd; Treves, incredulous, goes behind a curtain to look at him, and then, paying the manager a small sum, borrows him for purposes of demonstration at a lecture at the hospital. In a remarkable scene, we become the audience at the lecture, while Mr. Anglim, who plays Merrick without any grotesque makeup or padding, clearly and vividly pantomimes every contortion of Merrick's contorted face and body as it is pointed out to the students by Treves. (Later in the play, in a dream scene just as telling, the roles are reversed, and it is Merrick who does the describing of Treves.) Merrick is abandoned by his manager at a fair in Belgium as being too repulsive for the crowd (he was similarly abandoned by his mother and placed in a workhouse as a child), and, sobbing and incoherent, is put on a boat train back to London. Treves' card is found in his pocket, and he is rescued and brought back to the hospital, where Treves immediately gives him shelter, gets the hospital to raise money by subscription for his keep, and promises him a permanent home. Merrick's progress and the various questions—ethical and philosophical—that it raises color the action. Merrick does indeed progress, for he is a man of intelligence and sensibility. He builds, with his one good hand, a model of a church, and he discusses religion with a bishop. Treves, deciding that Merrick needs company, arranges for the actress Mrs. Kendal to visit him. She becomes his dearest friend, and their scenes together, performed by the gifted Mr. Anglim and the incandescent Carole Shelley as Mrs. Kendal, positively light up the play. Through Mrs. Kendal, Merrick meets members of the Royal Family and the aristocracy, who come to the hospital and bring him gifts. (He wonders for an instant how they differ from the crowds at the street fairs who paid a pittance for a sight of him.) The matter of freakishness and normality is one of many matters on the playwright's mind, but it is his principal theme; at one point, Merrick stands in the light downstage as each of the other characters, standing in shadow behind him, sees him as a counterpart. "An artist, like me," says Mrs. Kendal. "Devout, like me," says the bishop.

"The Elephant Man" is an original and dramatic play with strong characters and scenes, which are never used just to illustrate its ideas, and it is given the production it deserves under the deft and knowing direction of Jack Hofsiss. Mr. Conway has never been better than he is as Treves—a complex man, responsible, encouraging, and sympathetic, but a Victorian whose spontaneous kindness seems to conflict with his squeamishness about sex and with his ut-



"Come on in, Donald, and reacquaint yourself with the meaning of fun."

ter trust in rules and standards. The other actors—Richard Clarke, I. M. Hobson, and Jean DeBaer among them—do well, too. The music, by assorted composers and performed on the cello by David Heiss, adds a great deal to the atmosphere of the evening, as do the scenery, by David Jenkins; the costumes, by Julie Weiss; and the lighting, by Beverly Emmons. As for Mr. Pomerance, he is an American whose plays have been produced in England over the past seven years or so. It is about time he came home.

THE action of David Rush's "Beethoven/Karl" (at the Manhattan Theatre Club through January 28th) takes place in the composer's squalid apartment in Vienna over the last year of his life, from 1826 to 1827. The subject is the stormy love that existed between Beethoven and his nephew Karl, whose guardian he was—fanatical and possessive on the one hand, resentful and helpless on the other. The exploration of these emotions does not go very deep, but we do get a picture of Beethoven at the end, broke and embittered by his deafness, and taking out his rage and bitterness and paranoia on his colleagues, his brother, his housekeeper—in short, on everyone in sight except Karl, whom he refuses to set free. Karl wants to leave the apartment, where he functions as a combination secretary and practical nurse, and eventually become a soldier, and his uncle vetoes both plans.

"Beethoven/Karl," dealing in scene after scene with their struggle, is rarely credible. (How can Mr. Rush know, or convince us that he knows, what Beethoven felt?) As a matter of fact, it doesn't even make a play, but it does make a show of sorts. As Beethoven—an impossible assignment—George Voskovec at least indicates the composer's agony and gives us a measure of his stature, never allowing his tragedy to become pathetic; Josh Clark is excellent as angry, gentle, desperate Karl. Some of the other actors do pretty well, too. Barry Robison designed the good, messy set. —EDITH OLIVER

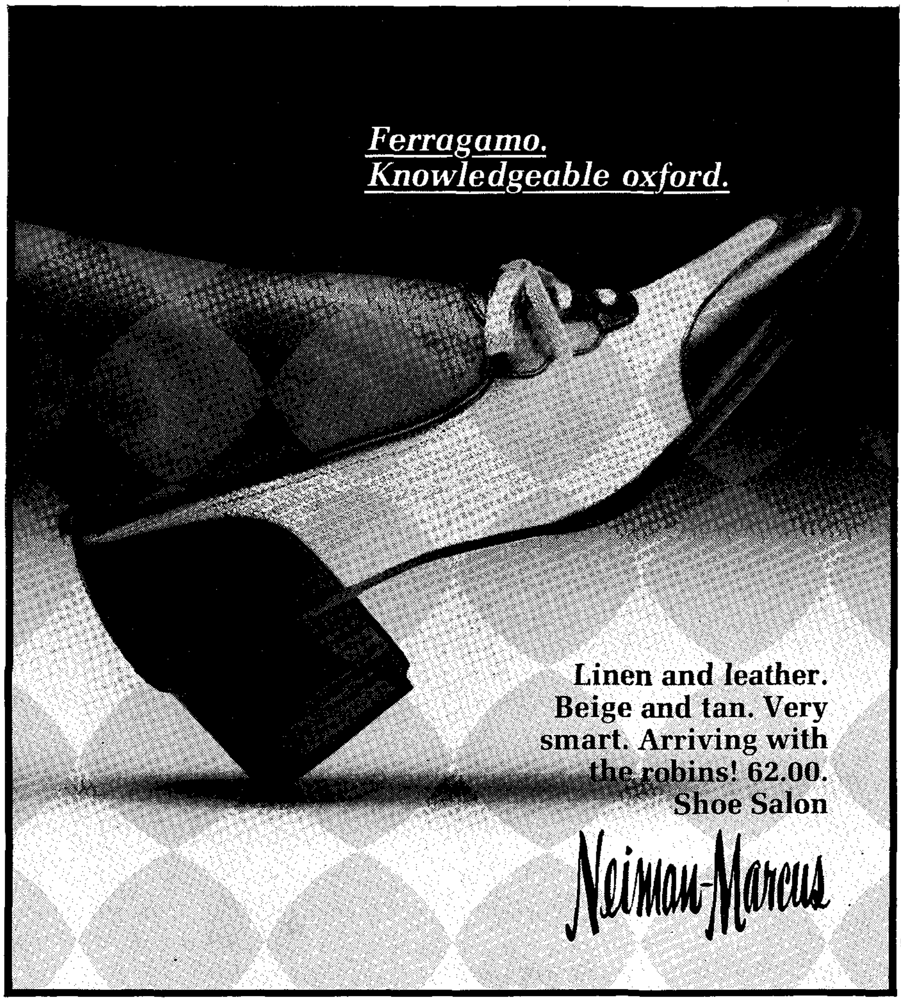
•

"This document reveals, with dramatic clarity, that smoking is even more dangerous—indeed, far more dangerous—than was supposed in 1964," said HEW Secretary Joseph A. Califano Jr.

"It is hoped that in another 15 years we will not have to say, 'We still don't know what works!' in helping people stop smiling," said Richmond.

—*New Orleans States-Item.*

Try reading newspapers.


Ferragamo.
Knowledgeable oxford.
Linen and leather. Beige and tan. Very smart. Arriving with the robins! 62.00. Shoe Salon
Neiman-Marcus

Introducing Christie's East (where the auction is)

Christie's East, New York's newest auction gallery, specializes in sales of jewelry, porcelain, furniture, silver, photographs, collectibles, art nouveau and deco, toys, dolls, costumes, and paintings.

In addition to these and other specialized sales, we have a general sale every week. Standard terms of sale are a vendor's commission of 10%, in addition to the 10% premium charged to the buyer as part of the purchase price. Settlement will be made within seven days of sale.

Christie's East welcomes inquiries from buyers and sellers. Our first sales begin in the early spring; sellers of single items or entire estates are invited to benefit from our free advice.

For more information, please call (212) 570-4141.

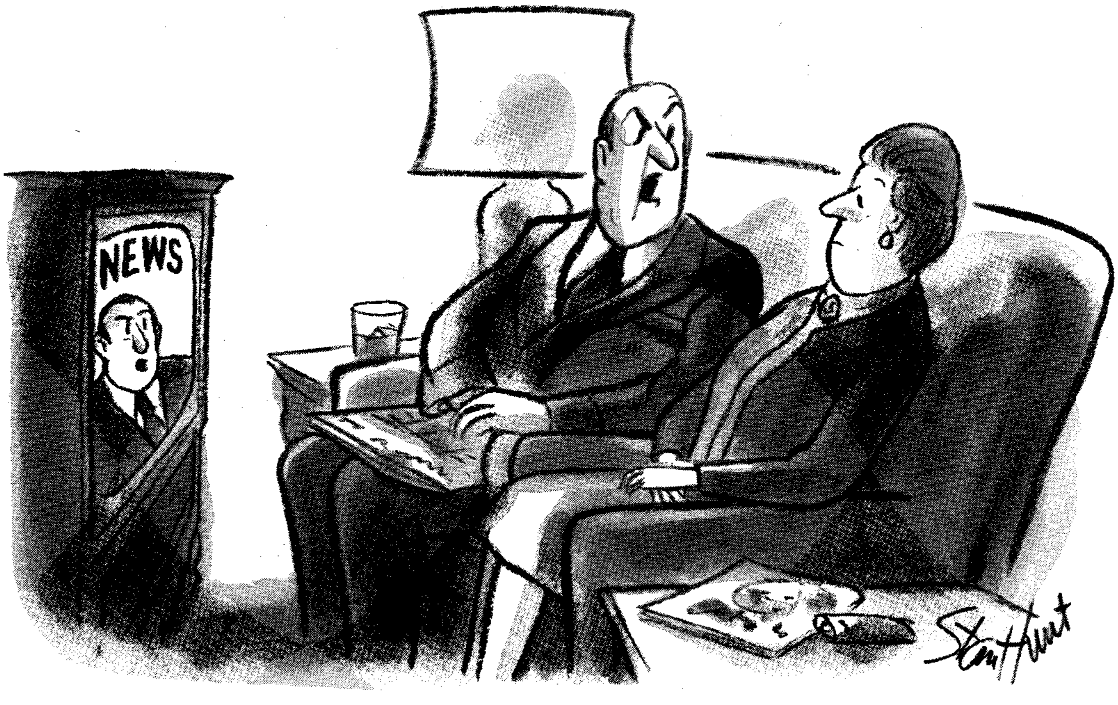
Christie's east
219 East 67th St., New York, NY 10021

MUSICAL EVENTS

Classics

THE New Music Consort devised three good programs for its series in Carnegie Recital Hall: French, Austrian and German, and Italian evenings, each built around one or two of the twentieth-century "classics" that established themselves about a quarter of a century ago—Boulez's "Le Marteau sans Maître," Messiaen's "Oiseaux Exotiques," Stockhausen's "Zyklus," Berio's "Circles," Nono's "Polifonica-Monodia-Ritmica." Just listing the titles makes me feel old; I remember discovering and writing about those pieces with excitement when they were new. An early version of "Le Marteau," with just six of the nine movements it now has, appeared at the 1954 Donaueschingen Festival. Hans Rosbaud introduced the full piece at the 1955 ISCM festival, in Baden-Baden. A few weeks later, he conducted a deuxième, at the Aix-en-Provence festival, and that was the only time I've seen an audience come to blows after a new work. A few hours later, the Aix casino band pattered out a parody of "Le Marteau." The surface sounds of the piece are readily imitable; within a few years the concert halls of the world were filled with *petits marteaux* emulating the high, delicate timbres created by the Maître. The "Marteau" ensemble—alto flute, xylorimba, vibraphone, guitar, viola, percussion, alto singer—is one without a bass voice, except for a few strokes from deep and even deeper gongs in the finale. In a preface to the score, Boulez says that Far Eastern and African sounds influenced his instrumentation, though not in any way his musical vocabulary: "It's more a matter of European musical vocabulary being enriched by non-European hearing." The work wears well. It is instantly alluring to the ear, even pretty. Beyond that, it is exquisitely, satisfyingly constructed, number by number and as a coherent sequence. While most of the tinkling pieces of the fifties which it influenced now seem no more than dainty, faded finery, "Le Marteau" stays strong. The Consort's performance, given at the first concert of the series, and conducted by George Manahan, was well balanced. What the composer called the "chain"—its links the single characteristic each instrument shares with another—running through the ensemble held firm. But violence of emotion was missing. "Le Marteau" is also a fierce piece, if fierce with a controlled, inner passion. Its texts are by René Char, a poet to whom Boulez was drawn by what he discerned as "a contained violence, not the violence of many gestures." ("Le Visage Nuptial" and "Le Soleil des Eaux" also have Char texts.) Although the Consort's rhythms were precise, the players did not sound indignant or angry. In the four movements with voice, the alto part was sung by Beverly Morgan, true and exact in the lower and middle reaches, not cleanly focussed on the high notes. The other "classic" in this French bill was "Oiseaux Exotiques," also of 1955, played with spirit and accomplishment and making a brave, bright sound in the little hall. Aleck Karis was dashing and secure in the important piano part. The programs are planned to reach both forward and backward. This one included the "Inventions" (1959-61) of Gilbert Amy, a Boulez pupil, which was billed as a New York première. I'd heard the piece before but can't remember when or where. It is early and unmemorable Amy. The evening began with Debussy's Sonata for Cello and Piano, played by Madeleine Shapiro as if it were a cello solo with accompaniment, and more eloquently by Mr. Karis.

Why do cello-and-piano duos so often sit in a way that prevents the players' eyes from meeting? (String quartets don't arrange themselves on the platform facing out, back to back.) The new concert hall in Abraham Goodman House, the Hebrew Arts School, on West Sixty-seventh Street, was inaugurated last month by a cello-and-piano recital given by Nathaniel Rosen and Samuel Sanders. Mr. Sanders is an able pianist, but in Chopin's Sonata, where the piano should be at least an equal and probably the dominant partner, he let Mr. Rosen take the lead. Mr. Rosen's tone is large and golden, his manner broad and confident. The recital began with a François Francœur sonata, played in what might be called the full-blooded conservatory prize-pupil fashion rather than with any nice appreciation of French Baroque style, and the music had evidently passed through the hands of a modern editor. Since this was one of those December nights when Elliott Carter called, I did not stay for the whole recital and must delay a detailed report on the new hall till I have heard more music in it. First impressions were favorable: the sound was warm, the shape pleasing, the feeling intimate. The place has four hundred and sixty seats—about twice as many as Bruno Walter Auditorium (in the Library of Performing Arts) and half as many as Tully Hall. Lincoln Center lacks such a hall, and so Abraham Goodman



"The man's obviously either a liar or a fool, Ethel. There was no mention of this in the 'Times.'"

esplanade
WORTH AVENUE
PALM BEACH, FLORIDA

Now Leasing . . .

This unique shopping environment in one of America's premier markets—Palm Beach, Florida—has been carefully conceived to enhance Worth Avenue aesthetically and to preserve the dignity of the community . . . Saks Fifth Avenue and other prestigious shops and services will tenant the two-level complex . . . Esplanade Worth Avenue will exude a feeling of relaxed elegance with quiet little cafes . . . fountains . . . fresh flowers—a very Palm Beach kind of place to shop . . . Opening November 1979

For information contact:

Richard H. Rassler Associates
27777 Franklin Road, Suite 370
Southfield, Michigan 48034
(313) 353-2868

Mildred Custin Ltd.
502 Park Avenue
New York, N.Y. 10022
(212) 421-3974

Esplanade Worth Avenue
125 Worth Avenue
Palm Beach, Florida 33480
(305) 655-1577

House, which is two blocks north of it, just off Broadway, should have a useful part to play.

Meanwhile, Christ and St. Stephen's Church, on West Sixty-ninth Street, remains my "local" for chamber music. On Sunday last week, I dropped in there not as a critic (the accident of an event's proximity to where a critic lives shouldn't determine what he reviews) but simply for the pleasure of listening to some chamber music in friendly, informal surroundings. The ensemble called For the Love of Music has a Sunday-night series in the church. I review the concert after all because I heard a young artist of rare quality—Frederick Zlotkin, a cellist with passion that never became splurgy, a big, strong, gleaming tone that never became fat, and a personality that held one intent along every line as he unfolded it yet remained that of a true chamber-music player, taking as well as giving color. Schumann's three Fantasiestücke, Opus 73, are a cellist's warhorse; Mr. Zlotkin and Pamela Mia Paul, the pianist, played them with enthusiasm, fancy, and, in the third, sizzling brilliance—as if the music had just leaped from Schumann's fiery pen. Richard Sortomme, a poised, thoughtful violinist, and Mr. Zlotkin played Kodály's Duo with full appreciation of its attractive quiddities and musing exchanges. Then the three players joined in a happy performance of Mendelssohn's C-Minor Trio.

WAGNER, in his memoir of Ludwig Schnorr von Carolsfeld, the first Tristan, recalled that when Schnorr sang the third-act monologue the rich, immensely complicated orchestral writing, a symphonic web such as no composer had woven before, "completely disappeared—or, more accurately, appeared to be subsumed in his delivery." It was not so at the "Tristan" that Eve Queler conducted in Carnegie Hall on New Year's Eve. The Tristan was Herbert Becker, a stalwart but unromantic and unimaginative sounder of the notes—not Miss Queler's first choice for the role, a replacement when Jess Thomas fell ill. Isolde was Berit Lindholm, replacing Roberta Knie, and she was good to hear. The voice is bright, not ample; it lacks the timbres of tenderness but not those of command, anger, and passion. Purely and sharply focussed, it has plenty of power. Notes are hit dead center, without strain and without gustiness. Moreover, Miss Lindholm is a keen, intelligent, and often affecting interpreter; since Nilsson, she has been the most consistently reliable of Brünnhildes and Isoldes. In the theatre—and even on the concert platform—her slim, erect presence is an added advantage. Miss Queler and we were lucky that she was free.

Richard Clark was a strong, clean Kurwenal. Marianna Busching was Brangäne. Louis Lebherz was Marke. Curtis Rayam was the Young Sailor, Melot, and the Shepherd. Most important, the orchestra was that of the National Opera Orchestra Workshop, established at the University of Maryland last summer, with Miss Queler as its music director, to introduce young instrumentalists to the techniques and the musical rewards of playing for opera. "Don Giovanni," "Rigoletto," "Tosca," "La Bohème," and "Cavalleria Rusticana" were rehearsed at the summer session, and its climax was a concert performance of "Tristan," with Miss Knie and Mr. Thomas in the leading roles. It was a success. From some twenty states, the young players reassembled to do it again, in Carnegie Hall. This performance, too, was a success. I stayed for three or four calls and then walked a good block from the hall, Wagner-drunk, not noticing the rain, before remembering that I'd left an umbrella behind. When I got back there to retrieve it, the place was still ringing with cheers. The playing had the warmth, vitality, and commitment that are hallmarks of a good young orchestra. It was also accomplished. Solo lines were expressive, the balance was good, and Miss Queler's handling of the huge drama was sure.

—ANDREW PORTER

CONCERT RECORDS

Against Type

I HAVE always regarded Placido Domingo as a lyric or dramatic tenor, not as the sort of *tenore di forza* who is usually assigned the title role in Verdi's "Otello." However, he appears in that role on a new recording of the opera just released by RCA, and the result is breathtaking (CRL3-2951; six sides). Particularly notable is his final scene, after the murder of Desdemona, which he does emotionally but without becoming maudlin—quite an accomplishment. The remainder of the cast on this recording is just about the finest that could be assembled today—it includes Renata Scotto, Sherrill Milnes, Frank Little, Paul Crook, and Paul Plishka—and the over-all performance is splendid.

BEETHOVEN'S sole opera, "Fidelio," has been given a noble performance by the Vienna Philharmonic and the Vienna State Opera Chorus, un-

EASTERN HAS A WARM SPOT JUST FOR YOU.

Come to a place where snow shovels don't exist. Where slush is just a word. And ice is something that refreshes a drink.

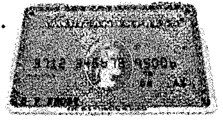
Come to Eastern's Florida. We can take you to more of it, with more sunny, budget-minded vacations, and more flights with discount fares than anyone.

1. SOUTH FLORIDA FUN CHOICE. $117-$326* PLUS AIRFARE. Sample the fun for 8 days/7 nights at selected hotels throughout South Florida. Relax in places like Miami, Ft. Lauderdale, Key Biscayne, West Palm Beach, or the Florida Keys. Includes airport transfers (except to Florida Keys). Prices will vary by destination. (Ask for IT8EA1SFUNW.)

2. SUNSHINE SPORTS. $298-$382* PLUS AIRFARE. Keep your form in form with tennis or golf for 8 days/7 nights at selected hotels in South Florida. Choose from places like Ft. Lauderdale, West Palm Beach, and Miami. And explore it all with a subcompact car† that's included for seven 24-hour periods. (IT8EA1SFUNW)

FLORIDA $93-382*
PLUS AIRFARE

3. WALT DISNEY WORLD VACATION KINGDOM. $93-$246* PLUS AIRFARE. Here's our bargain way to the Magic Kingdom. Stay 8 days/7 nights at a selected Orlando hotel. You'll get Eastern's exclusive Walt Disney World Ticket Book, good for one day's admission and 9 attractions. Round-trip airport transfers included. (IT8EA10FUNW)



THE AMERICAN EXPRESS® CARD. Don't leave home without it.℠ It lets you charge any of these vacations and get extended payments with the "Sign & Travel"® plan. Pick up an application wherever the card is welcomed.

For more information call your travel agent. Or Eastern Airlines.

*Prices are per person, double occupancy, and do not include airfare, meals or local taxes. Prices are subject to change, vary depending on destination selected and expire 4/15/79. †Gas, insurance and applicable drop-off charges are not included in car rental.

EASTERN
WE HAVE TO EARN OUR WINGS EVERY DAY

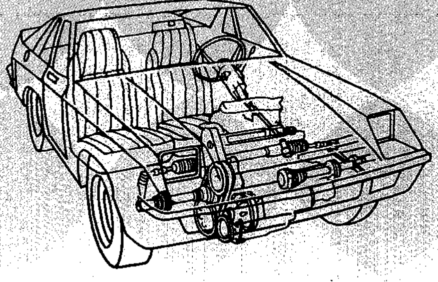
INTRODUCING HORIZON TC3: THE FIRST AMERICAN

FRONT-WHEEL DRIVE TAKES TC3 BEYOND ALL OTHER AMERICAN SPORT COUPES.

It's here.

The responsive handling and control of front-wheel drive has come to the American sport coupe.

The new Horizon TC3.



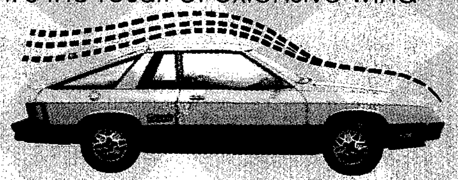
It's like no American sport coupe before it. In the way it looks. In the way it handles. It took Plymouth imagination to bring it to you. And it's guaranteed to take you beyond.

ONE OF THE MOST AERODYNAMIC CARS MADE IN AMERICA.

The unique shape of the TC3 is not the result of mere styling. It's the result of extensive wind-tunnel refinement that has given the TC3 one of the most aerodynamic designs of any American car.

That's why the TC3 is so sleek. So beautiful. But the real beauty of refined aerodynamics is more miles per gallon.

THE BEST MILEAGE OF ANY AMERICAN SPORT COUPE.*



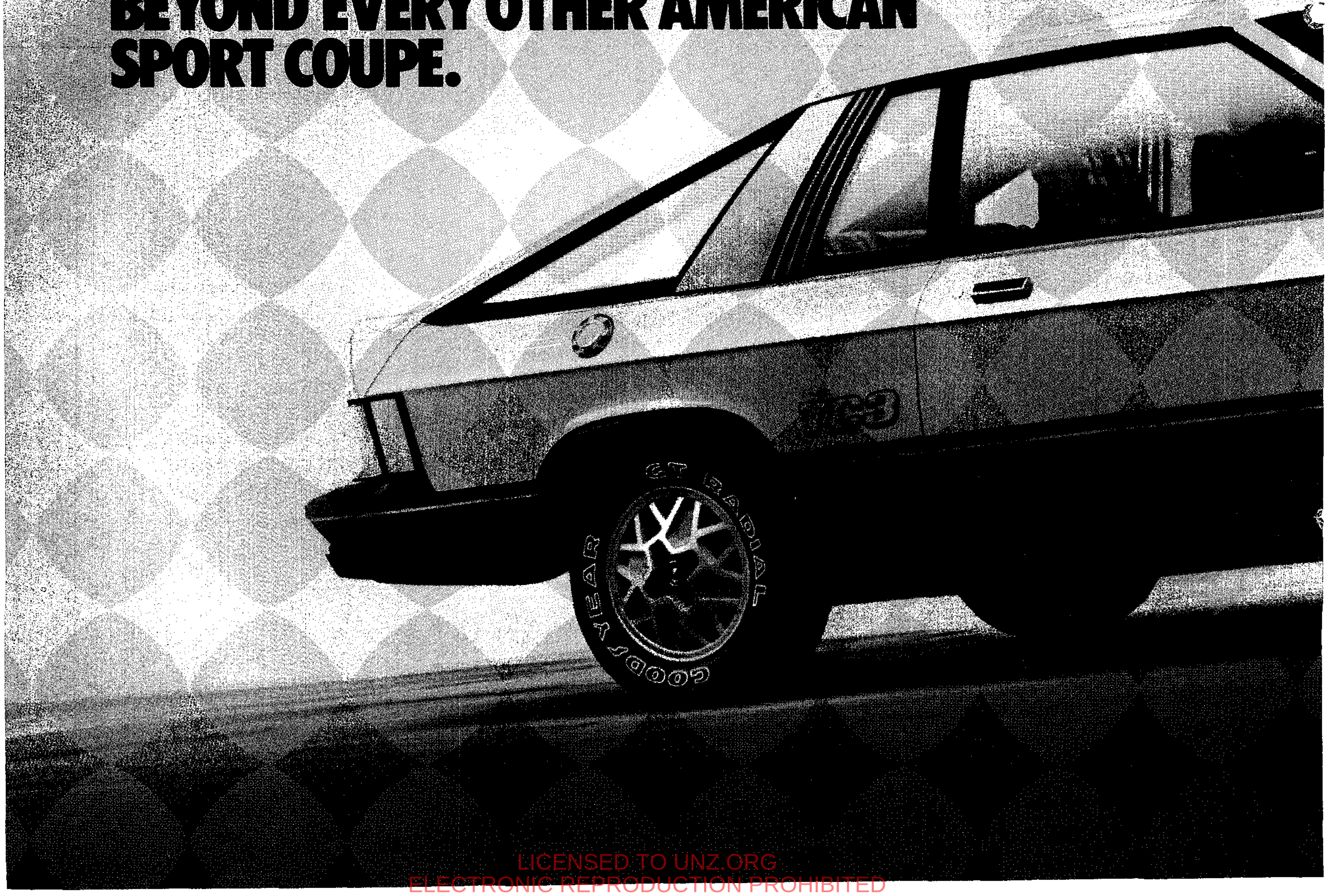
*Based on a comparison of EPA est. mpg and highway est. with comparable transmissions.

25 EPA EST. MPG

38 HWY EST.

Use the est. mpg number for comparison purposes. Your mileage may differ depending upon speed, weather and trip length. Actual highway mileage will probably be lower than the hwy. est. Calif. mileage lower.

BEYOND THE ORDINARY. BEYOND MERE STYLING. BEYOND EVERY OTHER AMERICAN SPORT COUPE.



SPORT COUPE WITH FRONT-WHEEL DRIVE.

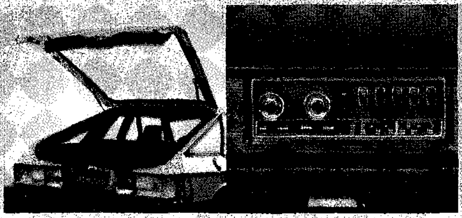
BEYOND ORDINARY FEATURES.
A sophisticated Iso-strut front suspension and independent rear suspension help make the TC3 a superb cornering and handling car.

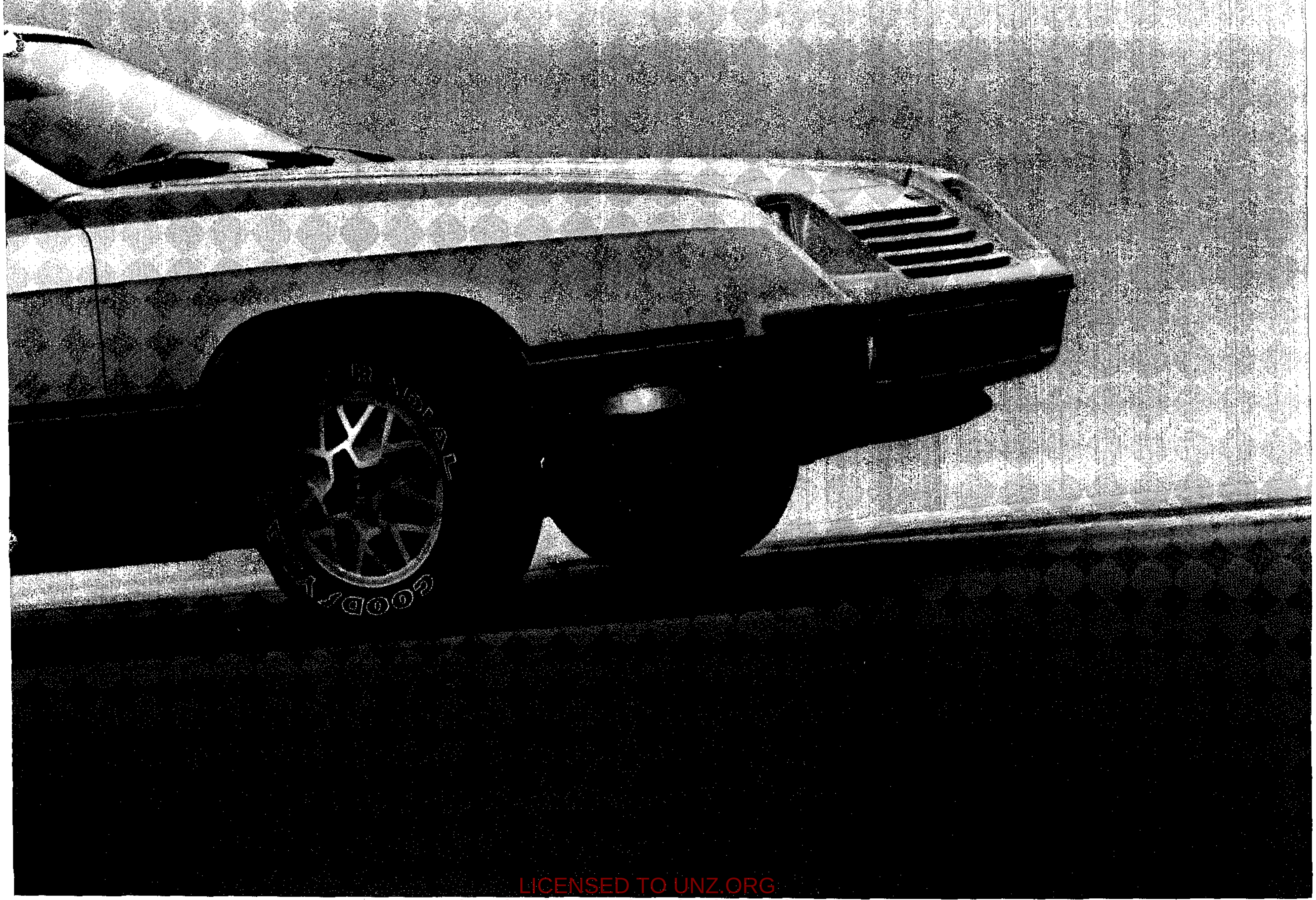
The strong and efficient overhead cam engine in every TC3 has already proven itself in millions of driver miles.
And every TC3 has rack-and-pinion steering, front disc brakes, and radial tires. As well as a convenient electric release hatchback with electric defroster, fold-down rear seat, am/fm radio and responsive 4-speed transmission (3-speed automatic is optional).
These things and more take the TC3 to a new level of sport coupe excitement and driving pleasure.
The new front-wheel drive Horizon TC3. The Horizon that takes you ... beyond.

THAT'S IMAGINATION.
THAT'S PLYMOUTH.

Plymouth

A PRODUCT OF
CHRYSLER
CORPORATION

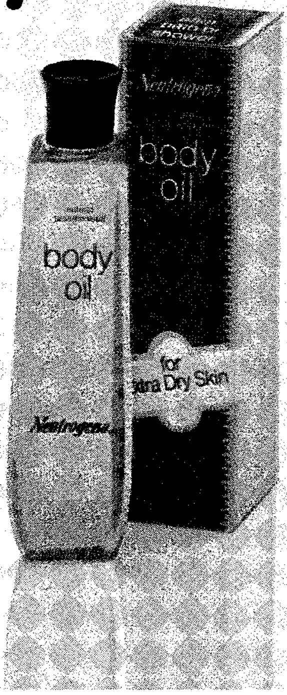




The most effective moisturizer in the world.

Water.

If you know how to use it.



Your dry skin is thirsty. Literally. Thirsty for water. So all you need to do is soak in a tub for an hour, right? Wrong. Because although your skin soaks up needed moisture in the tub or shower, it's lost too easily from evaporation once you get out.

But we can make water work for you. Neutrogena® Body Oil was specifically formulated to maximize the moisturizing effects of your bath or shower. It's a pure, light sesame-oil-formula which is applied *after* you bathe, while your skin is still wet, to hold in the moisture.

Does it feel greasy? No, because sesame oil is so light that it seems to disappear on your skin, although it really forms an invisible moisture-holding film. But it won't stain your clothes, either.

Put the world's most effective moisturizer to work for your dry skin. Keep it there with our help.

Neutrogena® Body Oil
Use it every day.

©Neutrogena Corp., 1978.

der Leonard Bernstein, with Gundula Janowitz, Lucia Popp, Dietrich Fischer-Dieskau, René Kollo, Hans Sotin, Manfred Jungwirth, and Adolf Dallapozza (Deutsche Grammophon 2709 082; six sides). Though Beethoven was awkward here and there as an opera composer, "Fidelio" contains some of the most sublime music he ever wrote. The cast is absolutely superb, and Mr. Bernstein conducts with sensitivity and understanding.

Handel's "Acis and Galatea," a masque based on a story from Ovid's "Metamorphoses," is given a fine performance by the English Baroque Soloists, with Norma Burrowes, Anthony Rolfe Johnson, Martyn Hill, and Willard White. The conductor is John Eliot Gardiner, and the instruments used are those of Handel's time (Archiv Produktion 2708 038; four sides). This is spirited, lively Handel, well performed.

Puccini's "Turandot" has been given a new recording by the Strasbourg Philharmonic and the Chorus of l'Opéra du Rhin, under the baton of Alain Lombard, with Montserrat Caballé, José Carreras, Mirella Freni, Paul Plishka, and Michel Sénéchal (Angel SCLX-3857; six sides). This is a fine "Turandot," with Mme. Caballé shining brightly in the title role.

Haydn's oratorio "The Creation" is perhaps the best of his large-scale works, looking forward in its stylistic and melodic features to Beethoven. It has recently been recorded by the Philharmonia Orchestra and Chorus, under Rafael Frühbeck de Burgos, with Helen Donath, Robert Tear, and José van Dam in the solo parts (Angel SB-3859; four sides). The performance is authoritative and well thought out.

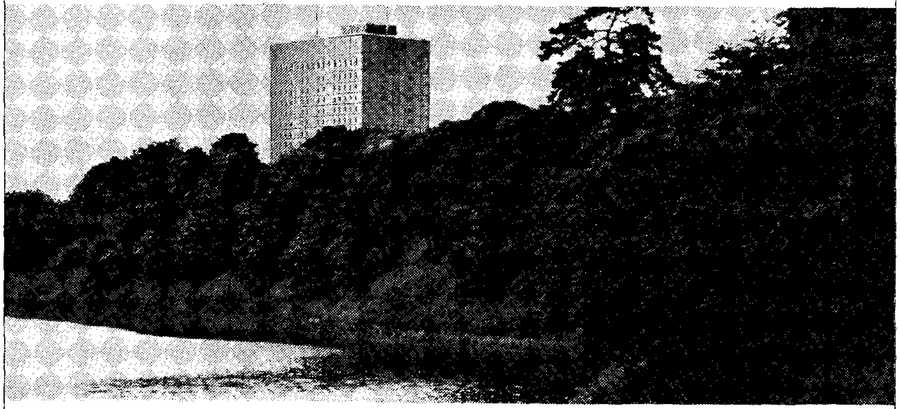
Mozart's last seven symphonies, including the great "Jupiter" and the E Flat Major and G Minor, are the subject of a recording by the English Chamber Orchestra, Jean-François Paillard conducting (RCA CRL3-2931; six sides). The orchestra is about the size of those Mozart was accustomed to, and the famous French conductor turns out to be an excellent Mozart interpreter.

Ludwig Spohr, besides being an eminent violinist and conductor, was a prolific composer, with well over a hundred works to his credit. Three of his sonatas have been recorded by Maxence Larrieu, flute, and Susanna Mildonian, harp, on a record recently issued by Peters International (PLE 066; single disc). The performances are more than adequate.

Elly Ameling scarcely needs an in-

NOW CHEETAHS ARE MAN'S BEST FRIENDS, TOO.
Simply splashing Qiana rainwear for women.
And now for men too.
JUDY SCATES FOR
RAINCHEETAHS
A DIFFERENT BREED OF COAT.
NEW YORK SHOWROOM 500 7th AVENUE N.Y.C. (212) 563 5100
AT FINE STORES EVERYWHERE
ZEPEL

Tokyo's
HOTEL GRAND PALACE
The best of both worlds.



It has everything. Downtown convenience.
The charm of Japan with all of its gracious concern.
5 fine restaurants serving international gourmet cuisine.
500 luxurious airconditioned rooms.
Ask for one. We'll be waiting.

Hotel Grand Palace

Managing Director: Genkichi Yamaguchi
Address: 1-1, Iidabashi 1-chome, Chiyoda-ku, Tokyo, Japan 102 **Tel:** Tokyo (03) 264-1111
Telex: 232-2981 **Cable:** GRANDPALACE TOKYO
Representative: Transportation Consultants International
Toll-free numbers: Tel 800-423-2922, Los Angeles Tel 213-988-0540
California [Outside (213) Area] Tel 800-272-3282
Reservations: KLM Golden Tulip Hotels

troduction to record collectors. She is, of course, a great Dutch soprano. Along with her usual accompanist, Dalton Baldwin, and Toyohiko Satoh, lute; George Szende, viola; Albert de Klerk, organ; and an unnamed string quartet and two horns, she has made a recording of Christmas songs from England, Germany, Austria, Holland, Spain, and France, most of them in the original languages (Peters International PLE 092; single). The results are delightful. Miss Ameling is also to be heard on a recording of Brahms lieder, again with Mr. Baldwin at the piano (Philips 9500 398; single). Needless to say, she sings these works movingly.

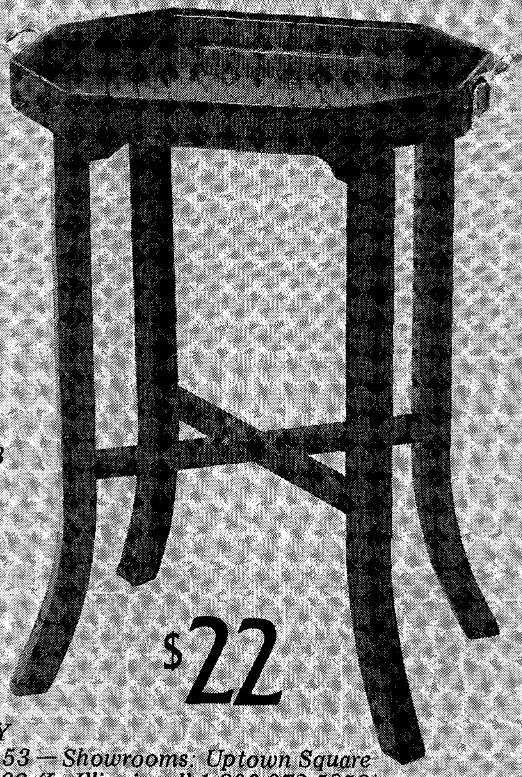
FOR the historical-minded, there is an extremely interesting recording of works by the medieval composers Pérotin, Johannes Ockeghem, Guillaume Dufay, Adam de la Halle, and Hayne van Ghizeghem, done by the Ensemble Vocal Français "Da Camera," Daniel Meier director (Peters International PLE 068; single). These items, sung smoothly a cappella, sound a bit quaint to modern ears, but they are nevertheless fascinating.

Two other recordings of historical interest are "Christmas Cantiones" from the Moosburg Gradual (1360 or thereabouts), sung by the Capella Antiqua of Munich, Konrad Ruhland conductor (ABC Records AY-67042; single), and "Movements from Masses/Motets/Chansons" by Guillaume Dufay (1400?-74), sung by the same performers (ABC Records AY-67041; single). The first of these shows the marked influence of Gregorian chant. The second consists of music by the foremost composer of the first half of the fifteenth century—music that contains the beginnings of counterpoint.

Dvořák's "New World" Symphony has had a score of recordings. A recent one by the Philadelphia Orchestra, under Eugene Ormandy, has the advantage of the famous Ormandy tone (RCA ARL1-2949; single).

Gustav Leonhardt—the cembalo, harpsichord, and clavecin virtuoso—has recorded Bach's complete Inventions and Sinfonias (ABC Records AY-67037; single) and his French Suites (ABC Records AX-67036/2; four sides). Leonhardt is a master Bach performer. He has also recorded a selection of Bach's works for organ on the Waalse Church organ, in Amsterdam (ABC Records AX-67038/2; four sides). His playing is scrupulous and without dramatics.

Betti Terrell®
by Johnston
makes any occasion special in 65% Kodel polyester/35% cotton from our exclusive designer collection. Bluebird appliqued dress and panties, about $27. Skipsuit, about $23. Infant sizes 6 to 18 months.
Johnston, Inc. Box 15125, Dallas, Texas 75201
Kodel® is the trademark for Eastman polyester fiber.
it's easier with Kodel® polyester
Garfinckel's
Godchaux's
Maas Brothers
Harrods Ltd.



An English darling
The Cigarette Table. A lovely and very useful side table with delicately and gracefully sloped legs. Solid brass handles at each end. Mahogany. 20" high, 14" X 10" top. Seductively priced at $22. Please add $3 each for shipping and handling. Your delight is guaranteed. To expedite your order, telephone us or send check or money order or charge AE, VISA, MC or DC. Please include your exp. date. Send $2 for our full color catalogue.
$22
The Bombay Company
P.O. Box 53323—Dept. NY
New Orleans, Louisiana 70153—Showrooms: Uptown Square
Call Toll-Free 1-800-621-5809 (In Illinois call 1-800-972-5858)
24 hours, 7 days a week

Mozart is reported to have disliked the flute. Nevertheless, he wrote two flute concertos, both of which—K. 313 and K. 314—along with his Rondo, K. App. 184 [373], appear on a recording made by Frans Vester, flauto traverso, and Edward Witsenburg, harp, with the Mozart-Ensemble of Amsterdam, Frans Brueggen conductor (ABC Records AX-67040/2; four sides). This is charming music in Mozart's most lyric style, and the performance is fine.

Schubert's Piano Quintet, Opus 114 ("Trout"), is played by the great Beethoven specialist Alfred Brendel and members of the Cleveland Quartet, with James Van Demark assisting on the double bass (Philips 9500 442; single). This is a beautiful performance.

Telemann's "Music for Wind Instruments," including the Sonata in F Minor for Bassoon and Continuo and the Sonata in C Minor for Flute and Continuo, is played by Samuel Baron, flute; Ronald Roseman, oboe; Arthur Weisberg, bassoon; Timothy Eddy, cello; and Edward Brewer, harpsichord (Nonesuch H-71352; single). The performances are all that could be wished.

Beethoven's Sonata No. 29 ("Hammerklavier") has been recorded by the young Soviet pianist Grigory Sokolov (ABC Records AY-67031; single). Mr. Sokolov has an outstanding technique and a sensitive style.

RCA has added two new recordings to its Horowitz Collection. One consists of Chopin's Polonaise-Fantaisie, Ballade in F Minor, Barcarolle, Andante Spianato, and Grande Polonaise (ARM1-2953; single). The other contains Prokofieff's Sonata No. 7, Samuel Barber's Sonata, and two Preludes and two Études by Scriabin (ARM1-2952; single). These are both mono recordings, made some time ago, but the uncanny fingerwork of the great pianist comes through brilliantly.

—WINTHROP SARGEANT

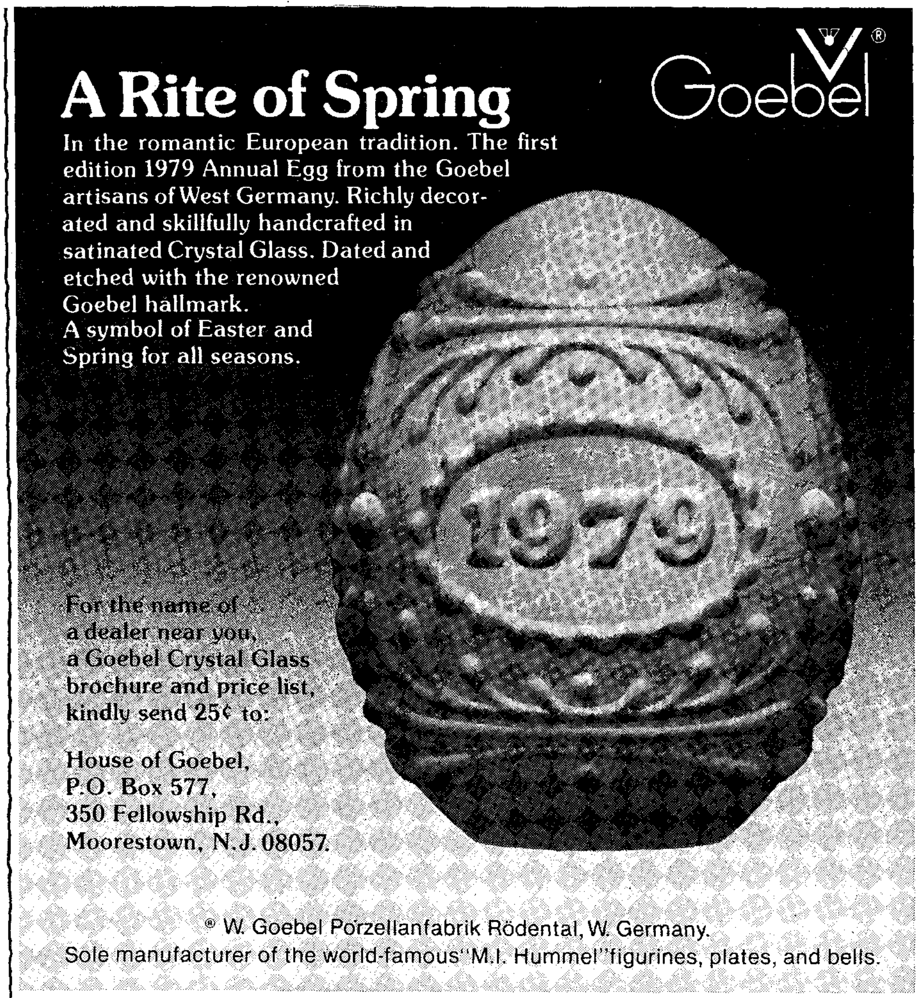
•

As expected, the county Board of Supervisors today unanimously elected David Yager of Montecito as its new chairman and Robert Hedlund of Lompoc as its new vice chairman.

The election took place at noon, as the board formally adjourned for 1978 and convened for 1979.

It followed the swearing-in of county officials who emerged notorious in last year's elections and who officially began their new terms today.—*Santa Barbara News-Press.*

Politics is a rough business.


A Rite of Spring

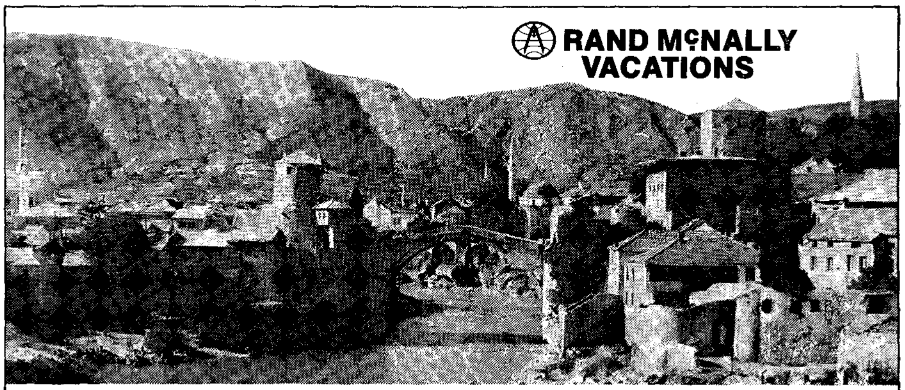
Goebel®

In the romantic European tradition. The first edition 1979 Annual Egg from the Goebel artisans of West Germany. Richly decorated and skillfully handcrafted in satinated Crystal Glass. Dated and etched with the renowned Goebel hallmark. A symbol of Easter and Spring for all seasons.

For the name of a dealer near you, a Goebel Crystal Glass brochure and price list, kindly send 25¢ to:

House of Goebel,
P.O. Box 577,
350 Fellowship Rd.,
Moorestown, N.J. 08057.

® W. Goebel Porzellanfabrik Rödental, W. Germany.
Sole manufacturer of the world-famous "M.I. Hummel" figurines, plates, and bells.


RAND McNALLY VACATIONS

YUGOSLAVIA

Available To The Public For The First Time
Now you can visit Yugoslavia with Rand McNally. See the spectacular medieval city of Dubrovnik, enchanting Sveti Stefan, Europe's most beautiful coastlines, the Roman antiquity of Pula Split...and travel in modern comfort. See Yugoslavia as only Rand McNally can show it.

3 Vacations To Choose From
Grand Tour of Yugoslavia 16 days • Yugoslavia and Italy 22 days • Greece and Dubrovnik 17 days

Money-Saving Air Fares
Regularly scheduled flights on Yugoslav Airline, Alitalia and Olympic.

Rand McNally's name is your assurance of reliability, quality and exacting attention to every detail. When it comes to travel...no one can show you the world better.

FOR A FREE BROCHURE SEE YOUR TRAVEL AGENT OR WRITE:
RAND McNALLY VACATIONS
Dept NY • P.O. Box 6539 • Chicago, Illinois 60680
Please send me ☐ Middle East Vacations brochure
☐ Europe Vacations brochure
Name
Address
City
State
Zip
NY

A REPORTER AT LARGE

THE NEGOTIATION

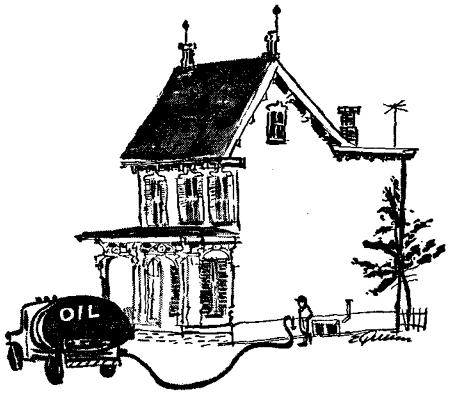
II—INTRIGUE AT THE SUMMIT

AT a dreary moment in the recent pressmen's-union strike against the city's three daily newspapers, when little progress had been made toward a settlement, and the negotiation had been suspended, there appeared out of the shadows the most familiar figure in New York labor relations—Theodore W. Kheel. Ever since the days of Mayor William O'Dwyer, immediately after the Second World War, Kheel has been involved in all the metropolitan industrial disputes of any importance, including, most conspicuously, those affecting the city's subway system, schools, and newspapers.

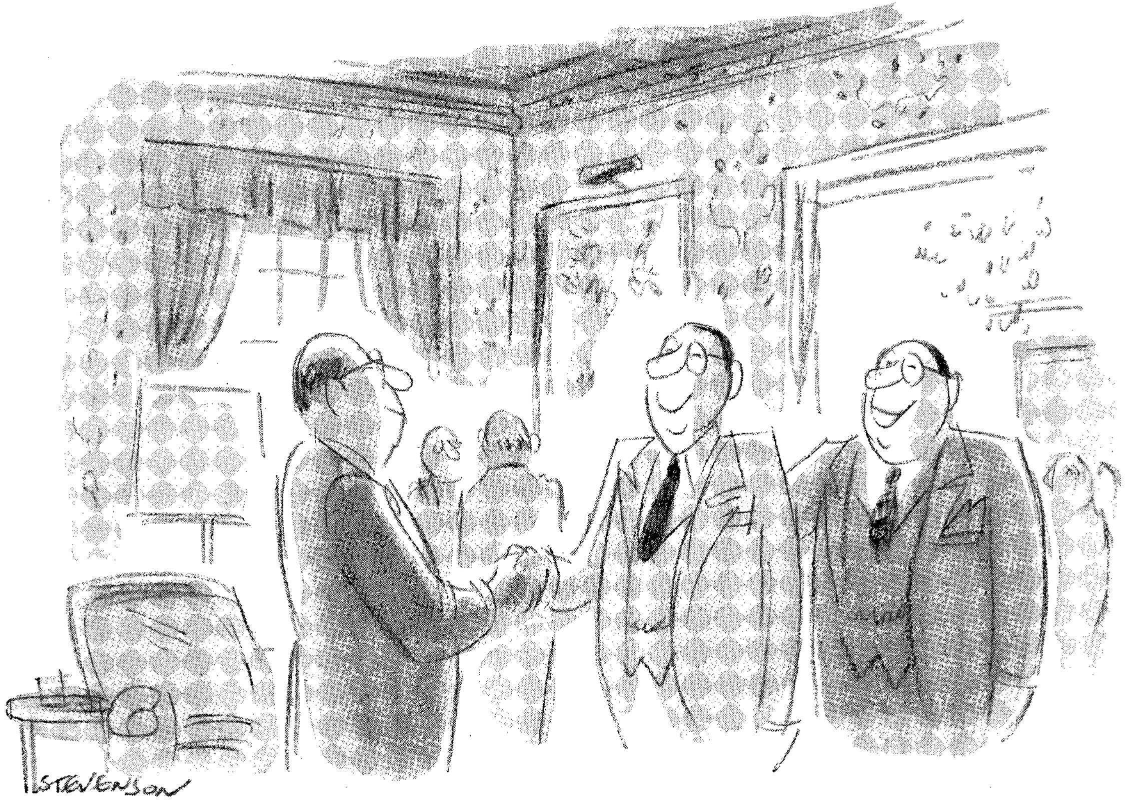
This time, none of the principals on either side wanted Kheel. William J. Kennedy, the president of the pressmen's union, who knew him only slightly, feared that Kheel would be the middleman in a cabal of the publishers and the other newspaper unions—which were eager for the strike to end, so their members could return to work—to dictate a settlement to the pressmen. The publishers were wary of Kheel because the peace he had brought them in other strikes had invariably been at a high price. Joseph F. Barletta, the general manager of the *News*, had vetoed him as a mediator in the Newspaper Guild strike at the *News* last June. "No way" was Barletta's response when Kheel's name was suggested by George E. McDonald, who is the president of the Allied Printing Trades Council, the coördinating group to which nine of the ten newspaper unions belong. Rupert Murdoch, publisher of the *Post*, though he had been pleased by Kheel's handling of a 1977 problem with the Newspaper Guild over Queens circulation employees, asked Walter E. Mattson, the executive vice-president and general manager of the *Times*, whether it was not true that Kheel "gave the store away" to the unions in every big dispute. Mattson's reply, as he tells it now, was that Kheel never gave anything away—that it was the publishers who gave their own money away. This testimonial did not prove sufficiently reassuring to make the troika of newspaper managements eager to reach out for Kheel. Even at the *Times*, which for years had been the chief dove on the employer side in any negotiation, there had always been worry when Kheel was taking part that the union involved would come off with more than it should.

But Kheel knows how to find a way in, whether or not the disputants feel they need his help. He loves the limelight that comes with taking part in a major conflict, and even more he loves the excitement he derives from the interplay of the personalities, ideas, politics, and power involved. "These crisis situations are where Teddy gets his kicks," a friend of Kheel's remarked a dozen years ago. "Some men look at Gina Lollobrigida and are set aflame. Kheel gets the same reaction from exposure to a really tough strike situation." Kheel is sixty-four now, but that passion has not left him; nor has the ability to sustain the endless round of Late, Late Shows which is a hallmark of the Kheel mediating style. He can go for weeks at a time with just two or three hours' sleep each night, and on occasion can get by with none at all. A whirlpool bath is the only revivifier he requires. Sleek, witty, and resourceful, Kheel has dedicated himself to lifting New York labor relations out of the soggy routine of cold hamburgers wolfed down at all hours, with colder coffee. Once a part owner and ardent patron of Le Pavillon, he now makes do with The Four Seasons, "21," the Regency, and a dining club called the Board Room. His boldly striped shirts are custom-tailored at Sulka, his suits at Saks Fifth Avenue.

It had seemed to me from the earliest days of this strike that Kheel would sooner or later shoehorn his way into it, and he now unblushingly confesses that this is exactly what he did. The risk of rebuff was higher than usual, because Kheel could not count on the strong support of City Hall, as he had in the days of Robert F. Wagner and Abraham D. Beame. Kheel's relations with Mayor Edward Koch had been cool ever since the negotiation for a new subway-and-bus contract last year, in the course of which Kheel depicted the Mayor as a blundering amateur. Kheel's first instrument for insinuating himself was a relationship he had developed with WCBS-TV during the transit negotiation. He had served as a frequent commentator for the station on the issues involved in the dispute, and he arranged to do the same when the newspapers were blacked out on August 9th and WCBS-TV expanded its news coverage. He second-guessed the negotiators every few days, to the vast irritation of the publishers, who often felt that he did not know what he was talking about. On Saturday, September 2nd, the weekend of the Labor Day holiday, Kheel carried his infiltration campaign a step further. A signed article in the New York *Daily Press*, one of the interim papers, expressed his amazement that there had been no modification of differences between the papers and the pressmen during the preceding week. He said that this lack of progress was bound to stimulate thought among the other newspaper unions about whether it might not be advisable to go through the picket lines, as they had in a printers' strike at the *News* in 1974. In the helter-skelter way of the interim papers, the makeup editor chopped off the final two hundred words of the Kheel exercise and thus deprived readers of its point, which was that the other newspaper unions were entitled to a clear definition of what each side thought the issues were and what each side was doing to resolve them. However, enough of the article remained to remind everyone that the unions in McDonald's Allied Printing Trades Council held the balance of power.



That afternoon, McDonald—who is president of the mailers' union as well as of the Allied Council—called Kheel at his summer home, in East Hampton, and said he had an idea for bringing Kheel into the negotiation. His plan was to call a strike by his mailers against the already struck papers, as a means of giving himself sufficient direct involvement to call for Kheel's designation as mediator. That notion was unappealing to Kheel, because he did not want to come in by



"This is my brother Billy—but he's terrific."

• •

specific leave of the publishers and he felt he could not function as a mediator without that leave. He volunteered a proposal that would bring him in through another door—as an adviser, rather than a mediator. "You've got leverage," he told McDonald. "The publishers are trying to get your unions to go through the lines, the way you did at the *News* in 1974. But in that situation there had been eleven years of prior negotiation between the publishers and the printers and you knew the issues. You can't go through now unless you know the facts as to whether the pressmen are in the wrong. I wouldn't mind being your adviser to establish the facts and report to the Allied, so you could make a decision. I'll be able to tell you who is acting in good faith and in bad faith." In the days when "Solidarity forever" and "An injury to one is an injury to all" were foundation stones of organized labor, the notion that a group of unions might sit in judgment on whether one of its number was being fair to the employers in a bona-fide strike would have been considered heretical. But the record of backstabbing among the newspaper unions was so familiar that McDonald found nothing strange about Kheel's suggestion, and he was delighted to have him as the Allied's adviser.

On Thursday, September 7th, the Allied formally requested Kheel to become its adviser and to sit in on the negotiation as an observer in its behalf. Kheel said that he was flattered but wanted to reflect. The same day, he got a call from Rupert Murdoch, of the *Post*, asking him to come to his apartment that evening to meet with the principal negotiators for the publishers: Murdoch himself, who was serving as president of the Publishers Association of New York City; Barletta, of the *News;* and Mattson, of the *Times*. Kheel watched Jimmy Connors beat Brian Gottfried in the United States Open tennis championships at Flushing Meadow Park, then drove in a client's limousine to Murdoch's apartment.

When Kheel was asked what he planned to do in this negotiation, his answer was that he did not know yet. "I may not help you, but I assure you I won't hurt you," he remembers saying. "You're appealing to the Allied. They want to know the facts. You believe in the public's right to know. That's all the Allied is interested in." Kheel also said he had read over the publishers' demands and noted that in one paragraph the publishers, who were seeking substantial cuts in the manning of their pressrooms, still called for the abolition of all prior manning agreements and practices, including arbitration awards. He reminded the trio that these past practices had been built up like a house, brick by brick, over the years, and told them that it was not realistic to think they could tear down the entire foundation of the structure without ever explaining why.

Mattson and Murdoch said little, but Barletta responded to Kheel's point by telling him that the publishers had made major revisions in their original position and were now close to their idea of what the final contract should provide, whereas the union had not moved since before the strike, when it had offered to drop a single journeyman from each press. With that background, he said, it would be unfair to isolate the issues still in dispute and give half to one side and half to the other. Kheel agreed, but he reiterated that he would be serving solely as an establisher of facts, not as a mediator helping to guide the parties to an agreement, or as an arbitrator making a final and binding decision. The conference went on past midnight, with Kheel doing practically all the talking. Among the things he said was that he was "no moralist" when it came to the conduct of either side in a strike. "If you can get anyone to go through the lines, that's your business," he said. His closing words were "I'm not going to walk uphill. If you have any objections, let me know." He was leaving the next morning for the Dominican Republic, where he had business involving a huge resort development he had started there. He left a phone number at which he could be reached on his return, on Sunday night, September 10th. No call came, so Kheel assumed he was past one hurdle.

Kheel met William Kennedy, the president of the pressmen's union, the morning of the eleventh, at the Marco Polo Club, in the Waldorf-Astoria. Kennedy had private fears that Kheel would be in the talks for the exclusive purpose of twisting his arm to settle faster, but he said nothing about that. Instead, he said that his revered instructor at the Xavier Institute of Industrial Relations, Father Philip Carey, had always spoken of Kheel as a person worthy of trust, and that he had no objection to Kheel's sitting in on the

"Lately I've had the awful feeling that my marriage is tied to the dollar."

• •

negotiations as an adviser to the Allied.

In the meantime, McDonald had been in touch with Kenneth Moffett, deputy director of the Federal Mediation and Conciliation Service, in Washington, to tell him about Kheel's assignment and to assure him that there was no intent to usurp Moffett's own role as head of the peacemaking team. Moffett, who had returned to Washington when the talks broke down before Labor Day, said that Kheel might prove helpful. With everybody now seemingly aboard, Kheel and McDonald held a morning news conference at Automation House, the industrial-relations research center that Kheel presides over in a converted mansion on East Sixty-eighth Street, to announce that Kheel would be taking the job. Kheel told the reporters, "I'm not going to tell anybody what to do. I'm going to make it clear what is in their best interests." To some of his listeners, that seemed a distinction without a difference.

Moffett used the appointment as the springboard for an announcement that he would return to New York the following morning to end the two-week hiatus in the negotiation. He called on the parties to be "flexible and imaginative," and warned that a war of attrition could be very hard on both sides. Of Kheel's involvement, the federal mediator said that he welcomed it as "very positive," and added, "The unions were smart to hire him."

BEFORE the talks could resume, a controversy on the employer side provided some insight into how fast the relationship among the three publishers was deteriorating. Later, Murdoch cited this controversy as a main support for charges that the *Times* had all along been plotting to make a deal with the pressmen on terms that it knew would be repugnant to him. The issue on this occasion was a private meeting between Mattson and Kheel at the Board Room in the late afternoon of September 11th, the day the Automation House announcement was made. Through tactics straight out of a cloak-and-dagger spy story, Murdoch learned of the meeting while it was under way. Because he had been having difficulty that afternoon getting through to Mattson, whom he had distrusted from the start, he suspected that Mattson might be engaged in some secret trafficking with Kheel, who is a great one for private meetings at any hour of the day or night with anyone he thinks can be of aid in settling a dispute. Murdoch set Martin M. Fischbein, his special assistant, who had been Kheel's assistant until a few months before and still had excellent contacts among the secretaries and telephone operators in Kheel's law office, on Park Avenue, to work to find out whether a meeting was on, and, if so, who had initiated it. Fischbein tracked down a switchboard operator from Kheel's firm at her home and discovered that a meeting was in progress at that very moment. When he asked the operator whether Mattson had made the call setting it up, she said no, it was Kheel's initiative.

When Fischbein reported his findings, Murdoch was enraged. Part of the understanding when he had become president of the Publishers Association, and thus spokesman for the publishers, three weeks earlier was that none of the three principals would discuss the terms of a settlement with anyone outside the group except by mutual agreement and that Murdoch would be the central figure in all such moves. To his mind, the fact that Mattson and Kheel were in secret conclave proved beyond question that the *Post* and the *News* were about to be sold out by the *Times*. He put in an immediate call to Barletta to inform him that a sneak meeting was under way and that he feared the worst about it. Murdoch was highly agitated, and Barletta sought to calm him, expressing confidence that Mattson would call them both as soon as the meeting was over and explain the whole episode to everyone's satisfaction.

Mattson did call them, from a pay phone in Grand Central Terminal, before boarding a train for his home, in Stamford. He had no trouble reaching Barletta, but when he tried to get Murdoch at his apartment a servant said that Murdoch was at dinner and could not be disturbed. Mattson left word for Murdoch to call him at home. By the time Mattson got to Stamford, an hour later, Murdoch had already called. When the two men finally talked, Mattson explained that he and Kheel had worked closely together four years before, during the printers' strike, on the mechanics of composing-room operation. Kheel, plunging into the unfamiliar realm of the pressroom, had felt that it would be useful to draw once again on Mattson's expertise; he was the one man among the three negotiators who was versed in production. That, according to Mattson, was why Kheel had called to arrange the meeting. Once they were together, Mattson had added to his primer course in pressroom technology a lecture on a theme he believes in to the point of obsession: the need for the *Times* to cut every element of waste out of its operations if it is to meet suburban competition and remain financially strong enough to support the global coverage on which it has built its preëminence. Mattson assured Murdoch that the time he had spent with Kheel—nearly three hours—was devoted entirely to this two-pronged exploration of pressrooms and cutting waste. When Barletta and Murdoch talked again afterward, the *Post* publisher was anything but mollified. "It's all phony," he said. "He's covering his tracks, because he knows Fischbein tracked him down."

My own efforts to reconstruct the circumstances of the meeting between Mattson and Kheel have indicated that a couple of key items were skipped over in what remains the firm insistence of the *Times* and the *News* that the conference was merely Kheel's idea of a good way to educate himself about the mysteries of life in the newspaper subbasements. Kheel now acknowledges that his call to Mattson was not spontaneous. It was made after his new law partner, Donald Moss, came to him with a message from Barletta. The message was to ask Kheel to call Mattson. "I wondered why Walt couldn't call me," Kheel told me. "After all, I had known him for four solid years and we had a good relationship." But one of the things that have kept Kheel from perishing in the swamps of New York power struggles is knowing when not to ask questions that might encumber him with embarrassing knowledge. He simply called Mattson, without bothering to inquire about the circuitous instigation of the move. Not long after their meeting began, Mattson left the room to take a call from Barletta, who conveyed the information that Murdoch had learned of the meeting through Fischbein's espionage and was extremely upset. When Mattson returned to his chair, he asked Kheel whether he had spoken to Murdoch about who called whom, and was told he had not. Mattson said he intended to tell Murdoch that Kheel had called him and set up the conference to get the facts about pressroom operation. "That's logical," Kheel observed discreetly. "You're the one I would call."

The next evening—Tuesday, September 12th—Murdoch called Kheel to get his version of the meeting's origins. Murdoch's first question was "What's this about Mattson calling you?" Kheel explained that it was he who had done the calling. His sole purpose, he said, had been to get from the *Times* general manager the same kind of helpful information about the press-

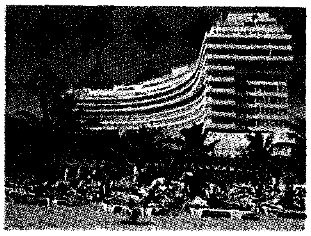
The Best Vacation You Ever Had Is Back Again!

It's at the incomparable Fontainebleau. And this time it'll be even better, because now Hilton is here, along with millions of dollars in new facilities. And, if you haven't been here before, this is the best time ever.

Call your travel agent or your local Hilton Reservation Service office today. Then, hurry and let Hilton spoil you at the world's greatest resort hotel.

FONTAINEBLEAU HILTON

4441 Collins Avenue, Miami Beach, Florida 33140
(305) 538-8811



Baker Furniture Upholstered Collection

Louis XVI Bergere, with appropriate carved medallions and fluted legs. Available in a wealth of exclusive Baker fabrics through your interior designer, architect or furniture retailer in the showrooms listed below.

Baker Knapp & Tubbs

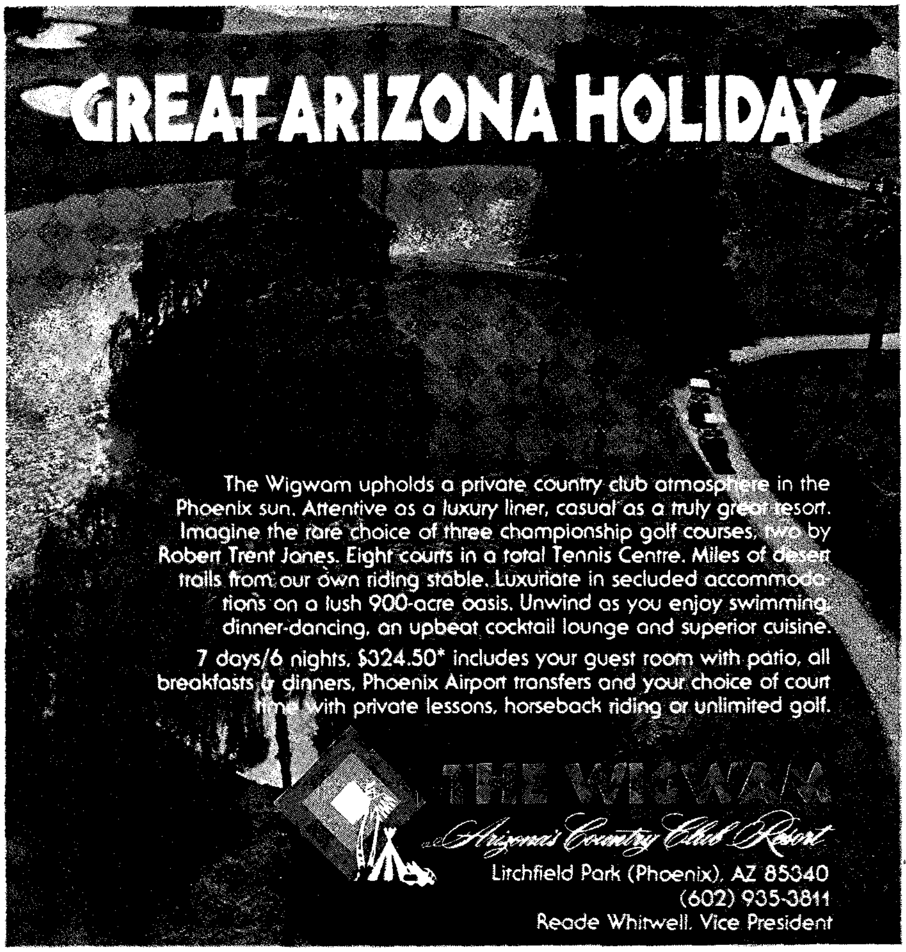
Distinguished manufacturer and distributor with showrooms in Atlanta, Chicago, Cleveland, Dallas, Grand Rapids, High Point, Houston, Los Angeles, Miami, New York, Philadelphia, San Francisco.

room that Mattson gave him in 1974 about the composing room. "He may know the composing room," Murdoch snapped, "but he knows nothing about the pressroom."

Kheel decided that the subject was better left unpursued. The earlier part of the day had been sufficiently harrowing to deter him from fresh argument. By Kheel's lights, the day had started well. Moffett had reconvened the negotiation, at the Doral Inn, on Lexington Avenue, and Kheel, sitting in on his first session, had asked dozens of questions that no one had yet asked about the minutiae of the proposals each side had advanced before Labor Day. By the end of the session, Kheel had scribbled marginal notes on every item and had begun to list the items under five headings, for easier handling in the negotiation—manning, work practices, job guarantees, wages and hours, and a catch-all heading for everything that did not fit under any of the others. The discussion brought the first indication that the union might be willing to talk about cuts in the number of jobs in return for guarantees of security for the fifteen hundred and eight men who were then on the pressroom rosters. The meeting was recessed with the publishers under instructions to prepare for a detailed discussion of the protection that would be provided pressmen by a proposal the publishers had put forward back on August 29th, just before the negotiation had been broken off. Under that proposal, manning was to be reduced by about half, mostly through attrition.

Kheel was in the corridor afterward with McDonald, saying he felt that this round of the talks had made a good start, when Kennedy, in effect, sent Kheel packing. Kennedy thanked Kheel for getting things off the ground, and said that the parties would call him again whenever they thought he was needed. Kheel said he had better things to do than wait around for a call, and stalked out of the hotel. When McDonald reproached Kennedy for running out on his agreement to have Kheel sit in and ask questions at all the meetings, Kennedy said that he would phone Kheel and ask him to come back, but the next three days passed with no call and no appearance by Kheel at the negotiation.

Kennedy now insists that his words to Kheel were misinterpreted. He never intended them as a dismissal, he explains, but rather as an expression of his belief that it would be a waste of Kheel's time to sit in on the tedious task of exploring the rosters. That explanation, however, vies with one



The Wigwam upholds a private country club atmosphere in the Phoenix sun. Attentive as a luxury liner, casual as a truly great resort. Imagine the rare choice of three championship golf courses, two by Robert Trent Jones. Eight courts in a total Tennis Centre. Miles of desert trails from our own riding stable. Luxuriate in secluded accommodations on a lush 900-acre oasis. Unwind as you enjoy swimming, dinner-dancing, an upbeat cocktail lounge and superior cuisine.

7 days/6 nights, $324.50* includes your guest room with patio, all breakfasts & dinners, Phoenix Airport transfers and your choice of court time with private lessons, horseback riding or unlimited golf.

THE WIGWAM
Arizona's Country Club Resort
Litchfield Park (Phoenix), AZ 85340
(602) 935-3811
Reade Whitwell, Vice President

*Per person, double occupancy, Sept. 17 to Jan. 7; Jan. 7 to April 15, $379.50; April 15 to June 3, $336.50. More or fewer nights available. Choose this popular package, or full American plan rates from $43.00 per person. Very special children's rates, too.

Simply sensational is how you'll feel in this easy yet elegant dress from Tanner with a banded neckline, corded self-tie and our new matching floral and script monogram. Sizes 6-18 in lime green, hot pink or sapphire. $64. Monogram $8. (Please underline last initial.) To match, there's Tanner's Chanel-style cardigan. It's bouclé, handknit look makes it perfect for day or evening. Acrylic/wool in lime green, hot pink, white, sapphire or cream. Sizes S(6-10), M(12-14), L(16-18). $34.
Add $2.25 for postage. Order by mail, or phone (617) 749-7830. Master Charge, Visa or American Express.

Send for our free catalog of classic women's and men's fashions!

Name ______________
Street ______________
City ______________
State __________ Zip ______

The Talbots
Dept. NY, Hingham, Massachusetts 02043 10 stores in Massachusetts and Connecticut

that has a good deal more credibility. The grapevine had brought Kennedy word that Kheel had cleared his assignment with the publishers at the meeting in Murdoch's apartment. Kennedy squirrelled that fact away as part of the increasing store of things that made him fear he was being encircled by enemies, all bent on helping the employers undermine his union.

ON September 13th, the day after Kheel's exile, arrangements were made for a secret summit talk. The initiative developed out of a phone call by Moffett, the federal mediator, to Richard Ostrow, a Chicago lawyer who had been involved in the settlement of scores of newspaper strikes and had been brought in to advise the publishers in the new round of the negotiation. Moffett asked Ostrow what he believed the three papers had in mind as a rock-bottom position. Ostrow said his personal judgment was that they would be satisfied to get a contract that called for pressroom manning competitive with that at the Newark *Star-Ledger* and at *Newsday*, the Long Island daily—where crew requirements were from thirty to thirty-five per cent below those in New York—whereupon Moffett expressed confidence that a deal could be made. The meeting was arranged for the following morning, with the union to be represented by Kennedy and by two union attorneys, John Feerick and Michael M. Connery, and the publishers to be represented by Ostrow and Mattson, who was included because he was the only production expert among the publishers' negotiators. It was to be held at the offices of Feerick and Connery's law firm—Skadden, Arps, Slate, Meagher & Flom, on Third Avenue. When Ostrow described the arrangements for the meeting to Murdoch and Barletta, both men expressed irritation at being excluded, but they finally assented, after setting limits on how far Mattson and Ostrow could go in proposing any relaxation of the August 29th offer.

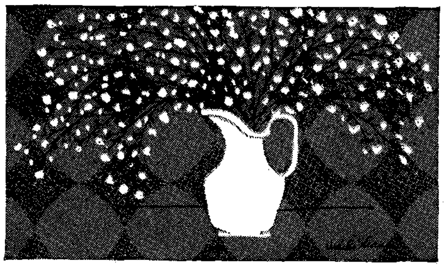
Mattson opened the meeting by running through his dossier of doleful statistics on the threat posed to the *Times* and the other metropolitan dailies by reductions during the last decade in net profits and full-rate advertising linage. Kennedy expressed sympathy at the inroads being made by suburban competitors. Even his wife had taken to reading *Newsday*, he admitted. Encouraged by this indication of responsiveness after weeks of chilly rebuff, Mattson and Ostrow sought to translate the statistics into support for their plea for cuts in pressroom labor costs which would make the New York papers competitive with *Newsday* and the *Star-Ledger*. What they were looking for, they said, was competitive equality with the suburbs—nothing more and nothing less. That represented a substantially less exacting goal than the one they had set in their pre-Labor Day program, and they promised to accompany the new standards with more inclusive job-security guarantees for existing pressmen if the union went along.

"Are you willing to play in that ballpark, Bill?" Feerick asked his client.

Kennedy said that he thought he might be but that he did not know enough about the *Newsday* contract to be sure. Mattson fished a copy out of his attaché case, and the meeting recessed with the understanding that Kennedy would give his response at another session, later that day.

Mattson and Ostrow were both sanguine as they went across town to the Friars Club at lunchtime to report to Murdoch and Barletta on the morning's events. Ostrow said he thought there might be an agreement by nightfall, but Mattson advised against unwarranted hope. He said that a lot of tough work remained to be done. Nevertheless, their report to Murdoch and Barletta was so affirmative that Murdoch released Mattson from hobbles that had been put on him in rigid preliminary instructions. As Murdoch and Mattson walked over to the Doral Inn, where the official negotiation was still limping along, Murdoch said that the situation sounded promising, and urged Mattson not to wait for the full committee if he saw an opportunity for an advantageous move.

It was not until 5 P.M. that Mattson and Ostrow reconvened their meeting with Feerick, Connery, and Moffett in the Skadden, Arps office. Kennedy quickly shattered the employers' hopes, by hitching a proposal for two extra apprentices to his pre-strike proposal to drop one journeyman from each press. Mattson, as he later reported it, fought back an impulse to scream. Moffett and Feerick hustled Mattson and Ostrow into one office and Kennedy and Connery into another to keep the conference from falling apart at once. The one discernible result of Kennedy's maneuver was that a chair collapsed under Mattson's squirming. Feerick said he needed more time to induce his client, Kennedy, to move, and he urged that the separate forum for summit meetings under Moffett's auspices be kept open. Mattson said that there was no way to keep it open if the results were to be as disappointing as these had been. "My people think we're making progress and we're not," Mattson said.



When the two management spokesmen had gone, Moffett had a long talk with Kennedy, in which he warned that "this situation will become another 'Washington *Post*' if you don't move in a hurry"—a reference to a 1975 pressmen's strike against the Washington *Post* which wound up in the union's extinction at the paper. Feerick and Connery took over after Moffett went back to the Doral. The two lawyers and Kennedy adjourned to Tom Tolan's restaurant, on East Fifty-fifth Street, where they stayed for hours, with the lawyers attempting to persuade their client that it was time for fresh concessions. The results were sufficiently heartening to cause Feerick to call Moffett at 12:30 A.M. and ask him to reconvene the conference later that morning. "We're two-thirds of the way home," Feerick said, but he supplied no details. Moffett was eager to act on the suggestion for a follow-up meeting, but there was no receptivity from the management camp. Ostrow was forbidden even to inquire privately into how far the union might be ready to go.

By this time, the employers were convinced that Kennedy would never move unless he was forced to by the other unions or by the exhaustion of a strike that might run until March. They believed that he was afraid to face his members and recommend any comprehensive revision in manning and work rules unless he could put the blame for such action on pressure from some outside source. Today, Feerick and Connery believe that an important chance for progress was lost when the employers turned down a second private meeting. They still suspect that management wanted the talks to fail, because it did not feel that it could get as many concessions then as the union might be forced to give if more time was allowed for Kheel and the other unions to weave a net around it.

Moffett, too, came away from the experience believing that the publishers were more interested in finding reasons to break off the negotiation than to continue it. His whole relationship with them had been one of growing disenchantment. Looking back on the situation in mid-September, he now says, "The problem was that the publishers knew they could get pressroom manning comparable to that in the suburbs, but they were not satisfied with that. They felt they needed more time for a softening-up process that would also get them rules changes to abolish built-in overtime. Their idea was to sweat the rules changes out of Kennedy by using the Allied unions as pressure."

In retrospect, it appears that each side misjudged the other's intentions in the disappointing second half of the secret meeting. Mattson and Ostrow returned with increased authority to negotiate a settlement, but Kennedy, ever apprehensive about the insidious role he ascribed to Kheel and the Allied, thought that their mood had hardened. As a result, he held back an improved offer that he had intended to present at the session. The meeting's only tangible result was a slight backward movement by Kennedy—no new offer by the publishers and no willingness to explore the union's earnest entreaties for more talk.

The sense of discouragement left by the breakdown of the private meetings caused the publishers to issue an ultimatum to Moffett: if he did not break off the formal negotiation by two o'clock the next afternoon, Friday, September 15th, they would walk out on their own. They also instructed Ostrow to have no more private discussions with Feerick. At a meeting with the publishers' negotiators, Moffett said, "Evidently, you guys have decided that you are going to play hardball."

MOFFETT decided to return to Washington once again. His departure and the suspension of all activity on the bargaining front made the pressmen conclude that Kheel, little as they relished his role, was now the only show in town. The one thing that Kennedy could not afford was a total vacuum in the negotiation. As long as something was going on which seemed aimed at ending the tie-up, he could hope to keep the other unions from abandoning him. "That weekend, we knew Kheel was a force we had to deal with," Feerick says. "He had to be neutralized."

The interim papers were by then making much of the fact that Kennedy had stiff-armed Kheel out of the talks earlier in the week. On Friday afternoon, as the mediation effort was being recessed, Feerick visited Kheel at Automation House and urged him to come to the Doral, so that the press could see there was no rift. Kheel rejected the idea, saying that the rift was not of his making and he was not going to justify himself to the press, Kennedy, Mattson, or anyone else. He softened the rejection by adding that he was leaving for East Hampton and would be glad to see Kennedy and Feerick there the next day if they wanted to come. They went out to East Hampton, and the ruptured relationship was repaired so successfully that both stayed for a convivial dinner. As far as Kennedy was concerned, Kheel had a passport to return to the bargaining table as the Allied's observer—whenever there was a bargaining table to return to.

While one door was opening, however, the publishers were in the process of trying to close another. Murdoch had called Kheel on Thursday to tell him of the collapse of the private talks, and had interpreted Kheel's reaction to the news as one of pleasure. According to the *Post* publisher, Kheel saw the development as vastly increasing his own leverage in the strike. The effect of the conversation on Murdoch was to convince him all over again that Kheel should be shut out of the talks. On the next day, at a lunch with Barletta, Mattson, Ostrow, and McDonald, Murdoch brought up his worries about Kheel and his belief that Kheel ought to be out. Barletta said that he had had the same worries from the outset. McDonald gave no ground, and later he communicated the hostile remarks to Kheel.

At this point, Murdoch decided to take the offensive, and on Saturday, in a television interview, he issued a public call to the other unions to come back to work—an action so flamboyantly violative of every principle of prudent labor relations that today, viewing the call in the light of Murdoch's subsequent defection, Mattson and Barletta consider it an act of provocation calculated to force a closing of union ranks behind the pressmen; their assumption is that Murdoch already planned to break with them and begin publishing, and that he wanted to protect his monopoly by lengthening the strike against the *Times* and the *News*. This is not to say that the *Times* and the *News* disagreed with Murdoch's expressed desire for a mass crossing of the picket lines. Such a démarche had been their scarcely concealed hope all along, but they had never deluded themselves that a return would come in response to a trumpeted invitation from the publishers, which would immediately be labelled union-busting. McDonald did not wait for a meeting of the Allied before rejecting Murdoch's proposal. He accused the publishers of living in a dream world.

With the union front once more in a semblance of order and the publishers in obvious disarray, Kheel used a quiet Sunday for a self-promotion project of unparalleled audacity even by his free-wheeling standards. He issued a public statement demanding that the publishers and the pressmen resume negotiation forthwith and give him ten days in which to find out, through intensive interrogation, "who is acting in good or bad faith." He said that his proposal would have the double virtue of bringing into focus the issues to be settled and providing guidance for the Allied on what course its unions should pursue. Normally, Kheel told me later, he would have told both sides about his plan in advance, but this time he decided to give them a lesson in the dynamics of dispute settlement and grade them on how well they passed the test. Kennedy, whose reconciliation with Kheel had come only the day before, called the plan "a great idea." McDonald announced his unreserved support of it. On the employer side, however, the result was consternation and a drastic worsening of the tensions already pushing the publishers toward a split.

Barletta, who had been in Chicago for the weekend, returned to his East Side apartment in mid-afternoon on Sunday to hear the telephone ringing. It was a three-way conference telephone call initiated by a furious Murdoch, and more than two hours of discussion and debate among Murdoch, Barletta, and Mattson went by before it ended. Mattson had taken the call on his kitchen phone in Stamford. As the argument wore on, he backed through the door and sat down on the dining-room carpet, and finally he stretched out full-length on the floor to ease the strain on his back. Murdoch had written a statement to be issued in the name of all three which denounced Kheel's self-assumed role as a dangerous one that would make him arbiter on all issues. It said that the publishers were adamantly opposed to allowing him such power. Mattson, who did not feel that it would be in the publishers' interest to push Kheel out of the picture, objected to anything that appeared to be a personal attack. The conversation made it plain that everyone had some reservations about the Kheel plan, and especially about the notion that he be allowed ten days before making any real push to settle a walkout that was already nearly six weeks old. Mattson finally ended the call by saying he would ask John Mortimer, the *Times'* senior vice-president for industrial relations, to talk to McDonald about shortening the time span for Kheel's investigation. As for the basic statement, Mattson said he was ninety-eight per cent in agreement with what seemed to be the consensus, and asked for half an hour to prepare a substitute statement, which he hoped all three publishers could be happy with.

Mattson scrawled notes on a yellow pad. What he wrote concentrated on how much the employers had done to end the strike and how little the union had done, and said that the only useful role anyone could play would be to persuade the union of the need to end its intransigence. The draft steered clear of any personal attack on Kheel. Mattson read it first to Mortimer, who suggested a few modifications, and then to Barletta, who went along. When Murdoch heard the toned-down version, he said, "I'll take it from there." That led to a second conference call, in which Murdoch read a few sentences he had added, restoring some of the anti-Kheel sentiment of the original. Mattson insisted on moderation.

In his capacity as association president, Murdoch finally issued a statement that night criticizing the new Kheel self-assignment and urging that heat be put on the pressmen to settle. The *Post* publisher says he put the statement out "word for word" as Mattson wrote it, but the others say that after they got off the phone he sharpened it up, making it more plainly hostile to Kheel. Murdoch's coldness was unmistakable in a second statement, which Murdoch issued the next day, this time without clearance from anyone else. The statement said that the publishers admired and respected Kheel but could not accept him as a quasi arbitrator representing the public interest, because he had already lined up on the union side.

The first direct word that Kheel had of the fulminations among the publishers came as he was about to leave East Hampton for Manhattan at nine on Sunday evening. It was in the form of a phone call from Murdoch. "I don't like this at all; it's a waste of time" was Murdoch's greeting. Kheel replied that the dispute was not ripe for settlement without exploration of the type he proposed, but Murdoch cut him short by saying, "You want us to give more."

Kheel denied it. "Not a penny more," he said. "But your proposal is not workable in its present form."

On his drive into town, Kheel kept hearing radio reports about the publishers' "rejection" of his plan. McDonald heard the same reports, and called Mortimer to find out whether they were true. Afterward, McDonald called Kheel at his apartment and quoted Mortimer as having said, "Murdoch had no right to say that. We're going along, but with reservations."

The next morning—Monday, September 18th—Murdoch, Mattson, and Barletta met at the *Times* with Mortimer and other ranking aides to discuss a request by McDonald that they come to Automation House at 12:30 P.M. to meet with him and Kheel. They had an acrimonious session, mostly over the supposed Mortimer statement. When Murdoch brought up the statement, Mattson said that it was not accurate. "I got it from McDonald and he doesn't lie," said Murdoch.

"I got it from Mortimer, and he doesn't lie, either" was Mattson's rejoinder.

With that, the bickering moved on to a complaint by Murdoch about Mortimer's attempts to shorten the ten-day period that Kheel had asked for. Haggling over the time instead of rejecting the whole idea made the publishers look weak, Murdoch argued.

At this point, Mortimer exploded. "To hell with all three of you guys," he declared. "You chew me out for doing what you told me to do."

Murdoch switched to the main topic. He announced that he was not going to Automation House under any circumstances, and hinted that he would pull out of the association if the others went. Barletta said he did not think the publishers should go, either, and Mattson did not demur. That battle won, Murdoch called McDonald and said that the publishers were not going to have anything to do with Kheel at Automation House. He proposed that any meetings be held in the headquarters of the Publishers Association, near Penn Station. McDonald did not leap at the offer.

The Allied unions had a meeting of their own at Automation House and unanimously rejected the bid that Murdoch had made for a return to work while the picket lines were still up. The president of the drivers' union, Douglas La Chance, though not a member of the council, was there, and said that the drivers—who were all-important in the dispute, because papers could be produced without the other unions but couldn't be distributed without the drivers—would not go through the lines, either. But the assurance carried the rubbery qualifier he invariably inserted to leave a note

A REMINDER
READERS ALSO

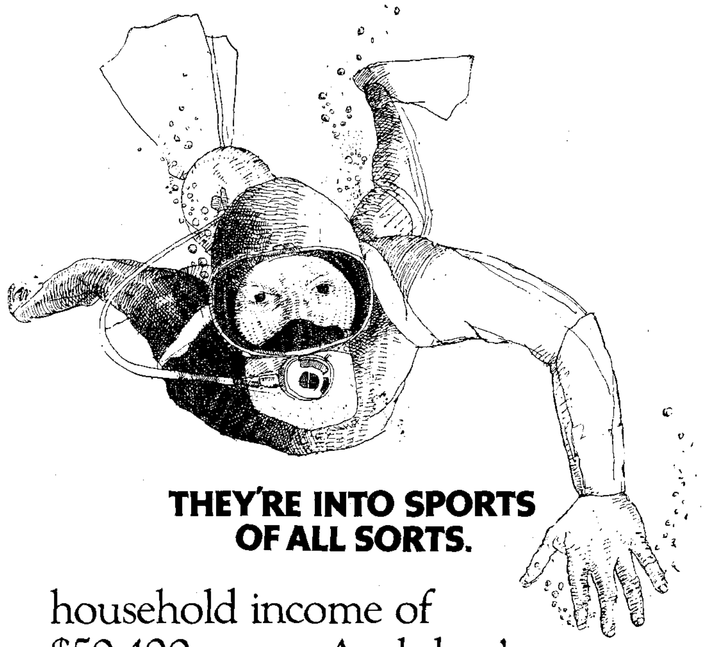
When executives work their way to the top, it stands to reason they want something to show for it.

So they buy the best. Make the most of their free time. They entertain frequently. Travel everywhere. Enjoy the good life in every way.

If the good life and what goes with it are what you're selling, the biweekly Fortune is definitely the way to reach your best customers. Fortune subscribers have an average household income of $50,400 a year. And they're not a bit shy about spending it.

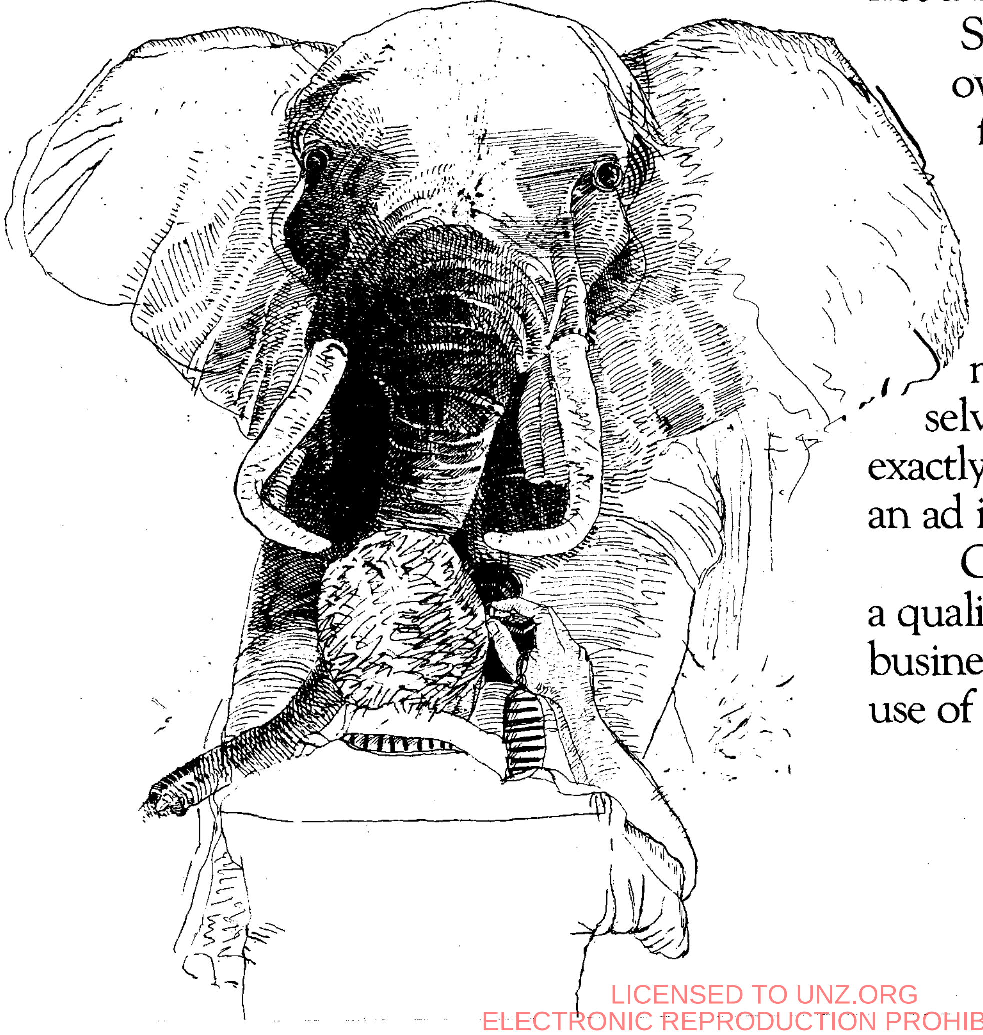
Studies show that 79 percent own stereo equipment. Ninety-four percent own one or more cars. They make 6.5 million round-trip flights per year. And entertain 4.8 million guests at home in an average month. They surround themselves with quality. Which is exactly what you do when you run an ad in Fortune.

Our editorial environment has a quality you won't find in any other business magazine. We make lavish use of color, art, and photography.



THEY'RE INTO SPORTS OF ALL SORTS.

CAMERAS FOR THE BIG SHOTS.



HAT FORTUNE SPEND MONEY.

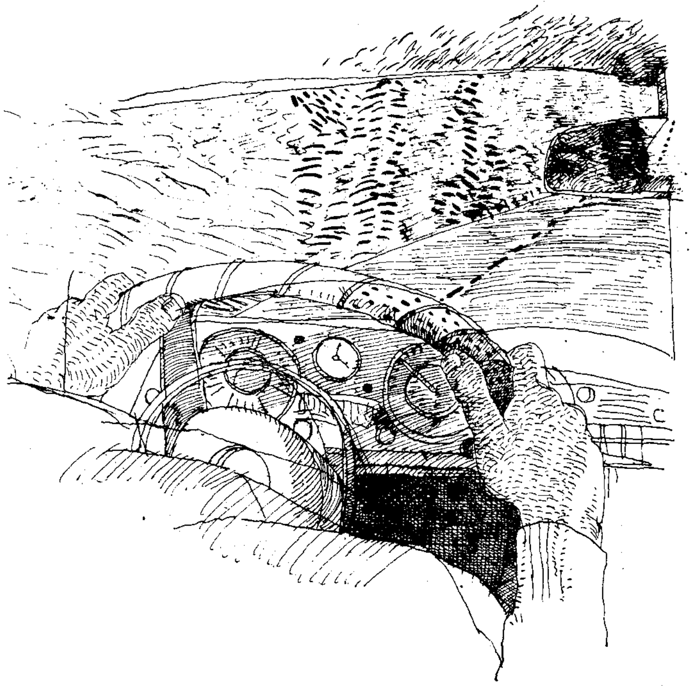
Our bright, uncluttered format makes ads stand out. So they stand to get much better readership.

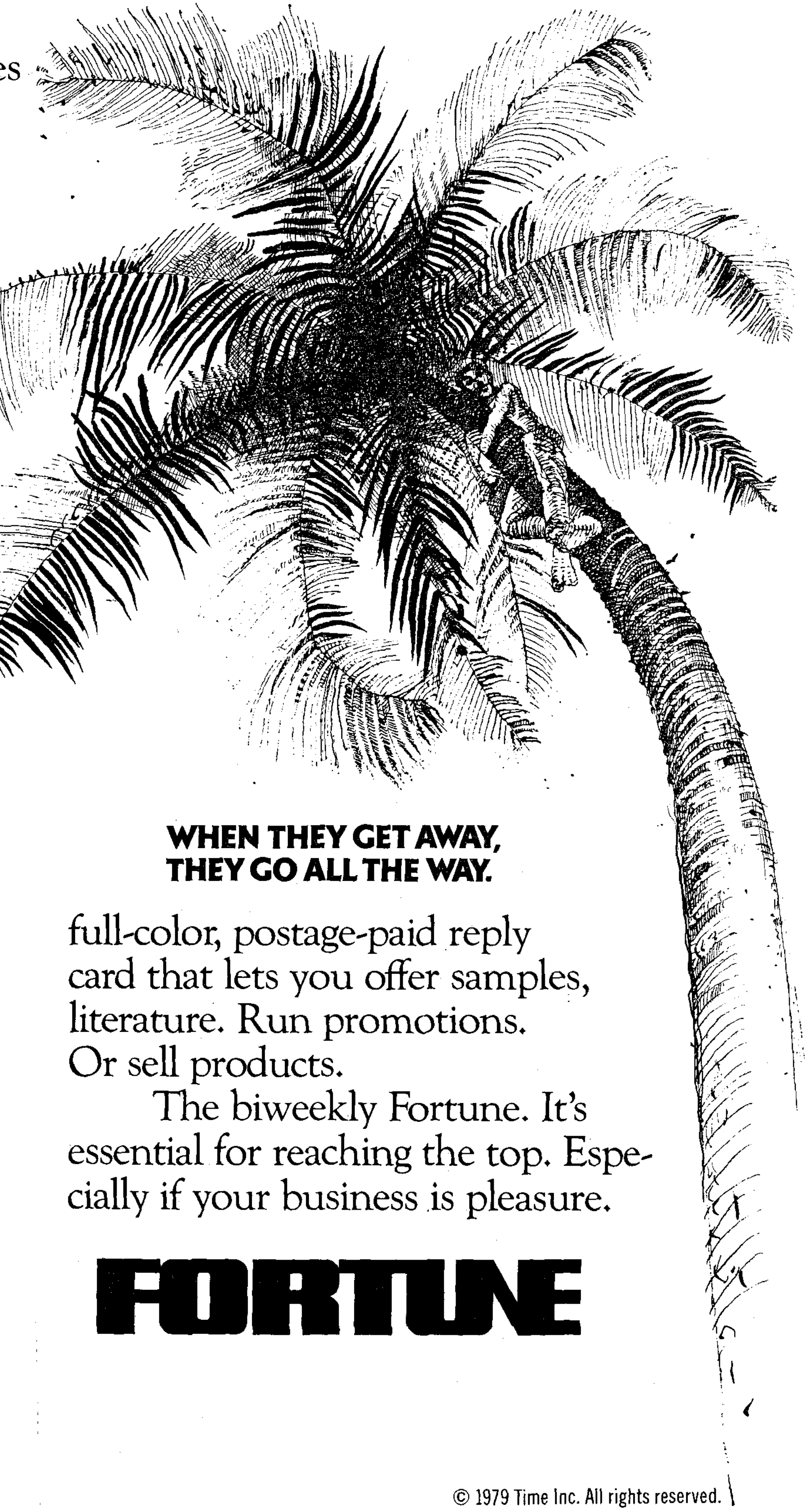
We cover executive life outside the office with our regular life-style features, *Bed and Board* and *On Your Own Time.*

There's also a special bonus for our consumer advertisers. We call it *Select.* It's a twice-a-year direct response promotion that puts you in contact with 100,000 of the top Fortune families in major metro markets. Your message appears on a full-color, postage-paid reply card that lets you offer samples, literature. Run promotions. Or sell products.

The biweekly Fortune. It's essential for reaching the top. Especially if your business is pleasure.

THEY MOVE FAST AND BUY FIRST.





WHEN THEY GET AWAY, THEY GO ALL THE WAY.

FORTUNE

© 1979 Time Inc. All rights reserved.

of doubt about how long his support might continue: "At this point, we are in support of the pressmen's union and have no plans to change that support."

ON Tuesday morning, Kheel battened down his hatches by withdrawing his ten-day proposal, but both he and McDonald stressed that Kheel would continue as the Allied's adviser and would be present whenever and wherever the negotiation was held. That same morning, Murdoch, Barletta, and Mattson met in Barletta's office at the *News* and tried to recement their cracked front. Barletta, as the most vehement early objector to any Kheel involvement, was asked to see McDonald and try to induce him to cut the Allied's ties to Kheel.

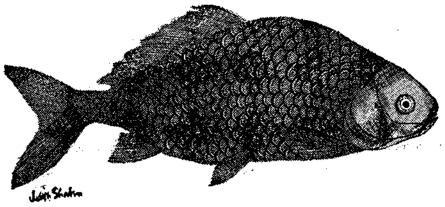
Barletta and McDonald had lunch together on the following day, and McDonald complained that Murdoch, in personalizing his attacks on Kheel, was not playing by the rules. Barletta responded by urging him to accept the fact that the publishers did not trust Kheel. The Allied might do better, he suggested, to choose someone like Vincent D. McDonnell, former chairman of the New York State Mediation Board, as its adviser. What the publishers worried about in Kheel's participation, Barletta said, was that he would orchestrate the issues in the strike in such a way that public pressure—mobilized through Kheel's frequent appearances on television—would compel them to give things they ought not to give. McDonald replied, in the strongest terms, that nothing would make him drop Kheel. In a conference call afterward with Mattson and Murdoch, Barletta said he was sure that McDonald would find some method of insinuating Kheel into the negotiation in behalf of the Allied, no matter what the publishers did to keep him out. "Kheel is McDonald's personal life preserver," Barletta said. "His own future is tied up with Kheel, though I made it clear we did not trust him."

Barletta discovered the next day that he had not struck out totally in his stop-Kheel effort. McDonald's first action after his lunch with Barletta had been to fill Kheel in on the publishers' effort to dump him. The Allied leader asked whether Kheel would meet the management negotiators and try to warm up the relationship. Kheel said he would be happy to see Barletta, and Barletta could bring Mattson if he wanted to, but not Murdoch, because Kheel no longer trusted him. Barletta, McDonald, and Kheel met at Kheel's apartment Thursday afternoon and talked for four hours. Kheel said once again that his only interest was to establish the facts, not to make recommendations. "My style is precision," he declared. He resurrected the ten-day fact-finding proposal he had buried two days before, but promised Barletta that he would try to shorten it to a week. Whenever he had anything to report, he said, he would first review it with Barletta. That would give Barletta an opportunity to help shape the report and to challenge any assumptions he considered invalid. The same review right would be given to McDonald, Kheel said. "You'll know what I'm going to report—how can I screw you?" he asked Barletta.

After the falling out among the publishers, this review proposal became a mainstay of charges by Murdoch that Kheel had offered Barletta a veto as part of a settlement deal he was cooking up with the *Times* and the *News* behind the backs of both the pressmen and the *Post*. Kheel acknowledges that the word "veto" may have been used, but he says that it could not refer to a deal, since he had specifically ruled out making recommendations and planned to confine himself to statements of fact.

When Barletta met with Murdoch and Mattson on Friday morning, in the *News* office, he stressed the point that he still distrusted Kheel, but declared that there was no way to avoid him if the publishers were going to get any movement from Kennedy. The union leader, he said, had shown that he had to be led by the nose. The promise that any proposed Kheel report would be shown to Barletta and would not be issued if he objected gave the publishers sufficient control to make it worthwhile to go ahead, in Barletta's view. Murdoch strenuously resisted the idea that any confidence could be put in Kheel's commitment. He called Kheel a "megalomaniac," who was determined to put his own imprint on every section of the contract, and accused Barletta of having let Kheel "charm the pants off you." Mattson supported Barletta. He said that the publishers had to get the negotiations back on the track and that Kheel was the only person in a position to do it.

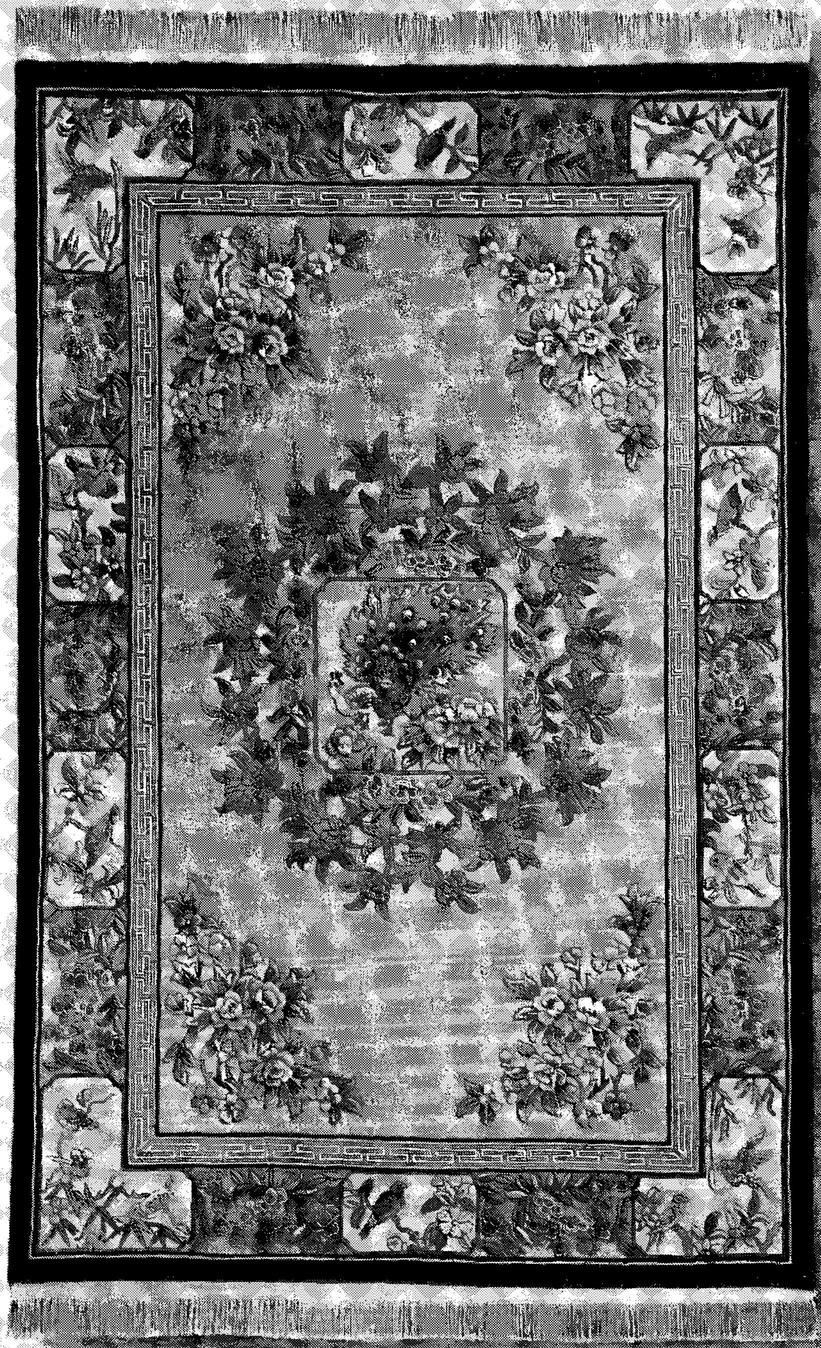
The argument raged on, moving from the *News* office to Pronto, a nearby restaurant, and back again. Murdoch had an important engagement



with an Australian associate, but kept putting it off. Not until 5 P.M., six weary hours after the three had met, was the last word said. What finally brought the meeting to an end was the repeated observation by Barletta and Mattson that Murdoch was presenting no feasible alternative to going along with Kheel. Murdoch had suggested a blue-ribbon panel of arbitrators, headed by John T. Dunlop or W. J. Usery, Jr.—each a former Secretary of Labor—as a device for getting everyone back to work, but the others felt that Kennedy would never accept a panel with binding powers. Waiting for pressure from the other unions to bring the pressmen to heel also had disadvantages. One was that the eight-week waiting period for unemployment insurance was about to end, and most of the strikers would soon be getting a hundred and twenty-five dollars a week in tax-free state payments to supplement their union strike benefits. This would be especially important to the drivers, whose union paid no benefits. And anyway, Barletta said, Murdoch's televised call on the Allied unions to cross the lines, made just a few days before, had "blown" hopes for any such early break.

With extreme distaste, Murdoch at length bowed to the will of the two others and agreed to accept the role Kheel had carved out for himself. Arrangements were made for Kheel and McDonald to call an Automation House meeting the following Monday, September 25th, at which the negotiation would resume. That meeting never took place. The obstacle was a previously scheduled negotiating session that the publishers had hoped to bypass. On Wednesday, Moffett had called on both sides to get the talks started again, this time in the Washington headquarters of the Federal Mediation and Conciliation Service. He said that the transfer would provide "a new and positive setting away from some of the disturbances and distractions that have hampered past efforts in New York." Moffett had set Monday as the starting date for his new effort—one that was obviously intended to play down the involvement by Kheel. The publishers, remembering the fizzling out of the secret summit meeting that Moffett had helped set up in New York, saw no reason to hope he could accomplish anything in Washington. By contrast, Kennedy was eager to move the talks. The shift would enable him to cool some of the impatience that always built up among the other unions when no talks were on. It would also get him away from the atmosphere of

BUY AN ORIENTAL RUG THAT'S ALREADY BEEN SOLD TO AN EXPERT.



Einstein Moomjy is The Expert even experts come to talk to before investing in an Oriental.

We advise decorators. We counsel collectors. We buy for connoisseurs. We guide estates.

This year, our fine hand-picked, hand-made acquisitions include new and old rugs from India, China, Turkey, Romania, Pakistan, Afghanistan, Iran and Russia.

And if you can't come in, we'll gladly ship to you anywhere in the U.S.A.

Einstein Moomjy
The Carpet Department Store

IN NEW JERSEY: PARAMUS, 526 RTE. 17 (201) 265-1100 **N. PLAINFIELD,** 934 RTE. 22 (201) 755-6800 **WHIPPANY,** 265 RTE. 10 (201) 887-3600
WAYNE, 1502 WILLOWBROOK MALL (201) 785-1333 (JUST OUTSIDE THE MALL'S MAIN ENTRANCE) **LAWRENCEVILLE,** ALT. RTE. 1 (609) 883-0700
OPEN DAILY TO 9 PM, SAT. TO 6 PM. HOW TO GET FROM NEW YORK TO OUR PARAMUS STORE: CROSS G. WASHINGTON BRIDGE.
TAKE RTE. 4 TO RTE. 17 NORTH. FOLLOW RTE. 17 FOR 2.5 MILES. EINSTEIN MOOMJY IS ON YOUR RIGHT.
WE ACCEPT VISA, MASTER CHARGE AND OUR OWN CONVENIENT REVOLVING CHARGE.

encirclement which would prevail in any Automation House conference, with Kheel in the driver's seat. The pressmen at once accepted Moffett's bid.

On Friday, while the publishers were engaged in their six-hour wrangle over Kheel, McDonald and Kheel were trying to arrange for a gubernatorial imprimatur on the Allied's peacemaking efforts. Kheel made repeated calls to Robert Morgado, Governor Hugh Carey's chief deputy, urging that the Governor publicly call for keeping the negotiation in New York as a means of hastening an end of the news blackout. Carey was at that time an underdog in his campaign for reëlection, and his aides were openly saying that a heavy Democratic turnout in New York City was imperative if he was to win. The absence of the newspapers, all of which were friendly to Carey and could be expected to endorse him, was unquestionably a handicap to his campaign. Murdoch was a close friend of the Governor, but he did not want to advance Carey's reëlection chances if it meant having Carey advance Kheel. As soon as the *Post* publisher got back to his office after being coerced into acquiescing in Kheel's role, he set to work to undermine Kheel's attempts to involve the Governor. Murdoch saw any entry by the Governor as the occasion for a TV blitz that would further exalt the Kheel role. In calls to Morgado and to David Garth, the Governor's media adviser, Murdoch warned that getting involved represented a high-risk venture for the Governor. An independent check by Morgado with Michael J. O'Neill, the editor of the *News*, brought the response that the situation was too unsettled to make it wise for any public official to plunge in. Exit Governor Carey.

That left unsolved the problem of how the publishers were to get out of Moffett's meeting on Monday. Wayne L. Horvitz, Moffett's chief and an old friend of Kheel, called Kheel on Saturday morning and asked how he proposed to handle the problem of two peace meetings called for the same time in cities two hundred miles apart. Kheel was all coöperation. He said that the Moffett meeting had precedence, and that the mediation service ought to go through with it. He added, however, that moving all the committees and backup material to Washington would be damned inconvenient, and that it would be good to keep the meeting there short. He promised he would urge everyone to come.

When that word was communicated to Murdoch, he called Barletta, half in glee and half in anger. "Your pals at the Allied have let you down," he said. "They're going to Washington, and that leaves us in a fine fix. We've agreed to go with Kheel, and now we're stuck."

Barletta said that he could understand Kheel's reluctance to seem to be competing with the mediation service, but that his own belief was that the publishers should stick to their resolve not to go to Washington. The only effect of their presence, Barletta said, would be to mislead the public into believing that something real was happening.

Murdoch concluded the debate by saying that it would be ridiculous from a public-relations standpoint for the papers to stay away. Barletta and Mattson thereupon agreed to go.

Once the decision to go had been made, the next question in a weekend of feverish interchange was how to get the Washington part of the proceedings over in a hurry. That was what Kheel wanted, and it was what Mattson and Barletta wanted, too. Mattson said that the publishers' representatives would fly down in the *Times'* private jet and tell Moffett they were prepared to stay only one day. The argument they would use was the one that Kheel had already used in his talk with Horvitz: the unwieldiness of transporting big delegations and voluminous records away from the home base for an extended stay. Unexpectedly, Murdoch was on the opposite side. He was insistent that the publishers say they not only would go but also would stay until the strike was settled. Without waiting for assent from the others, he arranged to quarter himself and other *Post* representatives in a suburban hotel, with limousines to shuttle them to and from the sessions. On Sunday, after Murdoch had completed his preparations, Barletta talked to him and found him in a zestful mood again, confident that moving the negotiation to Washington would relegate Kheel to the shadows. "Murdoch was back in control—he had edged out Kheel" was Barletta's assessment.

Moffett opened the Washington meeting by saying that the mediation-service offices were the right place to settle the strike, and calling on everyone to stay there till it was settled. From then on, practically everything that happened happened in corridor conversation or in secret meetings outside. Neither the pressmen nor the publishers volunteered any new proposal, and Kheel lost little time in passing the word to Kennedy, through Feerick, that he intended to return to New York that evening. Kennedy, who had earlier joined Murdoch in expressing readiness to stay in the capital as long as it took to reach a settlement, asked that the mediation effort be given another whirl the next day. Kheel said he would remain a second day only on condition that the negotiations move back to New York on Wednesday. Murdoch advised Moffett to lock everybody into a room and require the meeting to continue. But the intense reluctance expressed by Kheel, McDonald, Barletta, and Mattson to stay more than one day longer triumphed. "It was a test of strength, and I won," Kheel says.

Much of the time on the first day was devoted to setting up a counterpart of the summit meeting that had been held in the Skadden, Arps office in New York eleven days before. This one was held in the Washington offices of the same law firm, with Mattson and Ostrow again representing the publishers in secret talks with Kennedy and his attorneys. But this time Kheel sat in along with Moffett. Murdoch told Barletta that he wanted to be at the secret meeting, but Barletta said that it could not be held if all three publishers demanded to be there. Murdoch then asked that Howard M. Squadron, his chief counsel, sit in as observer for the *Post*. Barletta objected that this request was equivalent to saying that Murdoch wanted to sabotage the meeting, because it was widely known that Squadron and Kheel disliked one another. (Their animosity went back to a fight over control of *New York* magazine three years before.) Murdoch then substituted Sidney Orenstein, who had represented the *Post* in labor relations long before the Murdoch era, and that ended one controversy.

The second summit meeting proved as unproductive as the first in respect to new offers from the pressmen. However, Kheel did begin to move into his desired role as a definer of issues. On the basis of experience he had had in fostering a 1964 automation agreement that ended a dock-union veto on the movement of containerized cargo through the Port of New York in exchange for lifetime job guarantees for longshoremen, he expressed doubt that the publishers could ever get a contract if they attempted to exclude any pressroom worker from their assurances on job security. The questions he raised provided a key to progress much later, but the immediate result of the Washington excursion was frustration for both sides. Everyone went home, having agreed to meet again the next day at the mediation-service offices in New York, near Foley Square.

The pressmen's representatives returned from Washington more troubled than before. They did not want to break with the Allied, but they were still worried about whether Kennedy would be allowed to write his own contract or be forced to accept one dictated by Kheel and the Allied. Murdoch had a different but related worry. It was that a contract would be forced on the *Post* by Kheel acting as a de-facto arbitrator with the connivance of the *Times*.

WHEN Murdoch got into his office the next morning, Wednesday, September 27th, he summoned his inner circle of advisers and announced, "We have to blow this up and get out of it." His only qualification was that he owed it to Barletta to see if there was a way to keep him on the same side as the *Post*. He called Barletta in mid-morning and arranged a luncheon meeting at Windows on the World. Barletta's antennae went up at the clear intention of excluding Mattson. He came with Ostrow, and Murdoch brought Squadron. Murdoch said he felt that all the strike objectives were going down the drain. "Kheel is going to make a recommendation that will, in effect, be an arbitration award, and it will foul us up," Squadron said.

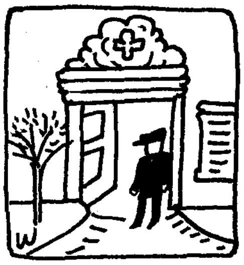
Barletta repeated his position of the week before—that the publishers had some control over anything Kheel might do, and, in any event, had no alternative way to go. "You've got to face the reality that you'll never shake Kheel without another plan," he said.

Barletta was still puzzled about the purpose of the lunch as he, Murdoch, and Squadron walked to the mediation-service offices. Murdoch left them at the door. "Go on in and throw the bomb, throw the bomb," he instructed Squadron. Barletta was even more puzzled by that, but he did not have to wait long for enlightenment. Inside the negotiating room, the seat at the head of the table had been taken by Kheel, with McDonald behind him and Leonard Farrell, a veteran mediator, at his side. (Moffett had elected to stay in Washington.) Farrell opened by announcing that the next day's session would have to end at noon, because Kheel had an appointment at the United Nations, where he was representing a staff union.

That gave Squadron the chance he had been waiting for. He said it was apparent that Kheel's schedule had become the governing element in the structuring of all the proceedings. By dint of talent and personality, Squadron said, Kheel had moved into a vacuum to take over the function that should be exercised by the mediation service. "He has become the de-facto mediator, and seems to be moving toward becoming the de-facto arbitrator," Squadron declared. He said that the *Post* could not consent to Kheel's participation in either role, because Kheel was a consultant to the Allied, of which the pressmen's union was itself a member. As Squadron began developing that theme, Kennedy sought to interrupt, then stalked out angrily with his full committee behind him. Squadron kept right on with his announcement: the *Post* would no longer take part in the negotiation unless Kheel was relegated to his proper role—which, in the *Post's* estimation, was staying outside the negotiating room or staying inside as a silent observer.

McDonald broke in with an emotional defense of Kheel and an insistence that he be allowed to pursue his fact-finding mission in behalf of the eighty-five hundred members of the other newspaper unions, who were being hurt by the inability of the publishers and the pressmen to agree.

Squadron repeated that the *Post* could not accept an imposed mediator from any source and was withdrawing from the negotiation—a move that would clear the way for the *Post* to attempt to start publishing while its competitors were down.



Kheel took it coolly. "I'm sorry you feel that way" was all he said.

Barletta and Mattson, whose policy in the negotiation was to avoid direct participation in the formal negotiation and to call the shots through their subordinates—Mortimer and Gregory L. Thornton, the *News* director of employee relations—were sitting on a bench in an outside corridor when Mortimer emerged and said, "Squadron just blew up the meeting." The first concern of Barletta and Mattson was to keep Murdoch's defection from halting the negotiation. They instructed Mortimer and Thornton to go back and tell the union that even without the *Post* in the talks there were still nearly ninety per cent of the pressmen left to talk about. The *News* had seven hundred and twenty of the fifteen hundred and eight pressmen in the union, and the *Times* had five hundred and eighty-five. (The *Post* had a hundred and fifty, and about fifty others were men who were in hospitals or were otherwise incapacitated, whose ability ever to work in the industry again was in dispute.) Everyone was too shell-shocked to get much going that afternoon, but the message that the *Times* and the *News* were still standing together was delivered to Kheel and McDonald that evening at a meeting in Kheel's apartment.

The *Post's* decision to go it alone brought no automatic certainty that it would be able to resume publication at once. Dorothy Schiff, its former publisher, had had that kind of assurance from Bertram Powers, the president of the printers' union, when she deserted the other New York publishers at the start of the heavy Easter advertising season in the hundred-and-fourteen-day 1962-63 strike. But that was a strike in which the union was looking for more money, and Powers was delighted to take a "me-too" commitment, under which Mrs. Schiff bound herself to give whatever the final contract provided. It was hard to be sure that the same thing would happen in a strike that, for all practical purposes, had been started by the employers, with the aim of taking away half-century-old union privileges. Murdoch had deserted not because he thought his ex-partners were being too tough but because he thought they were too ready to compromise. On that basis, Squadron had warned Murdoch on the day of the bolt that the move involved high risk. He might find himself not only a pariah among publishers but also scorned by the unions for his ultra-hawkishness.

At Murdoch's Third Avenue office, a few hours after Squadron had announced the *Post's* withdrawal, Murdoch met with Kennedy and his lawyers. Murdoch said he wanted to sit down right away and negotiate an interim contract. Kennedy promised to let him know, but no call came the next day, even though Murdoch had enlisted the help of La Chance, the head of the drivers' union, in trying to get the pressmen to sign. The drivers' union, its members hungry for work,

More and more people are checking into "New York's biggest little hotel" The Tuscany

And here are some of the reasons:

Every room comes with a butler's pantry, adjustable bed with vibrator, lounger chair, FM radio, electric shoe polisher, Irish linen towels, electric wall clock, bathroom extension phone, color TV, pulsating, triple-spray Supershower and, most important of all, a staff of exceptional, friendly people, who truly believe in treating every guest at the hotel, as if he or she were the only guest.

Our restaurants are extraordinary, too. So is our new bar. And we're just around the corner from Grand Central, the air terminal, most shops and theatres.

May we send you a brochure?

THE Tuscany

A DORAL HOTEL

39th St., just east of Park Ave., New York 10016

For reservations, call toll-free 800-223-5823

(From New York State, call (212) 686-1600)

Smart Season Spanner

PAISLEY PULLOVER DRESS. Smart and easy dress has tiny band collar, front button placket, neat narrow shoulders, deepset full cuffed sleeves, super side pockets, cummerbund. Softly twilled challis 100% cotton paisley. Below knee length. Choose key colors of rose or olive. Gently machine wash.

Sizes S-M-L $34.95 ppd.

Size XL . . . $37.95 ppd.

J. JILL LTD.

Write for new color catalogue

Dept. N129, Stockbridge Rd., Great Barrington, MA 01230

had already negotiated a tentative agreement with the *Post*. It gave La Chance's members the sixty-eight dollars in weekly pay increases over three years which was included in the contract that the *Times* and the *News* had negotiated with the drivers six months earlier but had not signed. That action represented abandonment of Murdoch's earlier position that the *Post's* big deficit required him to skip any wage increase in the first year of its new contracts. Now the pressmen and all the other unions could look forward to identical raises if they came back.

On Saturday, three days after meeting with Murdoch, Kennedy still had not called, and that morning the *Post* publisher left a message for him at the mediation service. By this time, the union committeemen representing the *Post's* pressmen had joined La Chance in urging Kennedy to sign, and clear the way for publication. At 5 P.M., the union president finally called Murdoch, and a meeting was set for the next afternoon in Squadron's midtown law office.

The session started at two, and by eight the outlines of an agreement were clear. Squadron produced two bottles of whiskey, sandwiches were sent for, and the negotiators—there were about twenty in all—shook hands in token of agreement. As often happens in collective bargaining, however, that did not quite end it. The back-and-forth started all over again after the mutual congratulations, and it was 4 A.M. before Murdoch felt that things were secure enough for him to go home. Feerick told me later that Murdoch had shown himself flexible and engaging throughout. "If he had been any different, we would have walked out in an hour and there would have been no agreement," Feerick said. Essentially, the agreement left open, for subsequent resolution by the *Times* and the *News*, the manning schedules for journeymen and apprentices and the formula for guaranteeing job security—the key strike issues—but it provided for binding arbitration of changes in the costly rules covering cleanup and maintenance crews if sixty days of direct negotiation at the *Post* failed to bring agreement.

Only after two days and nights of scrambling with the other unions—including a frantic go-around with the Guild, in which Murdoch was personally involved, to seal issues left over from the earlier tussle—was everything clear for the first roll of the presses, on October 5th. Murdoch ordered the maximum press run of a million copies for the paper—a hundred and twenty-eight pages, bulging with Columbus Day department-store ads—and sold practically all of them. This was four hundred thousand above the pre-strike average. In forty-eight hours, he put together and published the first Sunday paper the *Post* had had under his management, and he announced that Sunday editions would become a permanent feature of the *Post*.

"Monopoly is a terrible thing—till you have it," Murdoch told me in mid-October as he contemplated a mountain of pre-Christmas advertising and made plans to launch a morning tabloid before the *News* could get back on the streets. Every time I visited Murdoch in that period, he asked me how much longer I thought the strike would last. "The longer this goes on, the better I like it," he said, trying to make the remark sound like a joke. In public statements explaining his pullout, Murdoch depicted himself as a country cousin who had been sold the Brooklyn Bridge by a gang of city slickers. "They made a complete fool out of me," he would say. That led Mattson to christen him Rupe the Dupe.

WHILE Murdoch was rushing through preparations to capitalize on his position as a solitary profit center, Kheel's peacemaking mission received a near-fatal blow, in the form of a two-day flurry of reports that Moffett had pulled out of any further part in the *Times-News* negotiation, because Kheel was conspiring with the two publishers and the Allied to force a secret deal on the pressmen, under pain of a return to work by the other unions. The charge was made in detail in a September 29th story in *Newsday*, which said Moffett had told associates, "It stinks. It's going to be jammed down Kennedy's throat and I don't want any part of it." When the story appeared, it confirmed Kennedy's worst fears of being encircled by enemies. He left the talks in great agitation, and said he would not be back until his lawyers had checked the report.

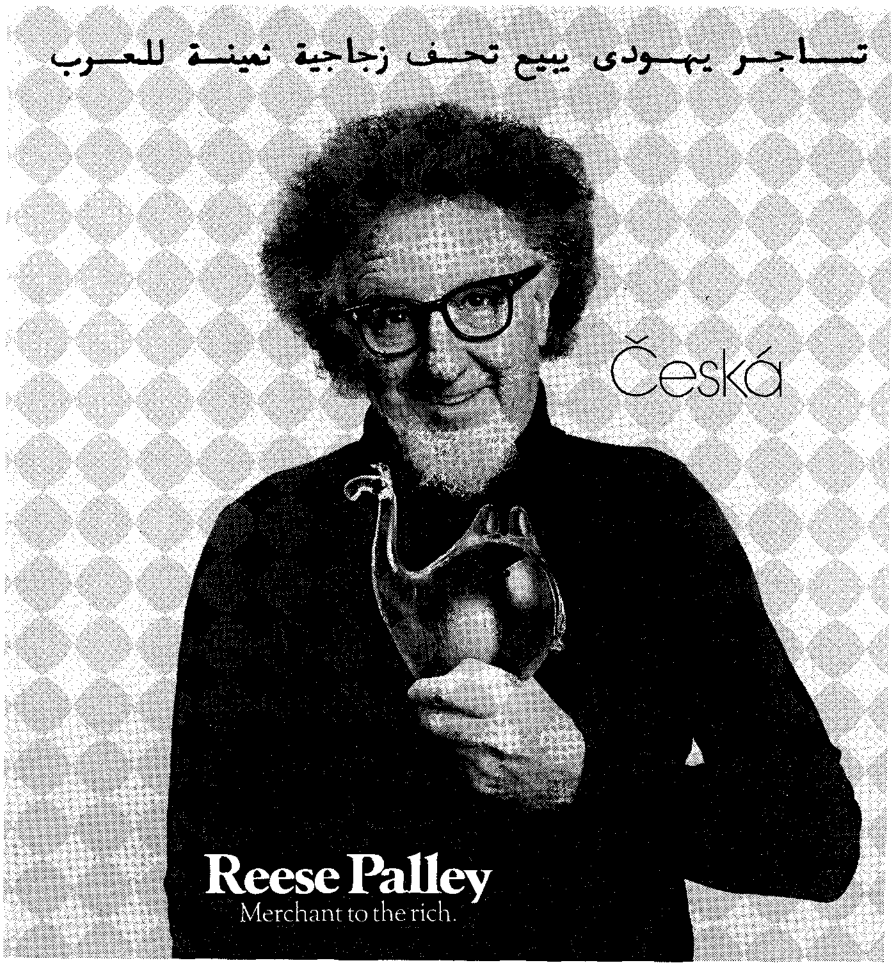
Kheel called an immediate news conference to term the story "ridiculous" and to express certainty that Murdoch had been the source. "At no time did I ever contemplate making recommendations, nor will I," Kheel declared. "I have never been party to a secret deal. It's preposterous. I stand on my record." Regrettably, secret deals are no rarity in labor relations, nor are denials of them when they exist. It was plain to Kheel and to everyone else that his denial, standing alone, would scarcely persuade Kennedy that he could stop worrying. Both the Allied and the publishers went into high gear to seek a refutation that would reassure the pressmen's chief. The obvious best bet was to obtain directly from Moffett a denial that he had ever nurtured the suspicions attributed to him. McDonald, Kheel's most stalwart champion, asked Paul Yager, the regional director of the mediation service, to put the question to Moffett by telephone. Moffett denied that he had made the charge, and the denial was made public.

The publishers used a more oblique approach. Barletta, disturbed by a wire-service story that preceded the *Newsday* report, felt that it might be helpful to invoke the good offices of Joe Bingel, president of the International Typographical Union. He knew that Bingel and Moffett were close; he also knew that Bingel and Ostrow were close. Barletta was aware that the I.T.U. strike fund had been drained by the benefit load put on it by the New York strike, so the I.T.U. had a special incentive to hope for a quick settlement. Barletta called Ostrow and suggested that Moffett's annoyance at being upstaged by Kheel was causing the federal mediator to say things that could give Kennedy an excuse for wrecking the negotiation and thus pushing the strike into an endurance contest. He urged Ostrow to enlist Bingel's help in quieting Moffett. That relay elicited another denial from the mediator that he had ever accused Kheel of floating a secret deal.

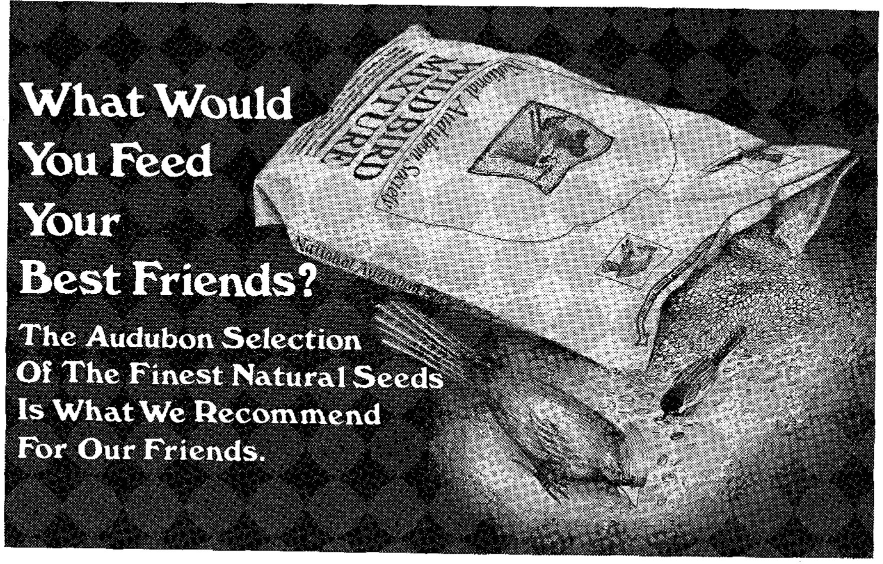
The denial that McDonald had obtained through the regional director led to the calling of a 3 P.M. meeting of all the newspaper unions on the day the *Newsday* report appeared. The Allied president told Kennedy and the other union heads that Moffett had disavowed the story. That cleared the air enough to get things started again. "We'll never get to the bottom of it," Kennedy said, "but I'm content to go ahead."

All the union heads gave Kheel a vote of confidence, and McDonald had a caustic message for Kheel's most vocal critic. "The only way Murdoch's going to get rid of Kheel is to go back to Australia," he said.

The speed with which McDonald scotched the report that Kheel was party to a deal to shove terms down Kennedy's throat, Kheel believes, represented a critical turn for his mission. Murdoch had just pulled out, trailing charges of double-dealing against all his ex-associates, and Kheel's hold was tenuous at best. "If we had let the matter stew for a few days, which would have been the result if Kenne-



©1979. Reese Palley, Inc., Atlantic City.


What Would You Feed Your Best Friends?
The Audubon Selection Of The Finest Natural Seeds Is What We Recommend For Our Friends.
National Audubon Society
WILD BIRD MIXTURE
In recognizing the need for a high quality wild bird food, the National Audubon Society has carefully selected nine elements from eight different locations—and tested against Aflatoxin (a known carcinogen) contamination. The mixture is formulated under the direction of the National Audubon Society and delivered right to your door.

Yes, I would like to have the finest bird food available. And if not satisfied I will receive a full refund.

☐ Bag(s) of Audubon Wild Bird Food Mixture at $11.95 per 10 kilo (22 lb.) bag. (Price includes delivery.)
☐ Bag(s) of Audubon Finest Sunflower Seeds at $12.95 per 10 kilo (22 lb.) bag. (Price includes delivery.)
☐ Bag(s) of Audubon Niger Seed at $8.95 per 2 kilo (4.4 lb.) bag. (Price includes delivery.)
Total amount enclosed $ ______
☐ Make Check or Money Order payable to National Audubon Society

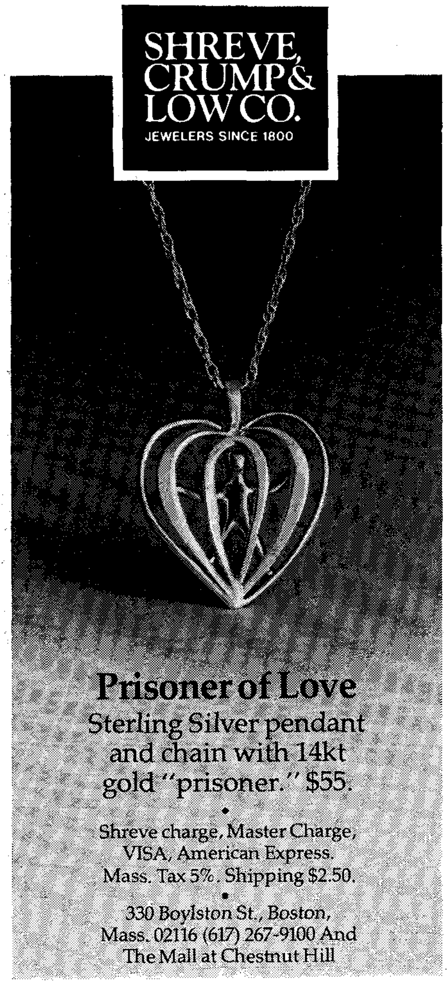
☐ Master Charge or ☐ Visa
No. ______
Expiration Date ______
Name______
Address______
City ______
State ______

Mail To: National Audubon Society 1001 Elm St.
Bristol, Ill. 60512

You can never feel homesick in Denmark. Danes give Americans the warmest welcomes. They even celebrate July 4th with glorious fireworks! It's every bit as warm, as delightful, as magnificent as the feeling of slipping into a Birger Christensen fur.

BIRGER CHRISTENSEN
38 Østergade-Copenhagen-Denmark

By Appointment to the
Royal Danish Court



SHREVE, CRUMP & LOW CO.
JEWELERS SINCE 1800

Prisoner of Love
Sterling Silver pendant
and chain with 14kt
gold "prisoner." $55.

Shreve charge, Master Charge,
VISA, American Express.
Mass. Tax 5%. Shipping $2.50.

330 Boylston St., Boston,
Mass. 02116 (617) 267-9100 And
The Mall at Chestnut Hill

dy did his own checking, the damage would have been irreparable," Kheel says.

Was the *Newsday* story wrong? The man who denied the story then does not deny it now. "I said it, but I had to deny it; now that it's over, I said it," Moffett says. "I was under pressure from all directions. Everyone was upset with me, and I was upset with everyone else. But I did say it."

CONSPIRACY theories of one kind or another involving all the principal actors in both the Murdoch and the Kheel-Mattson-Barletta camps were endemic up to the moment of final settlement, but the weathering of the furor touched off by the *Newsday* story did clear the way for a serious start on Kheel's voyage of discovery into the hidden world of the pressroom. Mastering the intricacies of tradition-befogged disputes that have defied solution because no one has ever broken them up into manageable segments is a basic element in the Kheel school of conflict resolution. "The only real way to get the feel of a problem is to have the parties tell you about it themselves," he says. That was what he set out to do in a round of question-asking about how things worked in the pressroom and how many different kinds of things needed doing under what circumstances on the presses and around them. It was a process I had seen Kheel employ with dramatic success in the settlement of a threatened 1964 strike over railroad featherbedding. President Johnson had given him two weeks in which to make sense out of a situation that the leaders on both sides had spent a lifetime complicating to the point of almost total unintelligibility. Kheel did it by ignoring a huge library of reports by a succession of Presidential and congressional commissions and letting the parties find their way back into the real world under the searchlight he brought to bear on them.

This time, Kheel's exploratory effort, which took all of the ten days he had originally projected, had two side benefits that eventually proved invaluable in starting up the presses once more. One was obtaining the active involvement of the thirty members of a bargaining committee drawn from the union rank and file, whose support would be essential whenever there was an agreement to put before the full membership for ratification. Up to then, the committee members had passed each day sitting idly in a conference room at the mediation office while Kennedy and his lawyers did all the negotiating. Now they were given a chance to participate, by educating the new mediator on conditions in the pressroom. The second side benefit was bringing to the fore on the management team two production executives—Andrew Riggs, of the *Times*, and Alan Flaherty, of the *News*—who by dint of knowledge and friendliness helped establish a previously nonexistent rapport with the unionists.

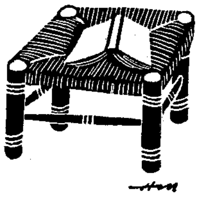
It would be an exaggeration to suggest that the turn from exploration to action went with anything like the smoothness that attended Kheel's tour of railroad duty fifteen years ago. In fact, the newspaper talks almost came to a standstill on October 10th, the day hard bargaining was scheduled to begin. At a meeting of the Allied that morning, La Chance, of the drivers' union, reported that the publisher trustees of the drivers' health-and-welfare fund had notified him that benefit payments would be stopped on October 31st, because the fund's reserves were dropping below the legal limit. What La Chance found most irksome about the notice was that the publishers had sprung it on him without warning, at a meeting the day before. (The publishers explained that they had learned over the years that La Chance never showed up at meetings if he was told bad news was coming.) La Chance said he was so outraged that he intended to call a strike of his own when the pressmen settled. That statement prompted Bert Powers to remark to Harry Fisdell, the executive vice-president of the Guild, at the end of the Allied session, "The strongest ally the pressmen have is the publishers. They are turning all the other unions against them."

Kennedy saved his reaction until he got within range of television cameras at the mediation service. He was laughing and joking with reporters as he rode downtown by subway from Automation House, but when he reached the interview room outside the meeting room his mood shifted to fury. He accused the publishers of having perpetrated a "dastardly act," and said that the pressmen would stand behind the deliverers even if it meant tearing down the newspaper plants brick by brick.

An emergency arrangement for continuing health and welfare payments to the drivers was worked out within forty-eight hours, but the episode had given Kennedy another opportunity to ingratiate himself with the only union whose defection could break his strike. And La Chance had become more openly cordial to the pressmen even before that. The return to publication of the *Post* and its launching of a Sunday paper had created more work opportunities for his members and thus lessened rank-and-file demands for ending the strike. By rotating jobs, he was now able to keep most of his members active at least three days a week delivering the *Post*, the interim dailies, and the expanded volume of magazines and out-of-town papers. Few drivers required the hundred and twenty-five dollars in unemployment insurance they were currently entitled to when they were wholly idle.

Because of the altered power equation, the publishers felt obliged to give public proof of the firmness of their resolve to get a contract that would make them competitive with the suburban dailies while giving appropriate guarantees to their employees. W. H. James, the publisher of the *News*, told bankers and media representatives at a Westchester meeting that his paper and the *Times* remained solidly committed to their original course. He called the *Post* "just another strike paper" out to make a quick buck, and said that the *Times* and the *News* would never sign a contract that forced them to "pay for work that isn't being done."

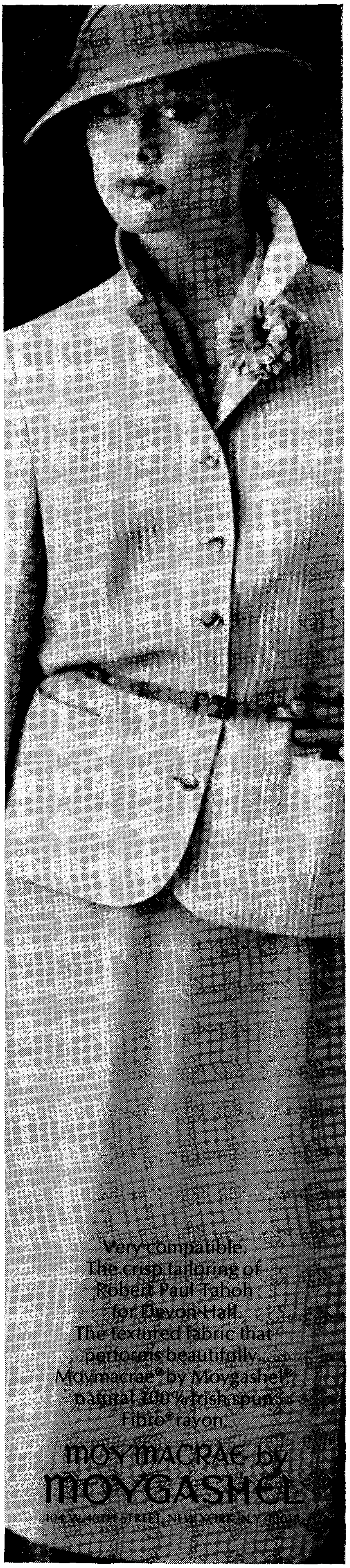
While the pressmen were still mulling over the *News* publisher's combative words, Mattson and Barletta provided evidence of their unwillingness to be pushed around in the negotiation. They walked out at the start of a session on October 11th in protest against a statement by Kheel that the strike could not be settled unless the employers broadened their offer on job guarantees to insure full-time work for everybody on their rosters. The subject had come up late the night before, and Mortimer and Thornton, as the floor spokesmen for the two papers, objected then that they considered it unfair for Kheel to be leaning on them for a specific change in their proposal, since no similar pressure was being put on the union. When Mattson and Barletta learned of Kheel's initiative, they decided not to stay. Kheel suspended the negotiation and called a summit meeting of the publishers and the pressmen at his apartment the next morning.



The time had come, he decided, to drop the relative passivity of his role and assume a more openly assertive one. He called me at home just before the meeting and said, "I'm delivering an ultimatum to both sides today. The publishers must give an absolute job guarantee to everyone on their regular rosters. In return, the union must give them manning competitive with the suburban papers. Otherwise, I will walk out of the negotiation and report my reasons to the Allied tomorrow." Kheel opened the meeting by declaring that he wanted no immediate answer but that agreement would be impossible unless the union and the publishers accepted a framework based on the twofold proposition that the papers had to be competitive but also had to take care of everybody in the pressroom, as they had taken care of everybody in the composing room in the automation pact four years before. When the regular negotiation was reconvened at the mediation service that afternoon, the two sides concurred, and Kheel heralded the breakthrough as one rivalling President Carter's Middle East accord at Camp David.

From the standpoint of the publishers, the framework represented the first acceptance by the union of the idea that manning under the new agreement would have to be comparable to that existing at the *Star-Ledger* or *Newsday*. This had always been the realistic target of the *Times*, despite its commitment in July to enlist alongside the *Post* and the *News* in a fight for what is known as room manning—a system that would have allowed the employers unlimited control over the number of pressroom employees and the jobs they were assigned to. Under the existing system, called unit manning, the employers did not have control over the deployment of the pressmen but had to assign a fixed number of men to each press; the *Times* believed that retaining unit manning and revising the crew assignments would give it savings as fast as they could be made under any plan that forbade outright dismissals and required that all separations from the payroll come about through attrition. The *News* had been converted to the same view by its estimate of the steep price it would have to pay in extension of the strike and in extra pay increases if it held out for room manning.

From the union's standpoint, the guarantee of at least five days' work each week for everyone on the pressroom rosters added full-time protection for two hundred employees who would not have been protected under the earlier offer. These included many with twenty or thirty years' service who, for a variety of reasons, including disabilities suffered in past pressroom accidents, had worked less than a hundred and fifty shifts in 1977. By the same token, the commitment reduced substantially the savings that the publishers could



Very compatible.
The crisp tailoring of
Robert Paul Taboh
for Devon Hall.
The textured fabric that
performs beautifully...
Moymacrae® by Moygashel®
natural 100% Irish spun
Fibro® rayon.
MOYMACRAE by
MOYGASHEL
104 W. 40TH STREET, NEW YORK, N.Y. 10018

100% fine cashmere
29.90

Splendid & affordable

Our specially priced, authentic classic extravagantly soft, meticulously hand-fashioned. Sized: 36(S) 38(M) 40(L) 42(XL) In white, navy, black, dusty pink & heather beige. Include VISA or MasterCharge No. Add $1.75 postage/handling for each item. Illinois residents add 5% sales tax. Allow 3 weeks for delivery. Sorry, no C.O.D.'s.

betty's of winnetka
P.O. Box 318, Winnetka, IL. 60093

L.L.Bean tm
Outdoor Sporting Specialties

FREE Spring Catalog

Fully illustrated. Features quality apparel and footwear for men and women; fishing, hiking, camping and canoeing gear, leather and canvas bags, furnishings for home or camp. All items guaranteed to be 100% satisfactory.

For 67 years L. L. Bean has provided high grade merchandise at reasonable prices. We personally test our products to insure that they represent a true value, are practical, functional and high in quality. L. L. Bean clothing is rugged enough to withstand outdoor use yet attractively styled and comfortable for casual wear. Our footwear is carefully designed to be well-fitting and long wearing. Many items are of our own manufacture.

SEND FREE CATALOG

Name ______
Address ______
City ______
State ______ Zip ______

L. L. Bean, Inc.
898 Casco St., Freeport, ME 04033

expect in the first few years of the evolving contract, which was to run until 1984, double the usual duration. Murdoch, viewing the accord from his sanctuary on South Street, estimated that pressroom costs might actually rise by as much as twenty per cent in the first year under the agreement if everyone on the roster presented himself for work every day.

With the way seemingly open for the first real movement toward a full settlement, Kheel issued a quiet invitation to Murdoch to stop grumbling on the sidelines and send in an observer to see how well his interests were being protected at the bargaining table. Murdoch flirted with the idea over the weekend of October 14th and 15th. One person he called for guidance was Barletta. They had maintained amicable relations by telephone ever since the break, despite frequent insults that they were directing at one another publicly. Barletta did nothing to encourage Murdoch's participation. The *Post* publisher finally decided that he was better off in isolation. He feared that if anyone representing him asked a single question at the proceedings he would be accused of filibustering and that, in any case, he would be blamed for anything that went wrong. (Even before Murdoch said no, Kheel had been endeavoring to recall the bid.) Now it was up to the *Times* and the *News*, with Kheel's aid, to hammer out terms that would bind Murdoch under his "me-too" stipulation. "Rupert will be treated fairly," Kheel proclaimed. "We're going to see to it that he doesn't get the contract he deserves." Xeroxed copies of Robert Browning's poem "The Lost Leader" mysteriously appeared in large numbers around the negotiating chambers. "Just for a handful of silver he left us, /Just for a riband to stick in his coat," its opening lines ran. Kheel merely looked skyward when he was asked whether the poem came from his bookshelves. Murdoch was unfazed by all this. In his frequent talks with Barletta, he would say, "Hang in there. Remember, it's my money, too."

THE spirit of Camp David quickly proved as flickering in the newspaper talks as it did in the talks between Israel and Egypt. On Monday, October 16th, a snag developed over the status of a total of a hundred and forty-five pressmen employed at Newspoint, the *News* color-rotogravure plant in Queens. Because the plant's future was uncertain, Barletta insisted that the men there had to be excluded from the job guarantees that would go to the rest of the seven hundred and twenty men on the *News* pressroom roster. Mattson backed the *News* in its position. For the union, the dropping of protection for a group that represented nearly a tenth of the three papers' total roster of fifteen hundred and eight created a formidable political problem in terms of potential ratification. That problem was made more severe by the fact that many of the Newspoint workers were among the union's senior members.

Other problems came to the surface when the negotiators started to translate into particulars the adjustments that would be required to make New York conditions comparable to those at the *Star-Ledger* or at *Newsday*. Inquiry disclosed that some work done by pressmen in New York was done by porters or subcontractors on the suburban papers. It also disclosed differences in conditions which affected manpower needs for cleanup and maintenance work. A joint task force was dispatched to the *Newsday* plant, in Garden City, and to the *Star-Ledger* plant, in Newark, to see whether firsthand inspection would bring an accord on what "competitive manning" entailed. It did not.

On Wednesday, October 18th, with the strike entering its eleventh week, Kheel turned to shock therapy. He proposed an immediate return to work by all the unions and the submission of most of the points in dispute to an impartial panel for "fact-finding to a conclusion." Both sides recognized the proposal as a gesture of despair. The union said no, and the publishers quickly followed. Kheel glumly interpreted this as a vote by both sides in favor of settling everything across the bargaining table, but warned that he did not intend to spend the rest of his life helping them get there. At an Allied meeting that night, Kheel told the unions, "My two-point framework resembles Humpty-Dumpty after the fall, but there's no alternative to the two points if there is to be a settlement through collective bargaining. It won't be all the king's horses and all the king's men that put the program back together again. It has to be collective bargaining."

The next day, Murdoch's itch to take maximum advantage of his temporary monopoly found expression in a move that swiftly backfired, to his detriment and to the advantage of the other publishers. He formally announced that within the next few days he would be bringing out a new morning paper, to be called the *Daily Sun*—clearly designed to take readers away from the absent *News*. "It will be a bright, entertaining, street-smart paper, not unlike what the *Daily News* was like fifteen years ago," Neal Travis, a veteran of Murdoch publications in Australia, Britain, and the United States, who was to edit the *Sun*, told reporters.

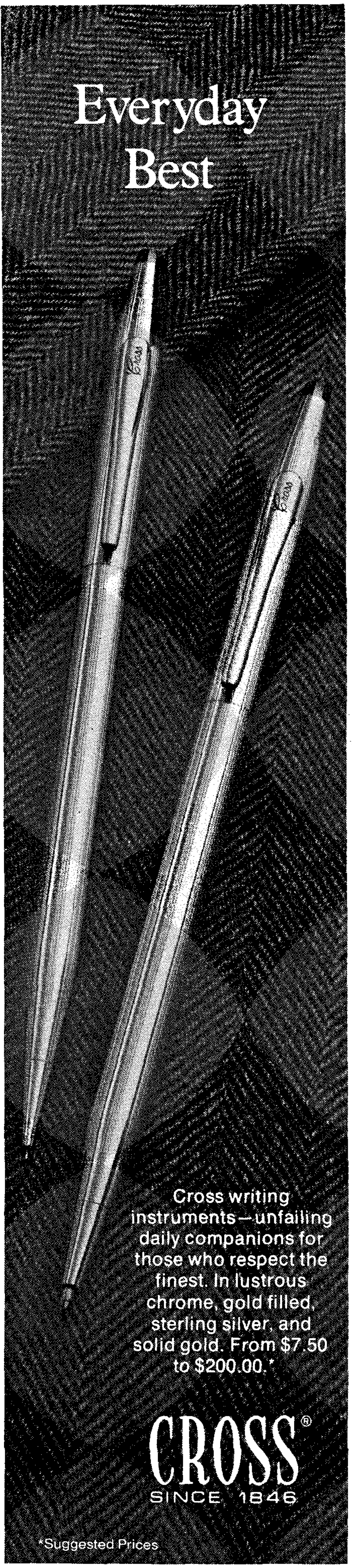
The Murdoch announcement caused more consternation among the newspaper unions than it did in the executive suites of either the *News* or the *Times*. Murdoch had done such an effective job over a period of months in convincing the unionists that the *News* was sliding downhill that several union chiefs feared that the appearance of the *Sun* during the strike might cause the Chicago parent of the *News*—the *Tribune*—to close the *News* forever. They had no desire to trade the forty-five hundred secure jobs their members had on the *News* for chancy employment on a shoestring venture under Murdoch, who had made it plain that he planned a low-budget operation. The unionists also feared that Murdoch planned to use the *Sun*, once it won a foothold, as an instrument for permitting him to cut his losses on the *Post* by suspending its Saturday edition or shutting it altogether. These fears led to a closing of ranks inside the Allied against the signing of the union contracts that Murdoch needed before the *Sun* could be published. The excuse the unionists planned to use was that a contract with a brand-new paper required careful scrutiny of all its clauses, not posthaste approval of the kind that Murdoch had received when the "me-too" contract with the pressmen was negotiated at the *Post*.

The delaying action was not the only weapon that the jittery unionists could bring out against Murdoch. The electricians' union told the Allied that its idle members at the *Times* and the *News* were disturbed because their fellow-electricians at the *Post* were working without a contract, and it hinted that it might order them off the job and establish a picket line outside the *Post* if things did not change in a few days. The electricians' threat, which bore the imprint of Harry Van Arsdale, the president of the New York City Central Labor Council, was directed only partly at Murdoch. Its main thrust was against the increasingly strong alliance that had developed between Kennedy and La Chance, whose drivers at the *Post* were doing well delivering the bloated weekday and Sunday papers. The inter-union grapevine was carrying word that La Chance had attempted to negotiate a sneak contract with Murdoch for the *Sun* but had been stopped by his executive board. That contract would have been all the license to publish that Murdoch required if La Chance could get his men to coöperate.

The drivers' president indignantly denied that he had ever tried to traffic with Murdoch about the *Sun*. His became the loudest voice in the Allied chorus in insisting on an ironclad contract. By way of insuring that La Chance would not backslide, the *News* put its drivers'-union committeemen up to reminding La Chance that the *News* contract contained a clause entitling the paper to enjoy the advantages of any more favorable conditions that the union incorporated in contracts with new papers. The *News*, which employs eight hundred of La Chance's members, has been required since its founding, in 1919, to use its own trucks for deliveries in the five boroughs. If it could farm out the work to wholesale distributors—the system that Murdoch was insisting on for the *Sun*—deliveries of the *News* could be handled by several hundred fewer drivers, at substantially lower cost. Such a shrinkage would mean political suicide for La Chance. He served notice on Murdoch that the *Sun* would have to make all deliveries in its own trucks—a requirement that would add two or three million dollars a year to its tightly drawn cost sheet. Murdoch replied by accusing La Chance of imperilling not only the birth of the *Sun* but the survival of the *Post* as well. For good measure, he threw in the *News*, the *Times*, and the Allied as fellow-conspirators with La Chance in a plot to strangle his brainchild.

At the mediation service, things were still stalled. Kennedy was accusing the *News* of reneging on job guarantees for the Newspoint pressmen. Barletta urged Kheel to remind Kennedy that the paper had said from the start of the negotiation that the guarantees for workers at the roto plant would hold only for the life of the plant, not for the life of whatever contract was agreed on. This straightening-out of the record, however, made the exclusion no more palatable to the union.

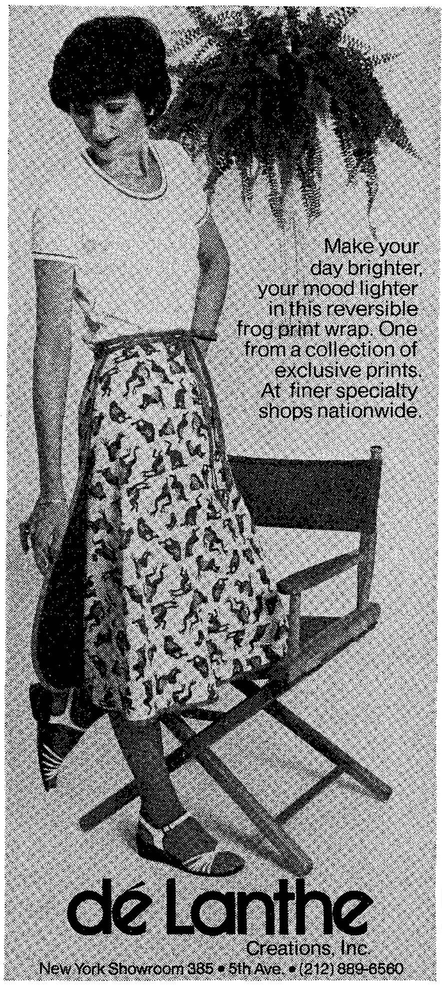
Thursday night, James, of the *News*, and Van Arsdale were seated close to one another on the dais at the annual Alfred E. Smith memorial dinner at the Waldorf-Astoria. *Newsday* subsequently speculated that their conversation might have related to stepping up the Allied's pressure on the pressmen to settle. That notion gave

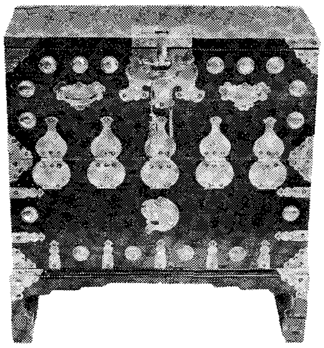

Everyday Best

Cross writing instruments—unfailing daily companions for those who respect the finest. In lustrous chrome, gold filled, sterling silver, and solid gold. From $7.50 to $200.00.*

CROSS®
SINCE 1846

*Suggested Prices


Make your day brighter, your mood lighter in this reversible frog print wrap. One from a collection of exclusive prints. At finer specialty shops nationwide.
dé Lanthe
Creations, Inc.
New York Showroom 385 • 5th Ave. • (212) 889-8560



The Korean Pyungyang Chest Bold Drop-leaf breakfront. Solid brass fittings, genuine Lindwood. Lined in parchment lettered with Korean characters. Very practical as **liquor cabinet**. 22½ X 10 X 25" H. Satisfaction or your money back. $225 Postpaid. Shops on Worth Avenue, Palm Beach (305) 659-7077 Faneuil Hall Marketplace, Boston (617) 367-1202

Call or send this coupon with order A3

Name
Street
City State Zip
☐Check ☐MC/VISA ☐Amer. Exp.
Card No. #
Sign.
Exp. date ☐Send for free brochure

make check payable to: Oriental Arts & Design
P.O. Box 595, 590 Commonwealth Ave. Boston, MA 02215

The Clipper Trade from
Oriental Arts & Design

Kennedy a new basis for feeling entrapped.

ON Friday, October 20th, Barletta and Kennedy had a long, friendly conversation, in which they agreed that round-the-clock talks ought to be initiated to resolve the Newspoint impasse and all the other obstacles to an agreement. Barletta was carrying a copy of *Today*, a new four-part morning paper that the Gannett chain had brought out in Westchester during the strike and intended to make permanent. It had a 3 A.M. deadline, operated with a handful of people, and could give commuters the results of West Coast night sports events and other late news that they had never been able to get in suburban editions of the *Times* or the *News*. "Here's this paper selling for a dime," Barletta told Kennedy. "It operates nonunion, does your people no good, and steals our readers."

From then on, the concentration was on negotiating, but again a basic difference between the pressmen and the publishers stymied progress. Kennedy remained unyielding on the question of sacrificing more than one journeyman on each press. He kept saying that this would give New York a total of eleven journeymen, which was what the *Star-Ledger* had. At *Newsday*, the figure was ten. But *Newsday* had two apprentices on each press and the *Star-Ledger* only one, and Kennedy insisted that he wanted to match *Newsday* on apprentices. The publishers balked at letting him have the best of both suburban worlds. They told him he must choose between the eleven-and-one ratio at the *Star-Ledger* and the ten-and-two at *Newsday*. As Kennedy kept looking for a way to compromise by cutting an apprentice in half, McDonald and Kheel decided that it was time for the Allied to turn on the heat. At a sulphurous Automation House meeting on Wednesday, October 25th, the heads of the other unions put the pressmen's leader on notice that he had to pick either the *Star-Ledger* or *Newsday*. The way would then be clear for bargaining on the number of apprentices needed for waste removal and other press-related functions to establish consistency with whichever model the union chose. Another Allied meeting was set for Friday, to keep Kennedy's feet to the fire.

Arrangements were made to resume the contract negotiation at eight o'clock that evening, but an automobile accident kept one key union committeeman away, and the talks never got started. They picked up again the next day, with Kheel taking a back seat. At 7 P.M., he left to serve as host at a long-scheduled dinner at Windows on the World to launch an American foundation in support of the Beaubourg museum, in Paris. Among the guests were Louise Nevelson, Claes Oldenburg, Andy Warhol, and twenty others prominent in American and French art circles. After dining on rack of lamb and toasting his guests in four wines, Kheel returned to the dingy mediation offices at midnight to find Kennedy irate. He told Kheel that he had expressed his readiness to accept the *Star-Ledger* as his yardstick for New York, but that the publishers were no longer willing to allow him that option. They felt that conditions at *Newsday*, where the savings would be greater for them, ought to become the standard. Kheel told Kennedy he had every right under the offer originally made by the papers to pick the *Star-Ledger*, provided that it became the pattern-setter for all journeyman and apprentice work around the presses. This immediate endorsement of the union position eased some of the suspicion that Kennedy had held all through the dispute that Kheel was part of a plot to undo the pressmen.

Real movement began at this point, but at a glacierlike pace. Andrew Riggs, of the *Times*, and Alan Flaherty, of the *News*, the two management technical experts whom the union had come to respect in the exploratory sessions, framed five points of difference that still existed between the parties on the number of apprentice pressmen required on miscellaneous tasks around the presses to conform to the *Star-Ledger* model. Kheel proposed that these differences be submitted to an umpire selected by the publishers and the pressmen for fact-finding to a conclusion. That proposal finally won acceptance from both sides at 4 A.M., and the first major building block of the agreement was in place.

Meanwhile, the politicians, who up to then had been as detached from any involvement in the newspaper blackout as they would have been if it were a strike against a neighborhood hardware store, had begun buzzing about. The Democrats and their allies in labor's upper crust were eager to see the papers back on the streets before Election Day, now less than two weeks off. Getting out a big city vote for Governor Carey was their paramount interest. Ironically, it was Murdoch who had brought about the Governor's first direct contact with the strike. He had called the Governor on the previous Sunday to ask him to use his influence with the union high command to end the labor blockade of the *Sun*. The

Governor had then called Sal Iaccio, a general vice-president of the machinists' union, in New York, only to be told that the best way to help anyone would be to settle the strike at the *Times* and the *News*.

One result of the politicians' effort had been an intensification of the Allied pressure on Kennedy, including a warning to La Chance that the *Post* would be struck and his members made jobless again if he did not get behind the settlement drive. Another had been a request from the Governor's office, through Iaccio, to have the Governor and Mayor Koch in on some significant step toward winding up the strike. Kheel had vetoed any involvement of the Mayor, with whom he was at odds, but had told Iaccio that he would be glad to give Carey a boost if he could figure out a graceful way to do it. That offer had led to a suggestion that the Governor come to the meeting of the Allied leaders at Automation House at noon on October 27th, provided no adverse development at the negotiating table on the preceding day made that seem risky. At midnight, on his return from Windows on the World, Kheel had received a call from the Governor's chief labor contact, Anthony Scotto, a vice-president of the International Longshoremen's Association, asking whether it would be safe for Carey to show up at the Allied session. Kheel had said he didn't know but would call Scotto later if he didn't mind being awakened. At 4 A.M., the all-clear signal had been given. Nine hours later, the Governor had his picture taken with McDonald and Kennedy. That was almost the sum total of Governor Carey's participation.

The Allied met again at 5 P.M. Monday, at the offices of the mediation service, to hear Kheel give a report on the talks. Before he went in to the meeting, Kennedy, referring to the pressure brigade that was going to be surrounding him, mumbled something to the effect that McDonald was trying to kill him with the Allied. The officers of the other unions assembled slowly in a big conference room, and the pressmen's committee followed them in—big men with wide shoulders and beer bellies, looking sullen. McDonald announced that only the executive group representing the pressmen and the rest of the Allied's affiliated unions could stay, and the rank-and-file pressmen were obliged to leave. Kheel, concerned about losing his credibility with the pressmen, avoided blame-fixing in his report. He detailed the issues that were still on the table, and left exhortation and castigation to the Allied leaders. La Chance arrived in mid-meeting. When he passed the pressmen's committee outside, he got a cheer. Inside, no one was cheering. The publishers had warned the Allied that they were nearing a decision to write off the rest of the Christmas advertising season and put the negotiation in storage until Easter. After more than two hours of caustic comment on the absence of an accord, a delegate from the machinists moved to fix 9 P.M. Wednesday as the deadline for a settlement, after which the pressmen's pickets would be disregarded by the other unions. Worry was expressed that formal action to that effect would strip the pressmen of their bargaining leverage, and the meeting ended with a decision to meet again Wednesday. Despite the withdrawal of the explicit time limit, the meeting's tone had been peremptory. Typical was a comment by James O'Hara, of the electricians, when the pressmen reported that one bar to settlement was the unwillingness of journeymen to do apprentices' work even though they would get full journeymen's pay for doing it. "You can't keep our people out for a thing like that!" shouted O'Hara. "Our electricians would shovel s--- against the tide if they got full scale!" By the end of the session, the pressmen were in no doubt that the next meeting represented the end of the road for strike support by the Allied.

Kheel sent everybody home with instructions to be back at the mediation service the next morning, ready to stay until the strike was over. The first thing Kheel did when he arrived for that meeting was to sit down at an electric typewriter and peck out a seven-point statement of principles for settling all the outstanding issues. That statement, Kheel insisted, represented no departure from his promise never to prescribe a peace formula of his own. Rather, he declared, it was a crystallization of thoughts that had emerged from the agreements already reached and from ten days of detailed exploration of pressroom problems. "The way I like to do things," Kheel explained later, "is not have to force anybody, but leave them no other place to go."

A full day and night passed before the negotiators found themselves in that position. At 5:40 A.M. on Wednesday, November 1st, the list of open issues had been cut to a point that

'The Unique Fifty'®

We have a collection of Daylilies called 'The Unique Fifty,' and you can take that name literally. There are fifty mature plants in it, each the result of hand-pollinating fine Daylilies in the hope of getting even better ones. So each plant is unique, the twin of no other. None are named, but all have better pedigrees than most named varieties offered at higher prices. And it should be possible to find two or three plants so lovely you will want to name them after dear friends or loved ones, a nice thing to do.

This is the least expensive way to buy Daylilies, the best low-maintenance perennial for sunny locations. *They are less than $1.00 each.* Please order: 'The Unique Fifty.' **$49.50** — plus 10% for handling and prepaid delivery (Conn. residents please add Sales Tax). Orders received after April 10 will be shipped in September. Yes, buy 'The Unique Fifty' with friends to share cost — but shipment must be to only one address.

Buyers will receive our nationally known Gardening Publications Service — Spring and Fall editions of *The Garden Book*, our catalogues, which really *are* garden books (there is more in them about how-to-garden than about the 1,200 plants offered), plus three issues of NOTES, an invaluable reminder publication. This service, offered by subscription for **$5.00**, is sent without charge each year to active customers. We hope you become one.
— Sincerely, Amos Pettingill

® Registered Tradename

White Flower Farm
Plantsmen
Litchfield 991, Connecticut 06759

emoskop

NOT JUST A TELESCOPE,
NOT JUST A MICROSCOPE, BUT

complete optical
vestpocket system

Actual size

If you are scientist, astronomer, philatelist, numismatist, or if you are simply finicky about fine optics, **Emoskop** must be instrument of your choice. Converts from 3x telescope to 5x, 10x, or 15x magnifier to 30x microscope. In any mode it performs to perfection, is fully achromatic, with full resolution and with absolutely flat field. All optical parts are hard-coated. With fitted leather case and "tripod" for steady observation at high magnifications. **Emoskop** hails from Wetzlar, Germany, world capital of fine optics. It is outstanding instrument that **Modern Photography** called ". . . only magnifier worthy of name".

779 Bush Street, **hennikers**
Box 7584, San Francisco, CA 94120

Mail to: **Henniker's** YN0129
779 Bush St., Box 7584, San Francisco, CA 94120

Yes, send me ______ **Emoskops** @ $39.95 ea.

☐ My check, plus $1.50 for post. and handling (and tax for Calif. deliv. only) is enclosed.

☐ Charge my BA/MC acct.

____________ exp. ____

or for fastest service call TOLL FREE (800) 648-5311
(IN NEVADA (800) 992-5710) IN SF BAY AREA CALL 433-7540

My name is ____________
I live at ____________
In ____________ State ____ Zip ____

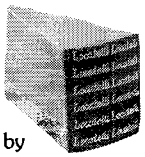
CAREER DISCOVERY
A SUMMER PROGRAM AT THE HARVARD GRADUATE SCHOOL OF DESIGN

An intensive, introductory six-week program for people of all ages and backgrounds interested in seriously exploring a professional role in architecture, landscape architecture, or city planning.

HGSD, Gund Hall
L-40, Cambridge, MA 02138
(617) 495-2578

Locatelli®
The Grate Cheese

Capture the true Italian delight of freshly grated cheese. Genuine Locatelli Pecorino Romano, made from sheep's milk, has a piquant flavor that is perfect for soups, salads, egg and pasta dishes.



You know it's fresh because you grate it yourself. Locatelli.

Imported from Italy by
The Ambriola Co., Inc.
New York, N.Y. 10013

prompted Kheel to go to Kennedy and suggest that word be passed to the news media to have reporters on hand at 8 A.M. for a joint announcement. The cameras were in place at that time, and so was the settlement. Kheel let Kennedy and Mattson do most of the talking. The day, he said, belonged to the pressmen and the publishers. His role was simply that of "a catalyst on a hot tin roof."

THE most spectacular development in the rush to the wire had been the achievement of a full agreement on manpower cuts in maintenance and cleanup operations. This meant that two departments in which many of the most wasteful practices had prevailed could be reorganized without any need to call in an impartial fact-finder. The key to resolving this fiercely contested issue was a maneuver born of desperation on the part of Riggs and Flaherty, the management production experts. When things looked gloomiest, a few hours before the Monday Allied meeting, they had gone to Kheel and told him they felt that nothing would ever be settled unless a joint union-management mini-committee was set up in which they could argue out the unresolved manning issues on a shop-level basis with two or three pivotal union negotiators. Almost simultaneously, the same idea was being put forward in behalf of the union by Feerick and Connery. Kennedy agreed to join in such a last-ditch attempt, along with two *Times* pressmen, Raymond Kelly and Joseph Page, who had won attention in Kheel's exploratory sessions by giving vivid accounts of working conditions in the pressroom. Kelly, in particular, had conjured up an environment so permeated with ink spray and paper dust that he made every pressroom worker appear a candidate for black-lung disease. Riggs, responding for the publishers, had won the union's respect by conceding the basic correctness of Kelly's description, but had noted the omission of one significant factor—how little time the average pressman actually spent on the job. A similar candor on both sides marked the work of the committee. When the committee addressed itself to the specific needs for maintenance and cleanup personnel at each *Times* and *News* plant, the union brought in additional rank-and-file representatives, and job-by-job agreements were racked up at a whirlwind rate. No one kept score as the individual accords were arrived at, but the final accounting showed that the publishers had emerged with only about half the savings they had originally expected from adoption of the *Star-Ledger* as a yardstick.

In a separate negotiating session, the hundred and forty-five pressmen at the *News'* color-rotogravure plant were given the same six-year guarantee of full employment given to the other men on the rosters, but the question of who would have to supply that work opportunity if the plant closed was left for decision by the pressmen and the publishers whenever that happened. Kheel was to resolve any disagreement that might arise on how to split up the burden. Under Murdoch's "me-too" contract, this opened up the possibility that the absent *Post* publisher might be saddled with some of the bill. (He told me an hour and a half after the accord that he would go to court rather than pay any part of such a cost.) To reduce the danger that anyone would ever have to worry about how to fulfill the guarantee for the hundred and forty-five men, the contract included a formula for improving the competitive status of the Newsprint plant and thus keeping it from having to close. It was to have manning tables and production conditions comparable to those in effect at a Providence roto plant with which it competed for commercial work; wages and fringe benefits were to remain at New York levels.

But the resolution of all the issues between the pressmen and the papers did not end the strike. Despite the eagerness of the politicians to have the *Times* and the *News* circulate before the election, and of the publishers to begin offsetting some of their strike losses before the Christmas advertising tide began to recede, Kennedy refused even to schedule a membership meeting for ratification until La Chance had settled his contract. That meant more frantic meetings, as a result of which the drivers finally got a one-year payment of one-half of one per cent of wages to build up their welfare fund. This was the issue that had held up an agreement since early April.

And still it was not over. During the rest of the week, every floor of Automation House was filled with negotiating sessions as four other unions scrambled to settle. On Saturday night, the unions shared the building with a wedding party that had rented the premises weeks before, and Kheel joined the wedding guests at the buffet table. Mortimer fell fast asleep on a settee next to two friends of the bride. There was nothing comic, however, about the remaining contract that proved hardest to settle. It involved the Guild unit representing editorial and business employees at the *Times*. A pattern had supposedly been set in the Guild contract negotiated at the *News* in mid-June, but the Guild had never been happy with the *News* settlement, and had accepted it only under intense pressure from the Allied; and, in any event, some of its provisions were not applicable to the *Times*. At 7 P.M. Saturday, on the eve of the pressmen's ratification vote, the Guild posted a picket line of its own outside the *Times*. Harry Fisdell, the Guild's citywide leader, expressed confidence that it could count on the Allied unions' giving the Guild the same support that they and the Guild had given the pressmen for more than twelve weeks. He quickly learned that the ties of brotherhood had been frayed into nonexistence.

Kheel was designated by McDonald to ascertain whether the *Times* was seeking retrogressions that would make the contract worse from the Guild's point of view than the one at the *News*. Kheel found that the *Times* was seeking five givebacks from the union in lieu of five that the *News* had received. These "in looies" would entitle the Guild to Allied support in a strike, under the Allied's established rules. The *Times* agreed to drop all five. It also agreed, under Kheel's urging, to give the Guild the same one-time payment of one-half of one per cent of the annual payroll for welfare which the publishers had agreed to give the drivers. These modifications still left the *Times* unit faced with seven givebacks identical to those in the *News* contract, and also with a sizable list of things it wanted itself. One was a clause committing the *Times* not to discriminate against homosexuals. The Guild had meant to drop that item, knowing that it would win scant sympathy from the crafts. In the confusion, it stayed on the list that the Allied leaders saw. They pounced on it as typical, in their judgment, of the Guild's demands—a lot of trivia too insubstantial to justify keeping all the other unions out. The leaders' coldness was heightened by the fact that at the same time the spokesmen for the *Times* unit were before them criticizing the offer as inadequate, the head of the *News* unit was there threatening to call his members out on strike all over again, because he considered the *Times* offer better than the one his unit had been coerced into accepting. The Allied set 3 P.M. Sunday as the deadline for withdrawal of the Guild picket line. The Guild complied, with much bitterness, its contract still unapproved.

Early on the morning of Monday, November 6th, as the presses began rolling, Guild members ratified the contract, after their unit chairman had told them, "We were pressured to death." A dozen open issues were left to mediation, with little expectation that anything would ever come of them. The bottled-up anger of the Guild members at their desertion by the crafts subsequently exploded in a flurry of talk about dumping the Guild as their bargaining representative or ousting its citywide leaders. The insurgents did elect a new Guild president and vice-president on a rebel slate in December.

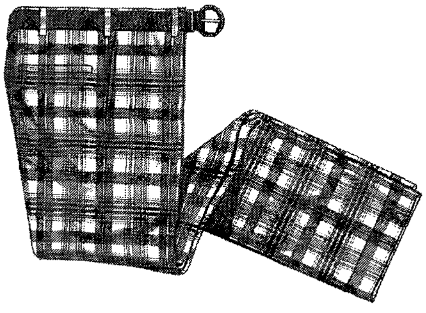
THE politicians had got their wish. New York City had all its regular papers back on November 6th, the day before the election. Kheel's role in settling the basic dispute with the pressmen drew effusive praise from Kennedy, W. H. James, of the *News*, and Arthur Ochs Sulzberger, the publisher of the *Times*. Murdoch was a conspicuous non-joiner. He insisted that the strike had not been worth the fight. The *Times* and the *News* have pronounced themselves well pleased with the result. Their initial public statements forecast that by the time attrition permitted them to enjoy all the savings possible under the contract, in 1984, their pressroom costs would be cut by roughly a third. Kennedy, for his part, predicts that the maximum saving will be between eighteen and twenty per cent, and he says that the adjustments the union agreed to before the strike demonstrated that no strike was needed to complete the process of change. The publishers' calculations now indicate that their actual savings will probably be closer to a quarter than a third. Barletta estimates that by the contract's last year the *News* will have cut four and a half million dollars from its twenty-million-dollar annual payroll in the pressroom. He anticipates no saving this year and little for 1980. Mattson predicts that the *Times* will do somewhat better than that, both in how much it saves and how fast. But even at the *Times* the maximum saving is not expected to exceed six million dollars a year by the time the contract runs out. This would represent a cut of only two per cent in the paper's total operating budget, which is more than three hundred million dollars, and a net gain of just over three million dollars after taxes. Moreover, some of the prospective savings

MONTALDO'S

CUT CHENILLE:
OUR SWEATERING FOR SPRING.
A delightful duo...the spare rib V-neck with a rib knit banded bottom in navy or honey. Or...the stripe bateau in white/white or celery/white. Each by Vivanti in cut rayon chenille. S-M-L sizes. Each, $40.

Montaldo's: 220 N. Tryon St., Charlotte, N.C. 28202 and Winston-Salem, Durham, Greensboro, Raleigh, Richmond Columbus, St. Louis, Denver, Colorado Springs. For mail orders add appropriate sales tax plus $1.00 handling charge.

Cable Car Clothiers
ROBERT KIRK, Ltd.
San Francisco's British Goods Store Since 1939



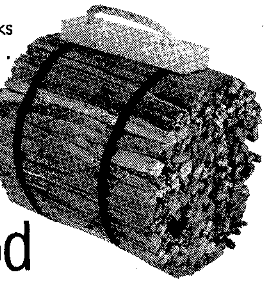
Pure Cotton India Madras
Casual Trousers $28

Attractive, classic plaid India madras trousers of breathable pure cotton. Fully cut; proportioned for comfortable fit. Ideal for travel, leisure and resort wear. Predominantly navy, tan or light blue plaid. Fully lined. Sizes 30 to 46.

☐ *Please send catalogue.* A1A299

Mail Orders: Cable Car/Robert Kirk, Ltd.
No. 150, Post St., S.F. Ca 94108 (415) 397-7733
Trs. (85113): Size____ Colour(s)______ Prs.___
Check ☐ Chg: M/C ☐ B/A ☐ Cable Car Chg. ☐
Card #____________ Expir.____
Add $2.50 ship., hdlg.; Cal. deliv. add sales tax
Name____________
Address____________
____________ Zip____

Just two sticks start your fire . . . with no other kindling, no paper.



Georgia Fatwood

These are splittings from the huge ancient stumps of VIRGIN Georgia pine . . . with incredible stored-up resins that burn and burn. Smell delightful. Wonderfully convenient. An interesting and attractive bundle of about 225 - 8" Fatwood sticks, with rope handle. Exciting, extremely useful gift for only $14.75.

ORVIS®
Manchester
Vermont
05254

Gentlemen: Please send me . . .
[ ] G1125VV - Bundles of Georgia Fatwood @ $14.75 per bundle.
[ ] FREE Orvis 1979 Spring Catalog.
Total Enclosed $ . . . .
Name . . . .
Address. . . . .
. . . . .Zip . . . . . .
[ ] Check Enclosed [ ] Master Charge
[ ] Visa [ ] American Express
Card No . . . .
Expiration Date . . . .
Issuing Bank No. . . . .
Signature. . . . .
NY1

will themselves be expensive to obtain. The *Times* is trying to hasten the rate at which pressmen get off its payroll by offering them buy-out payments of fifteen thousand to forty thousand dollars if they quit right away. The payments are in inverse relation to age, with the biggest going to the youngest pressmen. Twenty-nine took the payments in the first two months after the strike.

Even if the publishers' estimate of their eventual savings is accurate (and much will depend on fact-finding and arbitration of work rules, which are still to come), the agreement measures up only minimally to the criterion they set for becoming competitive with the suburban papers—the be-all and end-all, as they saw it, of their ability to maintain journalistic excellence. Every other suburban daily in the metropolitan area operates under pressroom-manning standards lower than those at the Newark *Star-Ledger*, which the New York papers will be matching. And the *Star-Ledger* has no intention of allowing its manning standards to stay as high as they are. Its pressroom contract, which expired last July, is still under negotiation, and its management is giving a reverse twist to all the arguments used by the New York papers. It is asking its union for sizable manning cuts, on the ground that it faces suffocating competition from the two metropolitan giants and that its pressroom costs are much higher than those of its nearby competitors in northern New Jersey, most of which have no union. The *Times* and the *News*, obsessed by the essentiality of staying even with the suburbs, are shooting at a moving target when they themselves are anchored for six years. At the end of that time, they will be where their highest-priced rival is now, with everyone else far ahead in the economy chase. That raises the possibility of another conflict, in 1984, to achieve the full flexibility of room manning, the goal the New York publishers abandoned this year.

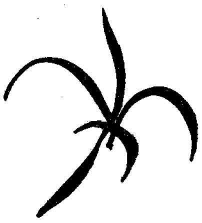
Kennedy, still mistrustful of the professions of good will that followed the settlement, says he does not expect the publishers to wait that long before renewing warfare on the labor front. He predicts that they will take on the drivers when their union's contract expires, in 1981. If they do, Kennedy says, the pressmen will be on the street defending the drivers, contract or no contract. The likelihood of such a confrontation within two years seems slim, if only because the drivers' union is the one the publishers are least likely to tangle with. By 1981, the electronic revolution in printing which is making most newspaper unions impotent will still not have diminished the strategic power of the drivers to paralyze newspaper deliveries.

HOW much did it cost the papers to get a cost-cutting contract that will save them little, if anything, in its first year? The *Times* puts its net loss of income in the eighty-eight days of shutdown at thirty million dollars, but that is a pre-tax figure. When the money that otherwise would have gone to the government in taxes is deducted, the actual *Times* loss comes down to sixteen million. For the *News*, the loss was twenty million dollars before taxes and nine million after. Both papers had strike insurance under a national policy for publishers, but its provisions set a ceiling of seven hundred and fifty thousand dollars on the benefits each received. "It's insignificant—like having a five-thousand-dollar deductible on collision insurance for your car and owning a Chevy," Mattson says. Murdoch was the only one to come out ahead while the strike was on. His *Village Voice* and *New York* magazine were profiting handsomely even before the *Post* teamed up with Santa Claus. The *Post* sold nearly all of its million ad-rich copies every day, and the brand-new Sunday *Post* prospered until the *News* resumed publication. By contrast, the *Times* had in its plant, immobilized all through the strike, a fully printed two-hundred-page magazine supplement devoted to fall fashions for women. It was distributed in the first Sunday edition after the blackout, but, because it was two months late, not a penny of its one and a half million dollars in ads was billed for.

More disconcerting than the money losses was the discovery, borne in on all three papers more forcefully than in any prior shutdown, that New York and the country could manage without them. Broadway and Off Broadway theatres, movie houses, hotels, restaurants, and most other enterprises flourished. Department stores reported some slackening of sales, but not a great deal. Charles B. Seib, the media analyst for the Washington *Post*, came to town and commented, "Although we of the press like to think that readers suffer excruciating withdrawal pains when deprived of their daily papers, it is clear that New York has been getting along nicely without its Big Three." The politicians cared only when the Carey forces came to feel that the papers might be helpful in insuring his re-election. Otherwise, not even a city councilman showed any active concern about a situation parallel to the 1962-

63 press blackout, which had involved federal, state, and municipal officials, up to the President of the United States. Constituents obviously were not telling their elected representatives that priority ought to attach to bringing back either the country's most definitive chronicler and evaluator of current history or its bouncy partner with about double the circulation of any other American paper.

What remains uncertain is whether this strike, like its predecessors, will leave a legacy of newspaper mortalities. The *Times* is clearly in no danger, but the same cannot be said of either the *News* or the *Post*. In both circulation and advertising, the *Times* rebounded after the blackout with a resiliency that astonished its own officers. The drop in readership was small, and Mattson forecasts that the *Times* will be back on its pre-strike growth curve by the middle of 1979. It was breaking advertising records with its heavy Sunday edition the second week after the strike, and on each of three pre-Christmas Sundays the paper weighed more than seven pounds and brought in six million dollars in gross revenues from ads. The amount would have been much greater, and so would the weight, if mechanical limitations had not compelled the *Times* to disappoint many would-be advertisers. In the weeks before Christmas, the *News*, too, had more ads than it could print, but its circulation was far from robust. Post-strike production difficulties, combined with a price increase and the impact of the strike, cut sales of the Sunday *News* by two hundred thousand. For the daily paper, the drop in readers has been about half that. The slippage in the *News'* circulation, which was proceeding at a disturbing pace long before the shutdown, has resulted in rumors that the paper's Chicago parent would like to find a purchaser for it. Barletta scoffs at all such reports. "I'm confident that if the richest Arab around went to them and offered twice what the *News* was worth, Chicago would refuse," he says.



One of the busiest propagators of the notion that the *News* is for sale is Murdoch, who would undoubtedly be first in line to buy it if the Chicago *Tribune* would do business with him. Ownership of the *News* would enable him to operate a single plant around the clock, putting out the *News* and the *Post* as separate morning and afternoon papers or combining them in one all-day paper. Murdoch has never doubted that he could attract new readers in the morning field through an Americanized version of the gossipy, sex-oriented journalism he practices in his mass-circulation papers in London. He now has two new reasons for wanting to try. One is that the *Post* is reported to be back in financial difficulties. The *Post's* Sunday edition was abandoned after the strike when its circulation dropped from nearly a million to less than four hundred thousand and its advertising dropped precipitously. Murdoch insists there is no danger that he will also abandon the daily paper, but his assurances have not prevented the rise of alarmist rumors about how long it will survive. Murdoch's other new reason for wanting to acquire the *News* is that such a move would confound the many top news and business executives at both the *News* and the *Times* who have been making little secret in recent weeks of their desire to drive Murdoch out of town. The advertising staff at the *News* was mobilized after the strike for a "Bury Murdoch" campaign, with its salesmen receiving honorary-pallbearer awards for success in taking ads away from the *Post*. Murdoch accuses the *Times* of even greater aggressiveness in attempts to punish the *Post*, through pressure on advertisers. A. M. Rosenthal, the executive editor of the *Times*, told Richard Reeves, of *Esquire*, on the last day of the strike that he hoped to see Murdoch disappear from New York in a couple of years, along with the "mean, ugly, violent journalism" he practices.

Murdoch is not about to play dead. He acknowledges that the *Post* is never going to make a fortune, but he has no doubt that it is viable in its old niche—that of a slightly sensationalized, middle-class, liberal paper, with roughly six hundred thousand readers. He still talks about bringing out the *Sun* as a zippy morning tabloid for subway riders sometime next spring or summer, but that project is not much more likely to materialize than one under discussion at the *News* for an afternoon paper to undercut the *Post*. The prospect of an old-fashioned newspaper war in New York remains remote. Murdoch and Barletta still occasionally lunch together, and neither has yet broken a plate over the other's head. "They're not good haters at the *Times* and the *News*," says Murdoch, a man who has experienced more than his share of hating and being hated. "They'll get over it."

Eventually, the *Times* may be beyond all such localized rivalries. It intends to be a national newspaper in

BUTTERFLIES AND BLOSSOMS
on Loungees' silken jersey, zip-front caftan. Much too pretty to hide in the bedroom—it can go to pool or patio with great aplomb. The magic garden print glows up from the hem—by the time it reaches the shoulders there's just a sprinkling of flowers. Mandarin collar; deep armholes; stop-short, bell-shaped sleeves; side seam pockets. Machine washable polyester. Ivory/multi; navy/multi. P(6-8), S(10), M(12-14), L(16-18), XL(20). $33.00.

Add $1.30 shipping. In N.Y. State add sales tax. Check, M.O., American Express, Master Charge, Visa/BankAmericard.

"UPSTAIRS"
the Brownstone Boutique on the
22nd floor at 342 Madison Ave., Dept.05,
New York, N.Y. 10017

Write or call for our
FREE SPRING BROCHURE
Call our Toll-Free number
800-221-2468
In N.Y. State call Toll-Free
800-522-2292
In N.Y. City, Nassau and Westchester
212-953-1170

BROWNSTONE
STUDIO

Carry TEN TIMES a Wheelbarrow Load with INCREDIBLE EASE!

These BIG, strong carts are **perfectly** balanced on two huge wheels — roll easily over lawns and gardens — carry up to 400 lbs. of load — huge volume capacity means you make fewer trips — you'll save time **and** steps.

If you are **still** struggling with a wheelbarrow or inadequate cart (with tiny wheels) send for FREE Cart Catalog. Build-it-yourself kits, too.

GARDEN WAY RESEARCH
Charlotte,
Vermont
05445

©1979 Garden Way, Inc.

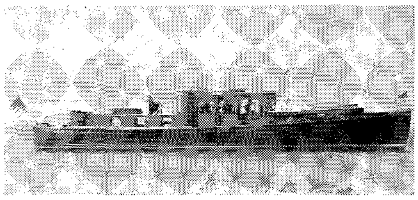
GARDEN WAY RESEARCH
Dept. 90501A
Charlotte, Vermont 05445
Please send FREE CART CATALOG.

Name ....

Address ....

City ....

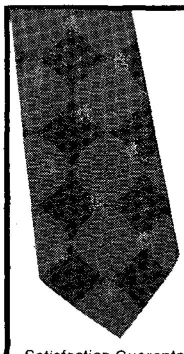
State .... Zip ....



Decadent, Elegant, Comfortable

Charter the 64 foot classic "Ragtime" and experience the beauty and solitude of the British Virgin Islands.
Up to 5 guests $3,000 per week including yacht, crew, food, wine, beverages, snorkeling equipment, water skiing.

RAGTIME LTD
Box 267, Road Town, Tortola,
British Virgin Islands. Tel. 809-494-3263



WELSH DRAGON TIE

Y Ddraig Goch, the Red Dragon of Wales, is shown on a green background. Terylene.

No. 2155 DRAGON TIE
$9.50

Please add $1.00 for shipping
Check, Mastercharge or Visa

Satisfaction Guaranteed Send for our unique catalog
Visit our Seattle store at 1523 NW Ballard Way

David Morgan
Box 70190, Seattle, WA 98107
Telephone (206) 282-3300

the fullest sense, with regional editions bounced off satellites for instantaneous transmission to Chicago, Dallas, Los Angeles, and other centers. But Mattson says that these ventures are "still off in space." So is home delivery of the paper by means of printout attachments to television sets—a development that would relegate La Chance and his drivers to the waxwork museum and make newspapers impervious to strikes by any and all unions.

IS Kennedy right in saying that the strike need never have occurred, in the light of the limited manpower savings it achieved? It is possible to argue that such a safe passage might have been made had the *Times* moved consistently down the path of accommodation instead of letting the *Post* and the *News* talk it into seeking room manning. It would be easier to credit if the debacle at the Washington *Post* had never happened. That episode conditioned thinking on both sides in ways that made a confrontation inescapable.

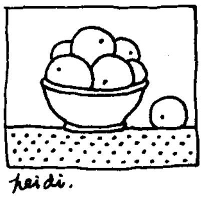
On the publishers' side, the notion that a large cut in pressroom costs must be achieved became fixed. Not that there was ever any expectation here that the method of achieving it could be identical with the one that worked in the capital, where the pressmen smashed their own union at the moment that they smashed the presses. (And even that might not have been enough to give management the upper hand if the Washington *Post* had not had nonunion deliveries.) For a year before the strike, at every conference of newspaper executives, people told Mattson that the *Post* precedent should be helpful in New York. Every time, his answer was that the two situations were not comparable. He did not expect the *Post* episode to be a positive factor, but he was totally unprepared for the reality that it was a negative factor of decisive importance.

Kennedy is not an archivist, but since 1975 he had built up a huge file on the Washington *Post* strike. Every militant expression he heard from Sulzberger, James, Murdoch, or any of the other policy-setters merely reinforced his conviction that they were all out to smash his union. It was further strengthened by the papers' refusal to defer the posting of rules after he had made what for more than two months remained his one substantial move indicating a readiness to give. He felt he had had a signal from Mortimer that his sacrifice of one journeyman on each press would be enough to get a settlement started; instead, he got a declaration of war, with the *Times* leading the attack.

The reality is that the publishers did have in mind a variant of the approach at the Washington *Post*. If they could not count on the union to commit hara-kiri in the act of going on strike, they could hope for success with a strategy built on neutralizing the pressmen through a breaking of their lines by the drivers and the other newspaper unions. The result would have been to leave the pressmen permanently enfeebled. "Whenever an Allied meeting would be set, the publishers would stonewall" is Kennedy's version of how that strategy worked. "After the Allied put the squeeze on us, the publishers would get ten feet tall."

In the end, two major miscalculations by the publishers, coupled with Murdoch's desertion of his partners, frustrated the employers' plan and enabled the pressmen to come through with their union intact. Both miscalculations preceded the strike. The first was a failure to grasp the need for concluding a final contract with the drivers in April, by giving La Chance the extra one-half of one per cent for welfare which he was finally given in November. The other was the assumption by the *News* that it had something to gain by forcing a June strike of its Guild unit. The flip-flop La Chance was obliged to do after he led his men across the Guild lines discouraged him from again risking his hold on the union presidency by breaching the pressmen's lines. The resumption of publication by the *Post* and the introduction of its hefty Sunday edition provided jobs and income sufficient to keep hunger from ever becoming a determinant of the drivers' policy. La Chance's consequent enlistment as Kennedy's one dependable union ally was a Murdoch contribution to the undermining of the former associates who had sought to lock him in by making him their president. The *Times* and the *News* estimate that his defection, through the encouragement it gave Kennedy to hold out, lengthened the strike by five weeks.

My own reading would be different. Without denying that Murdoch's move had some stiffening effect, I would rate two other factors higher. One was the intensity of Kennedy's conviction that he was always surrounded by vultures ready to deliver him up to the publishers; "paranoia" was the word that the publishers and the other unions used to describe his feeling. The other was the obscurantist method of bargaining which Kennedy employed. He has always been chary of saying much in negotiations, even when he is on the taking rather than the giving side. Monosyllables and long silences are part of his style. This time, haunted by the spectre of the Washington *Post*, he was almost totally uncommunicative. Even when he was trying to convey an affirmative signal, it would have required a clairvoyant to fathom.



A siege mentality appeared to afflict the employers as well. They wrapped themselves in the crystalline purity of their case. Featherbedding was an affront to good business and thus it was also an affront to a free press. That identification of values was reflected in an irate reply by Sulzberger to a critical article written for the *Wall Street Journal* in mid-strike by Fred W. Friendly, who is the Edward R. Murrow Professor of Journalism at Columbia University. Friendly had complained that the strike was "robbing the world's greatest city of the essential stimuli to its central nervous system—information and probing news analysis." He accused the publishers of seeking an early knockout of the pressmen on the model of the Washington *Post*, and went on to say, "What emerges is that publishers act just like other businessmen as they mouth platitudes about the people's right to know and their solemn rights under the First Amendment." In a letter to the *Wall Street Journal* the next day, Sulzberger responded with a strong defense of the publishers' position in the strike, but cheerfully pleaded guilty to the second half of the indictment. "Far from denying Mr. Friendly's accusation that the Times is involved in this dispute because it seeks better profits, I affirm it wholeheartedly," Sulzberger wrote. "A financially sound Times is good for our readers, our advertisers, our shareholders and our employes (including, by the way, the very pressmen who are on strike)." The final line of his letter put it more succinctly. In answer to a question from Friendly about whether there was not "a moral obligation to maintain the continuity of serious newspapers," Sulzberger wrote, "The only continuity in the poorhouse graveyard is silence." The *Times* sent copies of the exchange to the public it most wanted to reach—its stockholders and Wall Street brokers specializing in communications stocks.

A "we-versus-they" spirit prevailed inside the *Times*' Forty-third Street building. When the pressmen walked out, reporters in New York and Washington were given twenty-four hours in which to decide whether they would resign from the Guild and come to work or stay out for the duration. Many who had no sympathy for the pressmen found the order so peremptory that they chose to stay out. If they came in to pick up their mail, they found themselves barred from their offices or snubbed by the loyalists inside. Part of the tension was unquestionably caused by the special unhappiness that the *Times* felt at not being able to publish when one of its reporters, Myron Farber, was in jail for refusing to obey a court order to turn over confidential notes relating to a New Jersey murder trial that he had been chiefly responsible for instigating. The same unyielding sense of righteousness that marked the *Times*' defense of its First Amendment immunities in that case was evident in its campaign to eliminate unneeded pressroom jobs.

Yet what the *Times* saw as consistency in support of high principle seemed to the ranking federal mediator in the dispute a sanctimonious cover for mean-spirited and often conspiratorial foot-dragging that was intended to hinder the pressmen in carrying on the bargaining process. Long before he was shoved out of center stage in the peace talks, Moffett told his chief, Wayne Horvitz, in a disconsolate midnight phone call, that he had basic reservations about the employers' approach. "What bugs me about these liberal papers," he said, "is how they act, as against all the crap they dish out in the Farber case."

In this realm of intangibles, of attitudes perceived and misperceived, lies the explanation for the stubbornness of a strike in which every essential element of the ultimate settlement was predictable, even preordained. The wage package had been fixed when the drivers made their tentative deal at the end of March; universal guarantees of job security had been part of the 1974 automation pact in the composing rooms, and the pressmen could not be expected to accept anything less; the private talks between Kennedy and Mortimer before the strike began had staked out with considerable precision the boundaries of the manning agreement that finally emerged; precedents for just such revisions in crew size had been plentiful in unionized newspapers in dozens of cities. If collective bargaining had proceeded along the rational lines extolled by university lecturers on labor relations, all these ingredients

The twenty-fifth anniversary of the
WINTER antiques SHOW

America's most prestigious show

Saturday, January 27th
through
Sunday, February 4th

Seventh Regiment Armory
Park Avenue at 67th Street
New York City

HOURS: Weekdays: Noon-nine p.m.
Sundays: One-six p.m.
Admission, $5.00

SEMINARS
How To Buy and Collect Antiques
Wed., Jan. 31, 2:30; Thurs., Feb. 1, 2:30 and 4:00 p.m.
Fri., Feb. 2, 2:30; Sat., Feb. 3, 2:30 p.m.
Presented by *Antiques World Magazine*

For the Benefit of East Side House Settlement

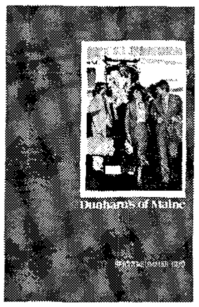
L.L.Bean tm
Outdoor Sporting Specialties
Oxford Cloth Shirts

Superior quality. Designed for dress or business but with enough extra comfort and durability features for sports and leisure wear. This 100% long staple cotton oxford cloth is Sanforized® for shape retention. Machine washable. Traditional dress shirt style. Button down collar, placket front and long tuck-in tails. Three Colors: Oxford Blue. Maize. White. Long sleeve Oxford Shirt neck sizes (sleeve lengths) 14½(32, 33), 15(32, 33, 34), 15½, 16, 16½(32, 33, 34, 35), 17, 17½(33, 34, 35). $15.00 ppd.

Please Ship Postpaid
______Long Sleeve Oxford Cloth Shirt @ $15.00
Size_____ Sleeve_____ Color_____
☐ Check Enclosed ☐ Master Charge
☐ VISA ☐ American Express

Card Number
Exp. Date _____ ☐ SEND FREE CATALOG

Name_____
Address _____
City _____
State_____ Zip_____
L. L. Bean, Inc.
897 Casco St., Freeport, ME 04033



Yours Free for the Asking.

Consistently creating an exclusive image since 1887, Dunham's of Maine has combined classic fashion designs with the finest of natural fabrics to create its 1979 Spring/Summer Collection of men's and women's clothing and accessories. This 32 page full color catalog is yours free, just write us or call (207) 873-6165.

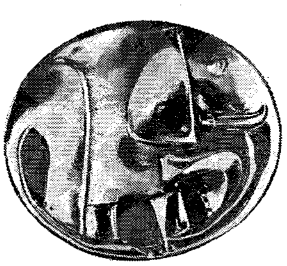
Start to experience the quality and attention to detail that comes with 92 years of clothing excellence.

Name ____________
Address ____________
City ____________
State ________ Zip ________

Dunham's of Maine
29 Castonguay Square
Waterville, Maine 04901

VELVET AND MAHOGANY IN AN ERA OF PLASTIC AND CHROME.

The
SIR FRANCIS DRAKE
HOTEL
Powell at Sutter, San Francisco
Reservations: (415) 392-7755
Toll Free: (800) 223-1818



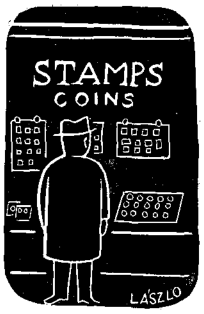
tricia woo

Elephant pendant. Original design hand-crafted & signed by artist, Rodney Winfield. Actual size shown. Gold plated, $24.00. Sterling silver, $40.00. Shipping chg. $1.50. Mo. residents add 3% sales tax. VISA, MASTER CHARGE. Catalogue $1.00

tricia woo
308 N. Euclid, St. Louis, Mo. 63108 314-367-1869.

would have fallen smoothly into place in New York and no reader would have had to go without his *Times*, *News*, or *Post* for even a single day. The two intangibles that probably contributed most to destroying any such prospect were identified early by Bert Powers, of the printers, viewing the pressroom conflict with the detachment of a sideliner. He saw in the employers' shifting goals and fragile alliances an element of undependability that turned the bargaining arena into a quagmire. "The publishers don't trust one another, and, you know, they're right not to," Powers kept saying from the start. As for Kennedy, his manifest reluctance to go before his members and recommend any retreat from obsolete work rules—as Powers had done in winning acceptance of the composing-room pact four years earlier—convinced the printers' leader that the pressmen's leader would act only under intense outside pressure. "Kennedy suffers from stomach trouble—no guts" was his appraisal of the holdback on the union side. Few other unionists were as harsh as this in their assessment of Kennedy; they recognized that he had good reason to be apprehensive about the reaction of his rank and file to any suggestion of a large-scale sacrifice of jobs.

In these circumstances, it was understandable for McDonald and Kheel to conclude that the Allied unions had to set themselves up as a court of final determination on the merits of the two sides' positions. The assumption of such a role by a central council of newspaper unions had been advocated by many observers ever since the hundred-and-fourteen-day strike a decade and a half ago. It was felt then that all the unions ought to coördinate their contract demands, as a safeguard against whipsawing or other union abuses that could keep many idle at the dictate of a few. The coördinating role proved hard to play on this occasion, however, because, for the first time, it was the employers, not the unions, that were doing the demanding. And the Allied, by functioning as a kangaroo court in its final pressure move against the *Times* unit of the Guild, left the unit angry and demoralized. (Once again, the only union whose members will still have a function to perform when the computer and its electronic brethren complete their conquest of the journalistic scene learned that it ranks at the bottom in esteem with both management and the printing crafts. No robots can ever displace the creativity of the reporters and editors represented by the Guild, yet their contribution becomes a marginal consideration when a struck daily can count on hundreds of thousands of words flowing in from news services, columnists, and many of its own writers in the home office and in foreign and domestic bureaus. The *Times* had every intention of publishing even if the Guild continued its strike; the Allied had every intention of telling its members to go through the Guild lines. The ultimate humiliation for the Guild was the virtual certainty that half or more of its own members would have been among those passing its pickets. Many of the writers were reluctant union members at best, and longed to have their bylines back before the public.) However, the Allied did play an indispensable part in the pressmen's dispute by exploring the issues—an exploration on which Kheel was so insistent and to which the employers were so opposed. Out of the rapport that developed between Kheel and the full committee representing the pressmen came the degree of rank-and-file involvement that conquered Kennedy's constant apprehension about recommending to his members any give-up of time-hallowed work rules, however wasteful they might be.



In the end, it was neither the intriguers nor the worshippers of the bottom line in the conglomerate balance sheets who put the jigsaw together. It was the rank and filers on both sides, trying to devise something that both sides could live with. Treated by Kheel, Andrew Riggs, and Alan Flaherty, the thirty-nine-year-old assistant operations director at the *News*, as people capable of making rational decisions, the pressmen on the negotiating committee responded in a refreshing manner, working to foster a mood of accommodation among the union negotiators; the *Times* pressman Raymond Kelly was a principal contributor. The surprise star on the management side was Riggs, a forty-five-year-old corporate maverick who came to the *Times* two years ago after quitting as vice-president and general manager of Goss, the giant among manufacturers of newspaper presses, because he was fed up with constant executive infighting there which followed the company's takeover by Rockwell International. A week after the strike ended, Kheel held a luncheon at Automation House, at which he presented what he called the "Rank-and-File Award for Unheralded but Valiant Service in the Cause of Collective Bargaining" to Kelly, Riggs, Flaherty, and the *Times* pressman Joseph Page. The chances for a permanent improvement of relations in New York will be enhanced if the spirit underlying that award becomes the basis for establishing labor-management committees in all departments of the newspapers here to coöperate in the solution of common problems and to give the employees a sense of participation in decision-making that affects their jobs. Even in a period of electronic magic, when the employers feel that all the unions are approaching the end of the road, the worst way to protect the continuity and the financial health of newspapers is through the "Papa-knows-best" philosophy characteristic of present management attitudes.

How different the relationship can be when more reciprocity exists was brought home to me in the sixth week of the strike, when I visited the offices of the Louisville *Courier-Journal*. It happened to be the day on which the paper was concluding a manpower agreement with its pressmen. The contract had been open only for a discussion of wages; in a technical sense, manning issues could not even be brought up by management until 1979, when the whole contract was scheduled to expire. Nevertheless, Earl Bullard, the *Courier-Journal's* vice-president for organization and planning, looked at the shambles in New York and decided to ask the union whether it wouldn't be a good idea to get a head start on the problem. The result was speedy and strike-free negotiation of a contract under which twenty-one of the paper's ninety-three pressmen elected to take payments of thirty-five thousand dollars each and leave the paper. There was nothing compulsory about it, but it solved the paper's manning problem, and solved it so well that everyone who stayed got a five-thousand-dollar bonus and lifetime job security. True, Louisville is not New York, as Bullard was quick to remind me, but people are people, and they, not computers, still give life and light to newspapers. —A. H. RASKIN

(*This is the second part of a two-part article.*)

•

BLOCK THAT METAPHOR!

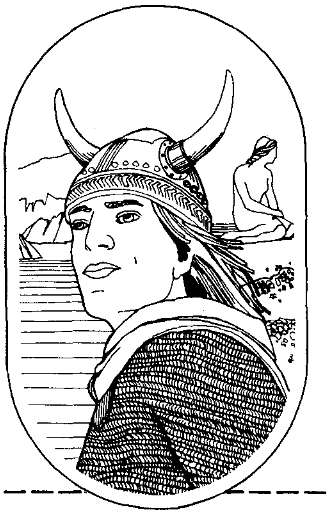
[*From the Phoenix* (*Ariz.*) *Arizona Republic*]

"I intend to stress the experience factor in the primary; that's my ace in the hole, so to speak," Cocke said.

"I'm not a bull in the china shop going in with a meat ax and letting the fur fly where it may."

Maupintour's
Scandinavia

CRUISE FJORDS of Norway plus lifesee Sweden's Dalarna, Denmark's fairytale country, and waterways of Finland. Sightsee the cities, too.
10 DIFFERENT expertly escorted tours: 2 weeks, 3 weeks, and 4 weeks. Also North Cape and Baltic cruises. Midnight Sun, Russia, Poland, Berlin.
ROSY-CHEEKED wonderland, clean, sparkling, unique. Crisp lakes and streams, waterfalls, glaciers, folk songs, dances, castles, a story book. Great dining, living. Spectacular!
FALL IN LOVE with Scandinavia. Let yourself go. Enjoy! Ask soon for the new Maupintour *Scandinavia* tour folder or send coupon.

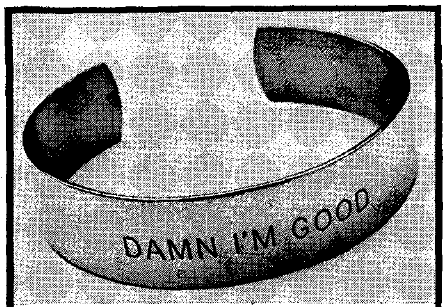


Maupintour *quality touring since 1951*

Maupintour, 408 East 50th Street, New York, New York 10022. 212/688-4106.

name
address
city
state/zip
nyk-sbm

Ask about these Maupintour escorted holidays:
☐ Alps ☐ E. Africa ☐ Iran ☐ Asia ☐ California
☐ Alaska ☐ Balkans ☐ British Isles ☐ Canada
☐ Black Sea ☐ Turkey ☐ England ☐ Orient
☐ Colorado ☐ Egypt/The Nile ☐ Italy/Sicily
☐ Europe ☐ France ☐ Germany ☐ Guatemala
☐ Greece/Aegean Isles ☐ S. Pacific ☐ Hawaii
☐ Galapagos ☐ Ireland ☐ USSR/East. Europe
☐ Mediterranean cruise ☐ Mexico ☐ Morocco
☐ Middle East ☐ North Cape ☐ South America
☐ USA Rail Tours ☐ India ☐ Spain/Portugal
☐ Red Sea ☐ Scandinavia ☐ Central America



BOOST YOUR CONFIDENCE
(Or his). Put this reminder on your wrist. Golden hand-polished brass $10 including postage & handling. Send check or money order to...
Creative Products
Dept. M, Box #34, Lodi, N.J. 07644
Please send ____ bracelets to:
Name ____
Address ____
City ____ State ____ Zip ____
N.J. res. add tax.
by Dionne Cole
Copyright 1978 by Damn I'm Good Inc.

ON·THE·ROCKS LODGE
AND SKI TOURING CENTER
WILMINGTON, VERMONT 05363
ENJOY THE COMFORT AND INFORMAL ELEGANCE OF AN UNIQUE, SMALL DESIGNER DECORATED COUNTRY LODGE. 4 MILES TO DOWN-HILL SKIING AT MT. SNOW AND HAYSTACK MT., OR SKI OUR EXCITING X-COUNTRY WILDERNESS TRAILS. OUTSTANDING CUISINE, WINE CELLAR.
802-464-8364

THE AMERICAN SCHOOL IN SWITZERLAND TASIS
...campuses in Lugano, Switzerland and Surrey, England ● American college preparation with international dimension ● Co-ed, grades 7–12 and post graduate year ● Outstanding faculty-student ratio of 1:8 ● College testing and guidance ● Extensive travel throughout Europe ● Diverse activities, sports ●
Contact: Amer. Rep., 127 Esplanade, Irvine, Ca. 92715,
Tel: (714) 552 4184 or
TASIS, 6926 Montagnola, Switz.
Tel: (091) 546471, Tlx: 79317

EUROPE IN A SUITCASE
is an easy-to-read book, crammed with travel tips you won't find elsewhere. Since 1955 it has been a guide to successful trips abroad ... its Get Ready Schedule thinks of everything! New 17th Edit. is $2.50 ($3 by 1st cl. mail).
Write to: Mrs. Muriel Scudder
Box 155-N, Peterborough, N.H. 03458

Rent Europe
Family vacation homes arranged in Europe. Especially England and France. Subscriptions also available ($30) to home exchanging publications; professional and executive homes.
inquiline inc. "birds in other nests"
(914) 241-0102
35 ADAMS STREET
BEDFORD HILLS, N.Y. 10507

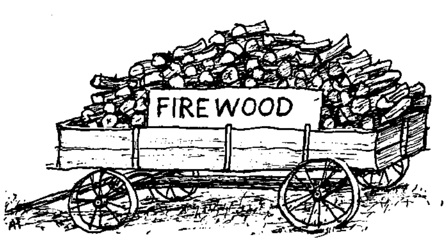
AROUND CITY HALL

RINGING THE CHANGES

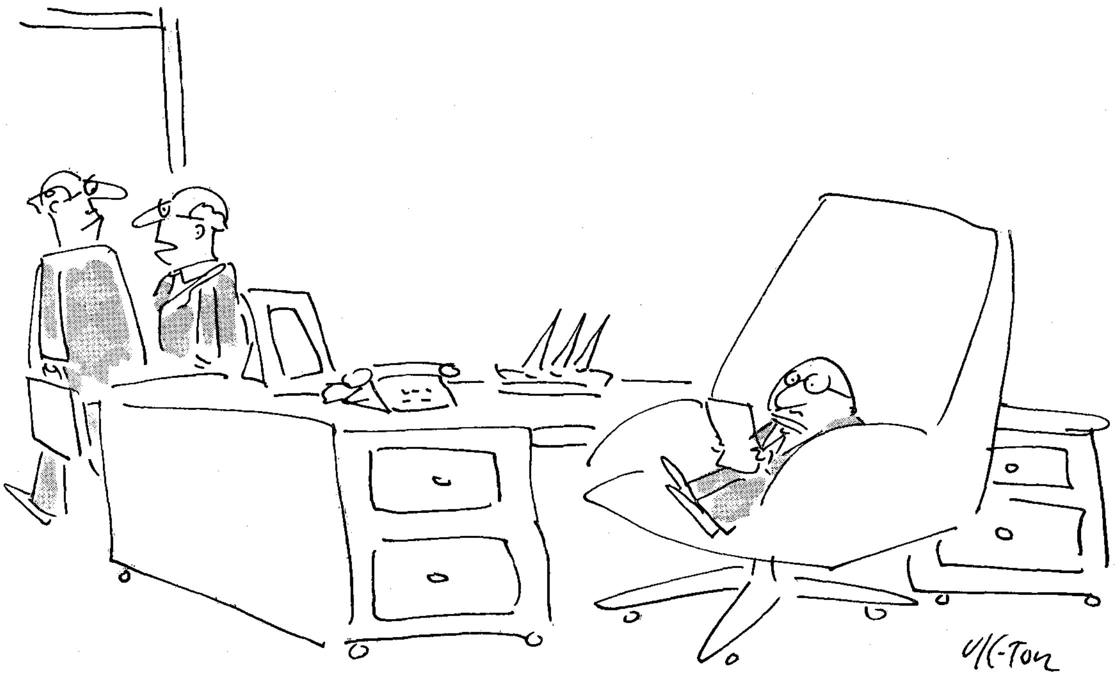
New Yorkers have the same mayor they had all last year and the same governor they've had since January of 1975. Yet during recent weeks, both in Mayor Edward Koch's quarters at City Hall and in Governor Hugh Carey's domain in Albany, there has been a strong sense of movement and change as the two administrations responded in their different ways to altered circumstances and attitudes, to new faces, and to the regrouping of political opponents and allies. In end-of-December interviews, the Mayor took credit for having banished what he called "a hangdog kind of feeling" that he said had afflicted the city when he took office. People had assured him, he said, that "just my own ebullience and optimism" had helped to convert New Yorkers to a new civic pride. Off camera, however, the atmosphere at City Hall is considerably more tense and wary than it was a year ago, when Koch had just been sworn in as the first Democratic mayor elected from the reform wing of the Party since early in the century. In January of 1978, the Mayor, like most newly inaugurated officeholders, spoke with airy confidence of fulfilling his long string of campaign promises, which, in his case, included running a wholly open government, bringing the municipal unions to heel, and sternly facing up to the city's fiscal realities by cutting costs, services, and personnel—things that previous mayors had not had the political courage to do.

In view of Koch's relatively short time in office, the number of personnel changes at City Hall has been striking, although the changes have rarely involved cost reductions. During his first weeks as mayor, Koch often described the men and women he had handpicked for his administration as "terrific from the top on down" and bragged that, thanks to the integrity and efficiency of his selection process, there was "not a clinker or a political favor in the lot." Despite such boasts, quite a number of those Koch was referring to turned out on closer inspection to have been workers in his mayoral campaign or important contributors, and included among these were several of the half-dozen high-level aides and deputies he later deemed to be clinkers and forced out of office: his deputy mayor for economic development; his human-rights commissioner; his sanitation commissioner; first the chairman and then the president of the Health and Hospitals Corporation; and the commissioner of the city's General Services Department. A substantial contributor to Koch's campaign, the ousted chairman of the Health and Hospitals Corporation, which has an annual budget of over a billion dollars, is at present under investigation by the city's investigation commissioner for alleged financial irregularities during his time in office. The field director of Koch's campaign in Brooklyn and Queens, the dismissed commissioner of the General Services Department, which is responsible for allocating about a billion dollars in city funds annually, has pleaded guilty in federal court to having diverted to his own use seventy thousand dollars in funds from a former employer. A few weeks ago, the Mayor said that "firing people" was the hardest thing he had had to do during his first year. Some firings are apparently easier than others. In mid-November, members of the administration informed Lee Dembart, of the *Times*, that Koch's director of the Office of Municipal Labor Relations, Anthony Russo, was about to leave. Russo called the reporter in consternation: the first news he had about it was when he read it in the paper. Getting the message, Russo then retired. And in a letter dated December 12th, Edward Villella, the New York City Ballet dancer, whose appointment as chairman of Koch's Advisory Commission for Cultural Affairs had been announced with great fanfare in May, resigned in what he called "a terrible sense of frustration" over the lack of logistical support he had received from City Hall. Busy, perhaps, with the details of other recessionals, the Mayor's office did not make the resignation public or even confirm it until reporters' inquiries made further silence impossible.

Of Koch's seven deputy mayors who were sworn in last January, three had left by the end of the year. These included—besides the ousted deputy mayor for economic development, the industrialist (and Koch campaign contributor) Robert Milano—David Brown, deputy mayor for policy, who left to return to private life, and Basil Paterson, deputy mayor for labor relations and the only black among the seven, who was named by Governor Carey as his new secretary of state. Koch had said he would appoint another black in Paterson's place. He had belatedly discovered that since the city has an Office of Municipal Labor Relations it did not need a deputy mayor for labor relations. For political reasons, however, Koch needed a black deputy mayor. The new appointee, Haskell Ward, is deputy mayor for human services. There is no way to compare the recent record of attrition among deputy mayors with that of previous administrations, since no previous administration has had seven deputy mayors. From the time the office was established, in the LaGuardia era, mayors had nearly always made do with one or two. John Lindsay had two when he left office, and so had Robert Wagner before him. As soon as Koch's predecessor, Abraham Beame, arrived on the scene, he made it three. By the end of his term, the number was up to six. It seemed that the worse the fiscal crisis became and the more urgently austerity in government was called for, the more deputy mayors were required at City Hall. Robert Wagner, Jr., has described deputy mayoralties as one of New York's few remaining growth industries, along with massage parlors and topless bars. Koch, upon being elected, added still another deputy mayor. Each of his seven makes fifty-seven thousand five hundred dollars a year, as does a United States senator. The salaries of deputy mayors were among those of twenty-one hundred city executives that, the week after taking office, Koch raised by from three thousand to over ten thousand a year. The comparative generosity of the financially strapped city toward its top employees was recently demonstrated when it was discovered that Basil Paterson, by leaving to be secretary of state—generally considered the highest appointive executive office in Albany—had reduced his annual income by almost ten thousand dollars.



There have been other cast changes among the Mayor's friends and advisers. A number of strong Koch supporters in the 1977 mayoral campaign are no longer particularly welcome around the Mayor's office. The offense committed by some of them has been to publicly cast doubt on the wisdom of Koch's slowness in instigating measures that they feel must be taken if the city is to avoid another serious threat of bankruptcy. Some of those speaking out may have in mind the opprobrium that descended on political figures who did not dissociate themselves early enough from the position of Mayor Beame, whose tardy response in 1975 to the seriousness of the city's financial crisis—and even denials that it existed—finally forced state officials, led by Governor Carey, to step in and take over. During the 1977 campaign, when Koch was running against the incumbent mayor for the Democratic nomination, he accused Beame of managing the city "like a second-class candy store" and of "using a double set of books." After the primary, he said, "I was never attacking Abe Beame in a personal way." Koch continues to be outspoken about people and their actions, however. Late last year, after Albert Casey—the president of American Airlines, who had served briefly as a member of the Emergency Financial Control Board, which oversees the city's financial affairs—announced that for economic reasons the board of his company had voted to move its headquarters from New York to Texas, Koch called the decision "an obscenity" and "a betrayal," and said that it was "like finding out that someone in the C.I.A. is working for the Russians." Last month, Koch charged the Carter Administration with "reneging daily" on its commitment to provide more money for the city; moreover, he made the complaint just after testifying before a subcommittee headed by a possible 1980 Presidential candidate, Senator Edward Kennedy. The Mayor, however, was bitterly resentful of the charge in a recent internal White House memorandum—prepared to bring President Carter up to date on New York City's financial situation—that Koch himself was reneging daily on a commitment made last year to begin adjusting the city's expenditures to its income by cutting services and reducing the work force by four per cent. Criticism of his way of running the city the Mayor takes in a personal way.


"Have you noticed? As the company gets bigger and bigger, T. L. Perkins is getting smaller and smaller."

Recently, Felix Rohatyn—who as head of the state's Municipal Assistance Corporation put together the alliance of bankers, public officials, and union leaders that brought the city through financially, beginning in 1975, and who was an enthusiastic advocate of Koch in the mayoral race—has been criticizing Koch's strategy for complying with the provisions of the federal-loan-guarantee legislation, passed by Congress last year, that required the city to devise a four-year financial plan that would dispose of a cumulative budget deficit of two billion three hundred million dollars by June of 1982. Koch's scheme is to delay substantial budget reductions until 1980, and that, Rohatyn has been saying, will mean that the cuts will then have to be so severe that they will constitute "really terrifying surgery." Soon after one such comment, Koch suggested that Rohatyn was a hopeless publicity seeker. Earlier this month, the Mayor met with a group of black citizens, including representatives of the National Association for the Advancement of Colored People, to try to deal with the delicate matter of what they believe to be his indifference to the needs of local blacks. The meeting did not go well. Two days later, an editorial in the *News*, whose support for Koch in 1977 played a significant role in his victory, said, "It is regrettable that the Mayor responded to the N.A.A.C.P.'s criticism in that chip-on-the-shoulder, I-am-the-Mayor tone he often adopts when his policies or motives are questioned."

BY contrast with City Hall, the Governor's office in Albany is a far more relaxed place now than it was early last year, when Carey's political prospects were being described as hopeless, and the state's leading Republicans—Warren Anderson, of Binghamton, the majority leader of the State Senate, and State Assembly Minority Leader Perry Duryea, of Montauk, Long Island—were trying to outdo each other in making him look even worse, each of them planning to be the Republican gubernatorial nominee who would handily defeat the Democratic Governor in November. Instead, of course, November brought Carey an easy victory over Duryea, who became the Republican candidate after Anderson proved unable to raise enough campaign funds and withdrew from the race in May. Carey's standard expression was grim for most of his first four-year term, during much of which he was preoccupied with the city's fiscal perils, which, in turn, threatened to bring the state down financially. His countenance was particularly forbidding last spring, when it seemed that, far from being given credit for his successful efforts to save both, he would be denied reëlection on account of his preoccupation. After November, however, in the fine careless rapture of knowing that retribution at the polls was nearly four years away, the Governor indicated that from now on he planned to let nothing him dismay—or, at any rate, he intended to roll with the punches. His good temper was by no means dampened by various comments after the election which compared him—and even his Presidential

The Up Place for Getting Down to Business!

We overlook nothing but Penobscot Bay in Mid-Coast Maine to make your next conference/meeting successful!

We have ten modern meeting rooms to serve you. Fireplace conversation areas, and an exhibit hall with 7,200 square feet of space. Our 230 acres make a stimulating setting and our 150 guest rooms are extra large with private balconies. Indoor tennis court and pool. Ocean-side cross country ski trails. Skating rink. Saunas. Delightful dining and after hour rest and relaxation lounges.

Get up for business up here! Call Anne Eaton, Director of Sales, at (207) 594-2511.

THE Samoset Resort Inn
ROCKPORT, MAINE 04856

MISS CHESS LTD.- Celebrates VALENTINE'S DAY with PERFUME from
MARY CHESS
-a Tradition
- WHITE LILAC
- TAPESTRY
- YRAM
- STRATEGY
- HELIOTROPE
- TUBEROSE

SPECIAL ½ oz. $24.
MISS CHESS
Post. $ 1.75
150 East 56th St., New York, N.Y. 10022 (212) 688-5455
Dept. 279 Major Credit Cards accepted.
Call or write for complete price list Expires 2-14-79

Portraits by
YOUSUF
KARSH
of Ottawa
in New York by appointment
(212) TE 8-4565
Karsh

The Buccaneer
Experience
THE BUCCANEER, St. Croix
Sun, Swim, Scuba.
Golf Play Tennis. Enjoy.
Contact: Ralph Locke (212) 586-3070
or your travel agent. NY

potentialities—favorably with another Irish Catholic governor of a large, populous state, Jerry Brown. In *The New Republic*, Morton Kondracke called Carey "a man of real accomplishment in the face of harrowing governmental problems" and also a man of courage and principle, in contrast to Brown, whose record Kondracke saw as one of "symbolism without much substance" and of "political fandango." Last summer, when Brown attended a fund-raiser some friends threw for him on Long Island, Carey suggested that he should be arrested for loitering.

The number of new faces around the Governor now is about what might be expected for a chief executive at the end of one four-year term and the beginning of another, which he hopes will have a whole new focus. He announced right after the election that with the federal-loan-guarantee program finally in place for the city he could leave off what he called "crisis management" and concentrate on improving state government. Among the changes the election made in the circle around Carey is a new lieutenant governor: Mario Cuomo, who was formerly Carey's secretary of state, has succeeded Mary Anne Krupsak. Last June, Miss Krupsak, the state's first woman lieutenant governor, announced that she could not run for reelection on the same ticket as Carey, whom she accused of being "inaccessible," "insensitive," and too much concerned with managing crises to attend to the interests of the people. After failing in an attempt to wrest the Democratic gubernatorial nomination from Carey, she then toured the state urging the people to vote for him. When Cuomo, the first New York lieutenant governor to have been an outfielder for a Pittsburgh Pirates farm team, moved into the lieutenant governor's quarters this month, he found evidence that women politicians are in no way inferior to their male counterparts in adroitness at directing public funds to their own advantage. Of the six hundred and thirteen thousand five hundred dollars provided for the operations of the lieutenant governor's office for the state's fiscal year, which doesn't end until March 31st, Miss Krupsak had used up all but about thirty thousand dollars by December 31st. Part of the total went to members of her campaign staff, whom she had put on the payroll at five to six hundred dollars a week to do "community development work" in urban and rural areas.

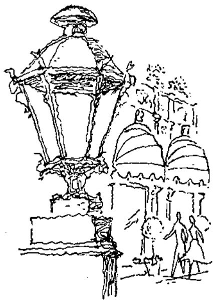
In other Albany changes as the result of the election, Robert Abrams, a forty-year-old Democrat, and former borough president of the Bronx, succeeded Louis Lefkowitz, a seventy-four-year-old Republican, who retired after twenty-two years as state attorney general; and, in a different switch, a Republican succeeded Arthur Levitt, a seventy-eight-year-old Democrat, who also retired, after twenty-four years as state comptroller. One of the big surprises of the election was that Levitt's post went not to New York City Comptroller Harrison Goldin, the Democratic candidate, who had been favored in all the polls, but to Edward Regan, the forty-eight-year-old county executive of upstate Erie County. Even Regan's own party had put such little stock in his chances against Goldin that a hundred Republican billboards along the highways in Nassau County urged citizens to vote for the Republican ticket, including "Reagan"—the sign designer's mind apparently having been on some other Republican politician. Regan's unexpected victory made him the only member of his party holding statewide office and moved him immediately into possible contention as a Republican candidate for governor in 1982. As comptroller, free to issue frequent audits of Carey and his agencies, Regan would be in an excellent spot to make life worrisome for his putative 1982 opponent. The new comptroller insisted, however, that he would run the office in an entirely bipartisan manner—an appropriate response for a comptroller as well as for a Republican who has any idea of running for governor in a state where the enrollment is three-to-two Democratic. There were some signs, however, that Regan might have a surprise or two in store for political experts quick to generalize about upstate Irish Catholic Republican machine politicians from Erie County. Asked before he was sworn in what he expected being comptroller to be like, he said, "I'm on my way to find out. Maybe it's like Gertrude Stein. When you get there, there is no there there."

IN the State Legislature, the most striking changes resulting from the election were in the State Assembly, although the Democrats retain control there, by eighty-six votes to sixty-four. In the State Senate, which the Republicans control, by thirty-five votes to twenty-five, Anderson continues as majority leader, representing a district that has elected him every other year since 1952, when he succeeded his father, who had represented the area in either the State Senate or the Assembly for eleven years before him. It has been noted that Anderson is much lighter of foot and spirit since the departure of Duryea put an end to the long contention over which of them was the top Republican in the state, and he tells everyone that he would have had no trouble beating Carey if he had been the candidate. With both the Governor and the state's leading Republican in an amiable mood, there were end-of-the-year predictions that the coming legislative session would be less stormy than usual, though no one could tell how things might go in the Assembly. In that body, because Duryea had given up his seat to run against Carey, there was a new minority leader, James Emery, of upstate Livingston County. Duryea's departure, after eighteen years, apparently marked the end of one family's association with the Legislature. His father had been a state senator, and in the last century his great-grandfather had made history by refusing to accept the official election results showing that he had lost to his opponent by a narrow margin and claiming his seat anyway. He was removed bodily from the Assembly chamber, which was quite an enterprise, since he weighed three hundred and fifty pounds. The most recent Duryea in state politics is both more svelte and more reasonable, and he has returned quietly to his wholesale lobster-distributing business in Montauk, saying that eighteen years in the Legislature was enough. Across the aisle, another Assembly superstar left less willingly—Speaker Stanley Steingut, who had been unexpectedly defeated in his Brooklyn constituency, first in the Democratic primary and then in the general election, when he ran on the Liberal line. Like Anderson, Steingut in 1953 had taken a seat previously held by his father—Irwin Steingut, who had started in the Assembly in 1922 and had himself served briefly as speaker. The only member of the family still holding elective office is Stanley Steingut's son Robert, a thirty-three-year-old councilman-at-large from Brooklyn, who has said that he has no interest in going to Albany. Stanley Steingut was much admired for the skill with which he was able to steer through the Assembly legislation of special importance to his party or to the Governor. Last spring, for example, he managed to have the Assembly defeat a bill, opposed by Carey, that would have cut off state Medicaid funds for abortion—a move that allowed the Governor to avoid the political peril of vetoing such a bill in an election year. The former Speaker will also be missed for his forensic style. In one heated exchange on the Assembly floor, he charged that the Republicans had "derailed the ship of state," and in an off-the-floor exchange he once told a reporter, "I'll have no comment on that—and you can quote me."

Fortunately for Brooklyn, the speaker's office, with its very large patronage possibilities, did not go out of that borough. Former Majority Leader Stanley Fink, who succeeded to the speakership, is also from Brooklyn. Fink, the forty-two-year-old son of a haberdashery salesman who had no connection with politics, has been in the Assembly only ten years. He is especially cherished by some reporters for his straightforward answer to a question concerning a last-minute legislative appropriation. It was "a good old-fashioned piece of pork barrel," he told them, "and I'm happy to say it's right in the middle of my district." In Fink's first address as speaker, he told his colleagues that he had a dream that in the days ahead the Assembly would "be able to boast that it was alive, that it partook of the passions of its times." Nothing seemed to offer more evidence that things might be changing in Albany than the use of the terms "alive" and "passions of its times" in a sentence concerning the State Assembly, although since Fink, like Steingut, is a product of the Brooklyn Democratic machine, the change may be more of style than of substance. Of the departures of Duryea and Steingut, Fink said at their final Assembly appearance, "It really is the end of an era. . . . Papa Bears aren't going to be around anymore."

EVEN before the first rap of the gavel, the notion that the 1979 legislative session might be relatively untempestuous was scotched by a tricky maneuver of the Governor's, which caused Senate Majority Leader Anderson to say, "This rips it, as far as I'm concerned." In 1978, according to Carey, the Senate, which has the power to confirm a governor's appointments, had failed to act on a hundred and forty-one of his nominations, or about forty per cent of them. To a degree, this record of inaction reflected the Republicans' hope that a member of their party would be elected in November and would thus be in a position to make his own appointments. As a further benefit of failing to confirm Carey's choices, they kept in office a number of Republican officials appointed by Governor Nelson Rockefeller and his successor, Malcolm Wilson—officials whose terms had expired, but

For those who appreciate the difference.



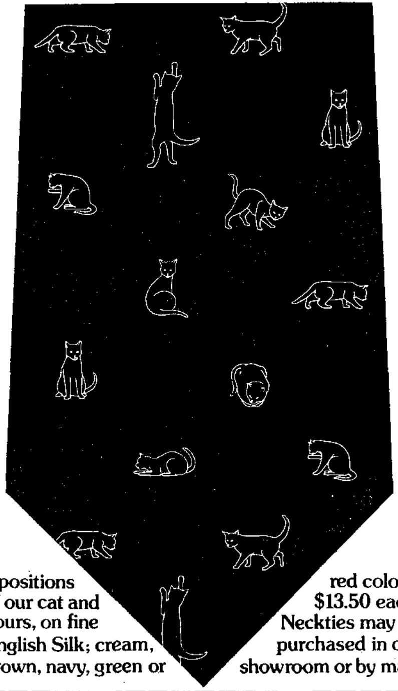
Grand luxe service. A welcome that recalls the graciousness of early California. Cuisine to delight the connoisseur. Where Wilshire Boulevard meets Rodeo Drive, you will find a hotel dedicated to the discriminating international traveler.

Hernando Courtright

Beverly Wilshire Hotel

Beverly Hills, Ca. 90212 • (213) 275-4282
Room reservations (800) 421-4354
In California (800) 282-4804
Member of the Preferred Hotels Association
Represented by HRI
The Leading Hotels of the World

OUR MAX©

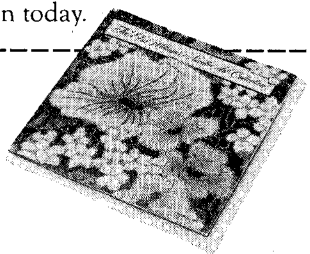


9 positions of our cat and yours, on fine English Silk; cream, brown, navy, green or red colors, $13.50 each. Neckties may be purchased in our showroom or by mail.

BURTON Ltd. 475 Fifth Av. (Dept. NY 3) N.Y. 10017
☐ Please send brochure. (212) 685-3760
Name ______
Street ______
City ______ State ______ Zip ______
Card No. ______ Expires ______
Specify 1st ______ 2nd ______ color choices.
CK, MC, BAC. Add $2. postage, plus N.Y.S. tax.

Only Elsa Williams puts so many new NeedleArt ideas and fine materials in one catalog.

Enrich your enjoyment of NeedleArt with new ideas, innovative techniques, and over 85 new designs in the 1979 Elsa Williams catalog. Send the coupon today.



Enclosed is my check for $2. Please send me the new Elsa Williams NeedleArt Collection Catalog, and the name of a shop near me.

Name__________________

Address__________________

City__________________

State_________ Zip_________

17179-P

Elsa Williams NeedleArt Collection
West Townsend, Massachusetts 01474

NEXT TO THE DICTIONARY YOUR MOST USEFUL REFERENCE

A GRAMMAR OF THE ENGLISH LANGUAGE
By George O. Curme

Dictionaries have the words, but they don't tell you how to put them together. This complete two-volume reference Grammar contains more than 1000 pages of accurate, up-to-date information about English grammar and syntax. Detailed indexes.

$35.00 Postpaid. Send Check, M.O., M/C or VISA to:

VERBATIM P.O. Box 668CQ
Essex, Ct. 06426

and receive a year's subscription to **VERBATIM**, The Language Quarterly, at no extra charge.

(Also available at bookstores)

FRENCH AND EUROPEAN STUDIES

Institute for American Universities *AIX-EN-PROVENCE, FRANCE.*

Under the auspices of the *Université d' Aix-Marseille* **Since 1957**
Chartered by the Regents of the State University of New York

College year for American students in European Fine Arts, Theater, Literature, Politics Philosophy, History, Art History, Economics, Geography, Comparative Education and Psychology Courses offered in both English and French. Tuition $2280. Residence, in French homes or studios.

Write *airmail:*
Tel. (42)23.39.35

The Director
27, place de l'Université
13625 Aix-en-Provence. France

One of the two finest dining rooms in Boston.

Café Plaza
AT THE COPLEY PLAZA BOSTON

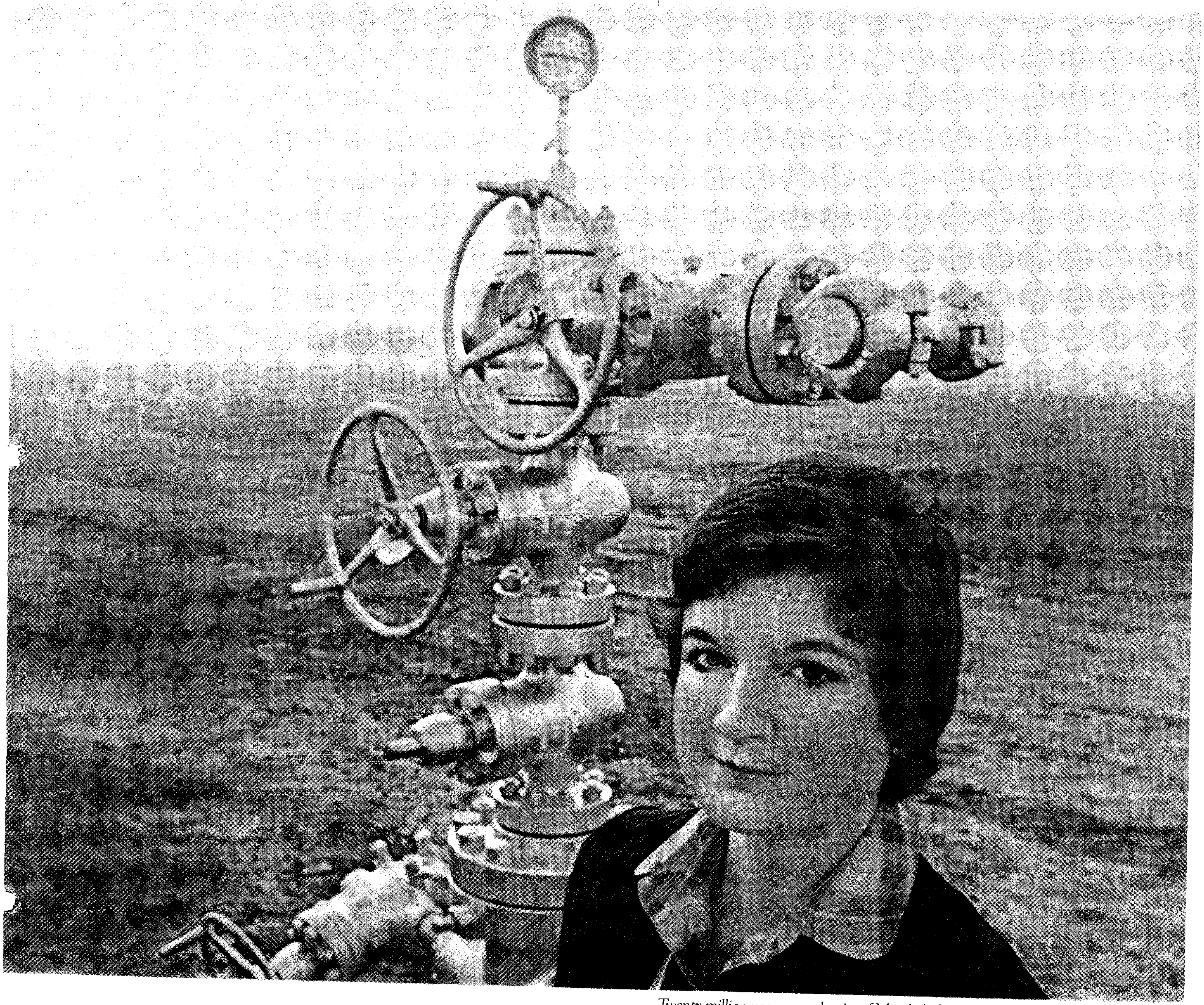
who could serve until the arrival of their authorized replacements. In order to prevent Carey from making recess appointments last year, the Republicans had contrived to keep the Senate technically in session for the entire year—until midnight, December 31st.

Since a new Legislature had been elected, however, this dumb-show could not continue into 1979. The day before the first rap of the gavel on January 3rd, Carey named sixty-eight men and women to various state posts, labelling the nominations recess appointments. Those named, it was explained, would take office immediately and would serve until the Governor submitted to the Senate the names of their replacements—and, of course, he planned not to get around to doing any such thing. The Senate's first substantive action of the two-hundred-and-second legislative session was to reject all sixty-eight of those appointments. Four days later, Regan, the new comptroller, ruled that the Senate had had the right to reject them, and that they should go off the payroll as of January 3rd. He also ruled—in keeping with his bipartisan promise—that the Governor had had the right to make the appointments, and this meant that any holdover Republicans were out of office. Meanwhile, many of the new appointees—including Secretary of State Paterson—were already at work. The new attorney general, Robert Abrams, sought a court injunction that would get them back on the payroll. Several state agencies, including the Municipal Assistance Corporation, also got ready to go to court, since any actions of theirs that were voted on by directors serving under the disputed recess appointments might be under a legal cloud.

A long court battle seemed imminent, with many areas of state government operating in a legal never-never land, with the possibility of some high-level state employees becoming charity cases. The *Times* mentioned Gilbert and Sullivan. Carey's staff had another theatrical personage in mind. "He will exact his pound of flesh, but we don't know what it'll be," one of them said of Anderson. "Gunfight at the O.K. Corral" was also mentioned, as were two words that have not yet made a marquee—"constitutional crisis." However, on the evening of Tuesday, January 9th, Anderson and Carey agreed that the Governor would submit the sixty-eight names to the Senate, and the Senate would act upon them with dispatch—although some future legislative confrontations involving a pound of flesh were still expected. Regan put the sixty-eight appointees back on the payroll temporarily. Abrams withdrew his suit. This time, the dramatic reference had educational connotations. "It's like 'Sesame Street,' " one Albany figure said. "Tuesday evening is going to be brought to you by the word 'compromise.' "

AT City Hall, a hundred and forty-five miles south of the state capital, the Albany theatricals have seemed relatively remote, even though the extent of the compromising spirit that prevails in the two legislative houses and the Governor's office will strongly affect the amount of money that the state comes up with for the city's fiscal 1980 budget, which takes effect this July 1st. New Yorkers who believe that leaders at various levels of government are eager to make it easy for the average citizen to compare the way his tax money is spent at those levels should consider the fact that things have been worked out so that the city's fiscal year begins on July 1st and the state's on April 1st, while the budget that the Carter Administration is now worrying over goes into effect on October 1st. So far, Mayor Koch has been putting full faith in the prospect that, although the election is over, Carey will supply for the city's fiscal 1980 budget the two hundred million dollars in new state aid that he is convinced Carey committed himself to during his recent campaign.

Of late, Koch has been devoting far more of his attention to demanding that Washington come up with the hundred-million-dollar federal-aid package to which he says the Carter Administration is committed. The delaying of the deep cuts in the city's four-year financial plan until the fiscal year that begins July 1, 1980, constitutes, as was rather crossly pointed out in that White House memo, a gamble on the part of the Mayor that the uproar caused by the harsh reductions in local manpower and services ("Fear City" again) in the middle of Carter's probable reëlection campaign will force the President to discover extra funding somewhere and rush it to the city's rescue. Unfortunately for such a gamble, it is possible that, given New York's national unpopularity and the tax-cutting fever, Carter will conclude that he would lose more votes than he would gain by helping the city out. In the White House memo, it was suggested that if the Mayor did not begin to take a less serene view of the city's financial prospects there might again be talk of bankruptcy for New York. Koch, however, continues to insist that he and the President have a great rapport, and as



Twenty million years ago, the site of Marsha's discovery was a seashore. Now it's 40 miles from the sea, and half a mile down.

Marsha Green took a closer look at a 20-million-year-old seashore and found this new gas field.

For geologist Marsha Green, it was a case of reviewing the evidence just one more time and coming up a winner. After only two years with Gulf Oil, Marsha discovered a new and untapped gas field.

Spotted a trend

Her find was near Victoria, Texas, which 20 million years ago was a seashore, rich in the marine life that creates natural gas.

There were plenty of producing wells in this general area. The drilling record of each one tells a geologist something new about the earth's structure.

Marsha pored over these records. And she began to spot a trend.

Textbook curve

Marsha persuaded Gulf management to drill five exploratory wells. Four were dry. But on one, the instrument that detects natural gas went right off the scale. "A real textbook curve," Marsha says.

Marsha persuaded Gulf management to drill a series of exploratory wells.

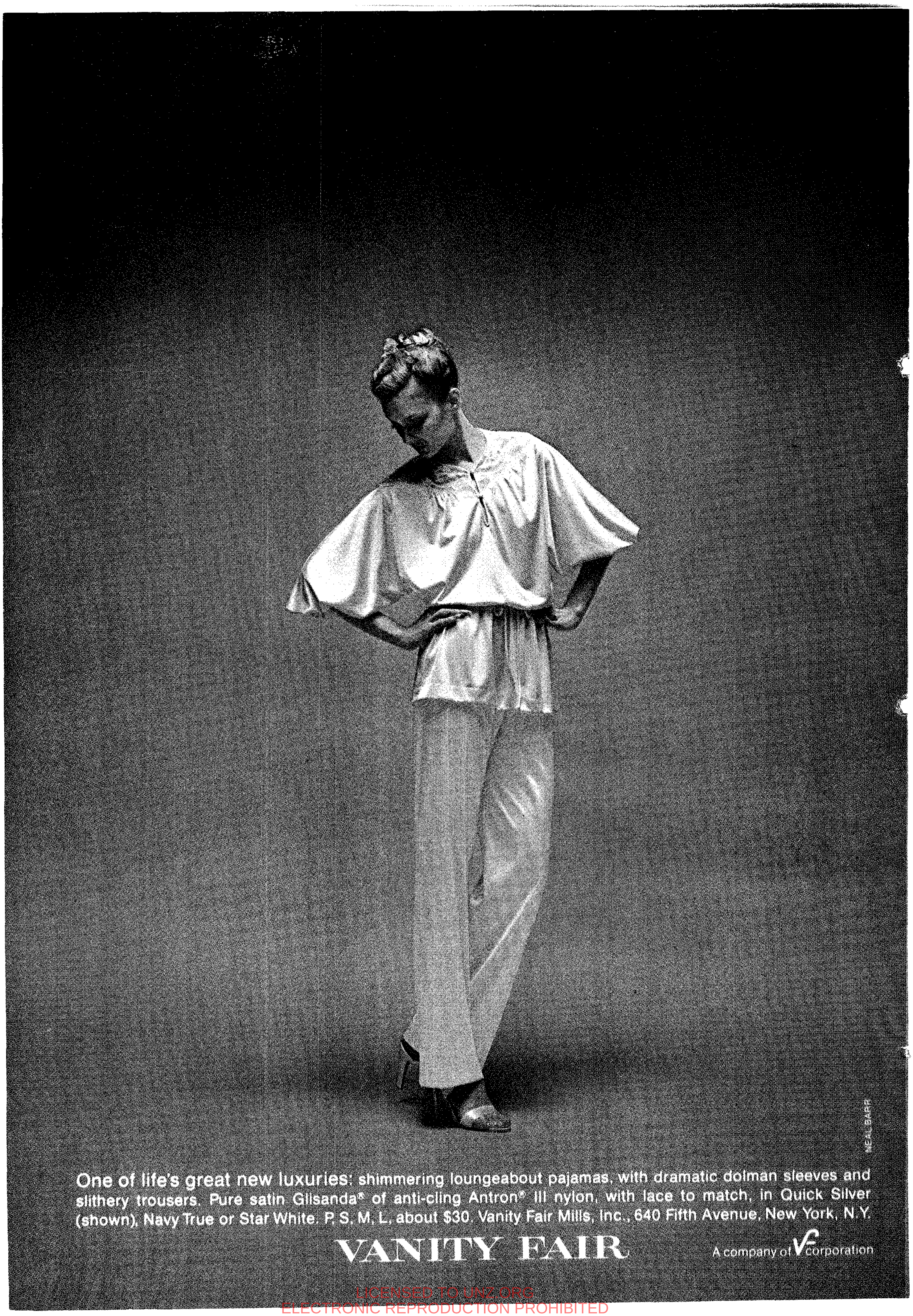
Such moments are rare. But Marsha is a dedicated professional. "I like to try to figure out what happened millions of years ago," she says, "and put the whole picture together."

Marsha Green. One of 52,000 Gulf people, meeting the challenge.

Gulf

Gulf people: meeting the challenge.

Gulf Oil Corporation.



NEAL BARR

One of life's great new luxuries: shimmering loungeabout pajamas, with dramatic dolman sleeves and slithery trousers. Pure satin Glisanda® of anti-cling Antron® III nylon, with lace to match, in Quick Silver (shown), Navy True or Star White. P, S, M, L, about $30. Vanity Fair Mills, Inc., 640 Fifth Avenue, New York, N.Y.

VANITY FAIR

A company of VF corporation

proof he pointed out to a reporter not long ago that in the picture of him with Carter that hangs in his office the President is smiling.

IN gratitude for Koch's frequent wild and crazy quotability and other headline-making fandangos—especially welcome after four years of the circumspect Abe Beame—both the local press and the general public have tended to treat his administration with even more indulgence than is generally displayed toward elected officials in their first year in office. Press accounts dismissed the extensive turnover among his high-level associates as being about par for the course for a mayor's first year, although the only examples that they usually cited were some very early Beame appointments that were withdrawn before those named were sworn in. The *News* congratulated Koch for having displayed "guts" and a *Times* article applauded his "cold-blooded efficiency that few would have suspected from the liberal young lawyer who started out in the issue-oriented politics of Greenwich Village" in firing the various officials. Relatively little attention was paid to the degree of wisdom he had shown in having hired them in the first place. In the debates that preceded the granting of the federal loan guarantees, when reference was made to the heroic measures the city government had taken in adjusting to its reduced financial circumstances, it was rarely pointed out that virtually all these cuts in manpower and services, with their painful political implications, had been made under Beame. Between January of 1975 and the end of 1977, when Beame left office, the city work force was reduced by sixty-one thousand people.

A few weeks ago, Koch observed at a press conference that when he arrived at City Hall the city had had a hundred and ninety-one thousand job slots, and estimated that he had reduced this total to fewer than a hundred and seventy-five thousand. However, according to the city's Office of Management and Budget, there were 184,886 full-time employees on the city payroll when Koch arrived, and by the end of his first year the total had grown to 189,741. As the result of a discovery made earlier this month, a more skeptical attitude is likely to be taken in the future toward Koch's claims of open expenditures openly arrived at. On December 15th, not long after the Mayor had announced that there would soon have to be substantial city layoffs—which, in conformity with the last-in, first-out rule, meant that those fired would be largely members of minority groups in the lowest pay brackets—he had signed an order raising the salaries of forty-seven hundred and sixty so-called middle-income employees, who had been making as much as forty-six thousand five hundred dollars annually, an order that would cost the city twelve million two hundred thousand dollars over the next two years. The revelation of this order came about accidentally: Three weeks after the order was issued, Vincent Lee, a *News* reporter, happened to ask some questions of one of the lucky recipients. When Koch's press secretary was asked why she hadn't made the information public, she said that she simply "forgot" to.

There is some evidence that the mistrust of Koch's handling of the city's financial affairs which was shown in the White House memo is contagious. In December of 1974, City Comptroller Goldin announced that, by his figures, the city's 1974-75 budget deficit was not four hundred and thirty million dollars, as Mayor Beame was claiming, but at least six hundred and fifty million. (It actually turned out to be more than a billion.) Beame attacked the Comptroller for "poor judgment" and accused him of discouraging investments in city securities, whereupon Goldin piped down. In the Securities and Exchange Commission's later investigation of the security aspects of the city's fiscal crisis, Goldin found himself being severely criticized by the commission for not warning investors about the city's fiscal peril, and Regan's use of this charge contributed to Goldin's defeat in last fall's race for state comptroller. This month, Goldin, having evidently learned from history, announced that Koch's projected one-billion-dollar deficit for the fourth year of the city's four-year plan was short by six hundred million because it did not allow for various inflationary considerations and, in particular, ignored the several hundred million dollars that 1980 contract negotiations with the municipal unions would cost the city, even if the unions should agree to the same four-per-cent annual raises they accepted in 1978. The position of the Koch administration was that it was not appropriate to include the possible cost of such settlements because it would then "set a floor for negotiations" by the unions. The assumption seemed to

Sans Souci Hotel. Jamaica's easy elegance.

65 luxuriously appointed rooms, suites, apartments, and penthouses in a garden overlooking the Caribbean. Yet just 5 minutes from downtown Ocho Rios. Sumptuous dining. Deluxe services and recreational amenities. Personal housekeepers available upon request.

For reservations, contact your travel agent. Or call Ray Morrow Associates, exclusive representatives, toll-free at 800-243-9420 or the Jamaica Reservations Service at 800-327-2054 for more information. (In Florida call 800-432-6550.)

Sans Souci Hotel
P.O. Box 103, Ocho Rios, Jamaica
Telephone (809) 974-2353

Gnome
PENDANT

STERLING SILVER

Own your own Gnome or give as a gift. Enchanting, Whimsical, Happy.
2" high with 18" chain.
$26 each plus $1.50 m/h.
ck or mo New York add tax.

Pooh Corner
45 THE PLAZA
LOCUST VALLEY, N.Y. 11560

If you can't be a house guest in Bucks County, be ours.

The 1740 House is a country inn—worthy of special note because of the stout determination of the hosts to give visitors a place to stay that is quiet, charming and memorable.

Twenty-four air-conditioned bedrooms, each with bath and terrace, on the Delaware River. In summer when it is warm there is swimming, fishing and boating. And in winter, quite the other way, ice skating, a bit of skiing, a quiet winter walk along the old canal towpath . . . and proprietors who know a thing or two about making you welcome.

We'll be glad to send you our brochure and driving directions.

1740 HOUSE

LUMBERVILLE, PA. 18933 BUCKS COUNTY
Tel.: 215-297-5661

SUBSCRIBER SERVICE

1. NEW ORDER OR RENEWAL:

To start a subscription to The New Yorker, or to extend your current subscription, enter your name and address below, and check the subscription term you prefer.

Your Name

Address

City State Zip

☐ One year: $24 ☐ New subscriber

☐ Two years: $40 ☐ Renewal (attach mailing label)

Additional Postage: Canada & Mexico $4.00 per year; other foreign $8.00 per year.

☐ My check for $ _______ is enclosed.

Please bill my: ☐ Master Charge ☐ American Express ☐ Visa

Account # ____________________

Signature ____________________

4059

2. TO GIVE A GIFT:

Enter your name and address above and your recipient's name and address below.

☐ One year: $24 ☐ Two years: $40

To ____________________

Address

City State Zip

Gift card to read "From ____________________"

3. CHANGE OF ADDRESS:

Please give us 4 weeks' notice. **Attach your magazine label here;** print your **new** address above in section 1. (If you have a question about your subscription, be sure to send us your label with your letter.)

Return this coupon to:

THE NEW YORKER

Subscription Department, 25 W. 43rd Street, N.Y., N.Y. 10036

Or, phone toll-free 800-223-0200 (in N.Y. State 212-840-3800)

be that the union leaders, nearly all of whom, unlike Koch's staff, are wily veterans of the negotiating process, would never be able to calculate the cost of the four-per-cent raises for themselves. Philip Toia, Koch's deputy mayor for financial management, said that Goldin's action had been "a terrible mistake," and the Comptroller was accused of having raised doubts about the city numbers that could scuttle the whole financial plan. City Council President Carol Bellamy, the third of the three citywide elected officials (along with the mayor and the comptroller), has said that Koch's continued reliance on further federal and state funds for his four-year plan is "unrealistic." And, down in Washington, William Proxmire, the chairman of the Senate Banking, Housing, and Urban Affairs Committee, has announced that he will hold new hearings next month at which Koch and others will be once again on the griddle, attempting to talk Proxmire out of his undisguised conviction that the federal loan program for New York was a mistake from the start.

On January 15th, Koch presented a revised version of his four-year financial plan, projecting a loss of about six thousand jobs, largely by attrition. If the state and federal governments do not live up to their commitments, he announced, the layoffs will be much worse, and New Yorkers will know whom to blame. Carey has said only that the state "will do its share." When city officials are reminded that the President couldn't provide a hundred million dollars in new federal aid without the help of Congress, they often cite Carter's 1976 campaign promise that the federal government would (at some future date) relieve local governments of the costs of welfare. However, when Koch was reminded at the end of his first year in office that he had not fulfilled numerous campaign-year commitments of his own, he said, in the frank and fervid style that most New Yorkers have so far found so winning, "Oh, who could live up to all those promises!" —ANDY LOGAN

•

Michael A. Zapp has been named an assistant secretary of Lauterbach and Eilber Insurance Agency, 611 E. Weber Rd., He joined the 110-year-old firm two years ago after working for Aetna Casualty neakers, and you can teach them the niceties of life all at once
—*Columbus (Ohio) Dispatch.*

The verities are in the fine print.

BOOKS

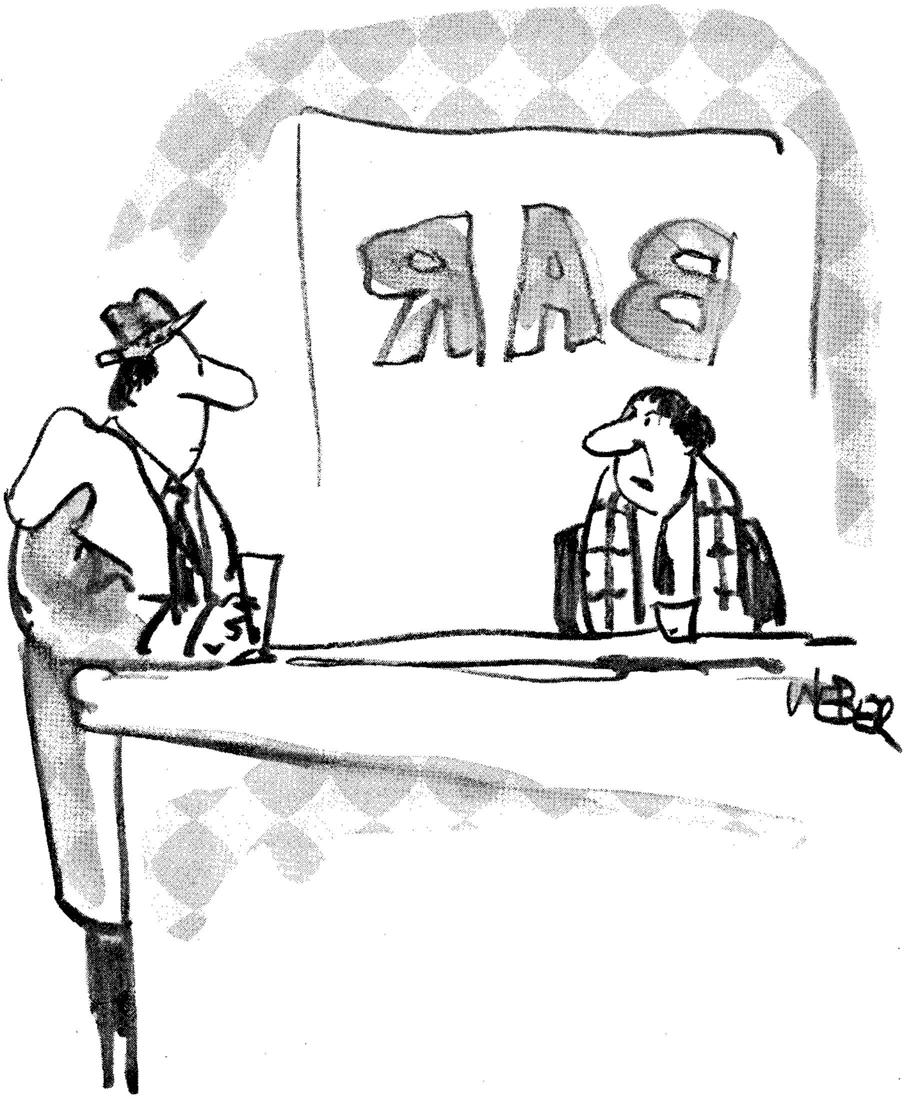
From Torture to Technology

INSTITUTIONS such as schools, hospitals, and prisons don't suddenly appear out of nowhere; they have long, complicated histories, as Michel Foucault makes very clear in "Discipline and Punish" (translated from the French by Alan Sheridan; Pantheon; $10.95). The author is a distinguished French philosopher and cultural historian who has in recent years looked closely at the origins of our contemporary medical clinics and at the various ways people have regarded "madness" over the centuries. Now he turns his attention to "the birth of the prison"—the emergence in the nineteenth century of the penitentiary system, which is for us the accepted way of dealing with those who have violated the law.

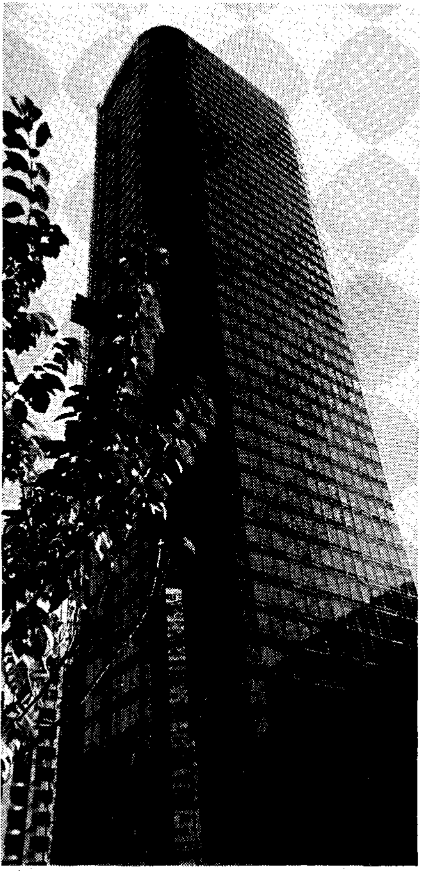
The book has a truly gruesome beginning—a long, detailed description of what took place in March of 1757 in Paris, when a notorious regicide, Damiens by name, was compelled to make his *amende honorable*. He was exhibited before a large and eager crowd, and then drawn and quartered, but the job was not done expeditiously, and the result was sustained, terrible suffering. The author is determined that the reader learn the awful details, perhaps in the hope that revulsion will lead to curiosity, and, certainly, remind us that such public spectacles, once unashamedly enjoyed by mobs, are no longer the way we choose to punish our criminals. Immediately after the long travail of Damiens has been rendered, we are ushered into the nineteenth century, with a list of rules that one Léon Faucher drew up eighty years later for a "house of young prisoners in Paris." By that time, there was no interest in dramatic public assaults on the bodies of lawbreakers. Instead, there was confinement and an elaborate schedule of required activities—the rule of the timetable. At five o'clock in the morning during the summer and at six o'clock during the winter, the prisoners were made to get up and get going. They lived in cells. They worked; they were taught, exhorted, prayed for, fed, and kept clean; and, most important, they were watched constantly by persons called "supervisors."

Foucault is especially eager to examine what he refers to as "the disappearance of torture as a public spectacle." He believes we consider that development a tribute to our civilization. But he uses quotes around the word "humanization;" he is not in favor of ancient cruelties, but he wants to show us how we go about inflicting our own considerable, unyielding, and not always decent or rational demands upon those we claim to want "rehabilitated." No question, penal styles have changed; it is the object of this book to show how and why. (The author confines himself to France, but he lets us know from time to time that England and America have quite similar records.) By the third and fourth decades of the nineteenth century, prisoners were no longer given a physical lesson or killed in public, nor were they dragged from village to village in chains as a travelling show of sorts. In the author's words, punishment tended to "become the most hidden part of the penal process." We may shake our fists at criminals, commiserate with their suffering, applaud or condemn their keepers or executioners, but we do so at a distance. We know that there are jails, houses of correction, and penitentiaries everywhere, and that inside them men and women are confined for one reason or another. The author calls such knowledge "abstract consciousness"—a removal of the mind from the human actuality in question.

According to Foucault, "abstract consciousness" is often accompanied by another, similar mental operation—"theoretical disavowal." Many of us, proudly anxious to be considered intelligent and progressive, deny that punishment is a primary purpose of the courts. The main point, we would like to believe, is to change the offender—"correct" him, or "cure" him. Foucault refers to "the psychologists and the minor civil servants of moral orthopaedics" who have, by and large, replaced the hangmen of old. Training is emphasized; "a whole army of technicians" is the phrase used



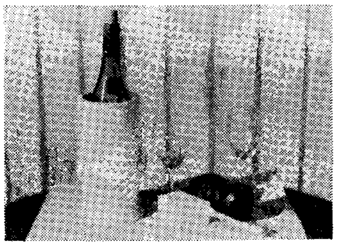
"I'm sick of everybody criticizing the phone company and Con Ed. Who they should be criticizing is my cleaning lady."



265E66

47 story glass tower.
Central air conditioning.
Studio, one and two bedroom apartments.
Membership rooftop pool club.
Underground garage.
Agent: Douglas Elliman-Gibbons & Ives.
(212) 628-7600.

Owner Builder: Sheldon H. Solow.



The WINE COOLER®
An exciting innovation for the art of serving wine. This handsome and practical handmade stoneware piece maintains the chill of white and rosé wines up to 4 hours. By Robert Weiss. Priced at $15.95 plus $2. for handling and postage. Prompt delivery. Send check or money order to

The Mug Shop
Dept. NY19
Kennebunkport
Maine 04046
(207) 967-5956
Master Charge, VISA, Am. Ex.
Include card number and expiration date.
Maine residents add 5% sales tax.

FOR MUSICIANS . . .
Early Music Stands is proud to present the traditional elegance of fine *wooden music stands* and accessories. Send for your *free* copy of our new 32 page mail order catalog today.

Early Music Stands
Drawer 1200, Box 277, Palo Alto, CA 94302

by the author to encompass the various authorities who in the name of science and knowledge try to change the attitudes and behavior of those jailed. Foucault believes that we have established our own kind of tyranny. We use drugs to knock out prisoners. We have "behavior-modification techniques" aimed at achieving full compliance with the beck and call of bells, horns, and loudspeakers. We are quite willing to permit interminable isolation, a denial of all civil and political rights—even the death penalty, as long as it is administered quickly, without pain, and out of sight of everybody except a doctor and a minister.

By the middle of the nineteenth century, the West had entered "the age of sobriety in punishment." Foucault reminds his readers that in the pre-industrial order of seventeenth- and eighteenth-century France life was cheap. Various diseases went unchecked and periodically took terrible tolls. The infant-mortality rate was high, and death was a constant companion. Moreover, as Foucault tells us, individual human beings had "neither the utility nor the commercial value" that is "conferred on them in an economy of an industrial type." Under such circumstances (desperate for the nameless masses, utterly privileged for kings and their cohorts), a repeated display of torture had its purpose: people were reminded that the sovereign's power was arbitrary and absolute, and the element of human ferocity was confirmed as unsurprising—very much a part of ordinary life. When more and more factories appeared, with their requirement of reasonably sturdy, willing hands; when improved sanitation and a somewhat effective hygiene became possible; and when monarchs had to recognize the rising power of the bourgeoisie—then the value of individual lives, even criminal ones, began to be stressed.

The author knows his history, and is able to pinpoint chronologically such important shifts in behavior and sentiment. He points out that "crime became less violent long before punishment became less severe." It is not as if a group of legal or economic ideologues had sat down to decide that with the rise of capitalism France needed every able body it could get its hands on and so criminals ought to be made to shape up—and be turned into obedient sweatshop workers. Rather, the social fabric of the entire nation began to change. The crowds that formerly had all the time in the world to witness hangings and guillotinings were now busy at the accumulation of capital—for others. Gradually, Foucault says, the nature of crime changed as the society became more tightly organized and regulated:

> The great gangs of malefactors (looters working in small, armed units, groups of smugglers firing on the agents of the tax authorities, disbanded soldiers or deserters who roamed the countryside together) tended to break up; tracked down more efficiently and forced to work in smaller groups—often no more than half-a-dozen men—in order to pass undetected, they contented themselves with more furtive operations, with a more modest deployment of forces and less risk of bloodshed.

As crimes of blood were replaced by crimes of cunning and deceit, the intellectuals of the day became increasingly vocal against the barbarity of torture. This was a time of general hopefulness about man's prospects: knowledge would shower benefits on those who participated in society; as for those who didn't, who went awry in one fashion or another, they would also profit from man's miraculous new powers of understanding. Yet Foucault believes that the penal changes he describes were not a result of this wave of meliorist concern and philosophical optimism but a reflection of the capitalist mind at work. As he puts it, " 'humanity' is the respectable name given to this economy and to its meticulous calculations." He is especially interested in the cultural and psychological side of these "calculations"—the way a given era's social thought responds in shape and texture to the insistent pull of money and power.

A first step in the application of psychology to punishment was the cultivation of what the author calls "analogical punishment." In the last years of the eighteenth century and the early years of the nineteenth century, efforts were made to connect the nature of a given punishment to the nature of the crime; in this way, Foucault tells us, it was determined that "those who abuse public liberty will be deprived of their own; those who abuse the benefits of law and the privileges of public office will be deprived of their civil rights; speculation and usury will be punished by fines; theft will be punished by confiscation; 'vainglory' by humiliation; murder by death; fire-raising by the stake." Someone who poisoned another person would find the same poison thrown at him—before he was boiled alive. (Vengeance and terrible cruelty had not yet disappeared, but those who were inflicting pain or retribution were, significantly, interested in the mental life of the criminal.) The point was to rebuke a person with a specific reminder of the nature of his wrongdoing. The hope was that a lesson would be learned and not forgotten—in the case of those who were allowed to live and go free.

Shame was an important element in the approach of civil authority to the delinquent; every effort was made to reach him, humiliate him, get him to have second thoughts and, eventually, turn around. Moreover, besides symbolic punishment, intended to chastise and educate, increasing emphasis was placed on the practical need of society for penal labor. Roads, especially, were believed to be appropriate places for prisoners to work—digging, paving, improving drainage. The early reformers, we are told, "almost always proposed public works as one of the best possible penalties." The state was serving its own purposes, but hope was entertained that criminals would learn the value of hard work. In a sense, the missionary zeal of earlier centuries had reappeared in prisons, but it was now wedded to secular pursuits. Religious appeals or promises and threats of eternal damnation gave way to a series of rewards and constraints. The soul was forgotten, but not a person's "attitudes." The prison soon became "a machine for altering minds."

Much of the second half of Foucault's book is given over to descriptions of what is today called brainwashing—the means by which prisoners are brought to heel and turned into timid accessories of a given political system. In one of the somewhat murky aphorisms he likes to deliver, Foucault insists that "discipline is a political anatomy of detail." He means that the round-the-clock surveillance of prison life—each minute planned, each activity defined and regulated—bears down on a person until he turns into a willing subject, both physically and mentally. The cell isolates the person from others and makes him vulnerable to regimens and exhortations, and it also reminds him that he is alone—naked before the overwhelming power of the guards. The penitentiary walls off the public and, through its architecture and its rhythms, enables a handful of "authorities" to control every aspect of the lives of their charges. The individual prisoner becomes an object, constantly supervised, manipulated, and coerced.

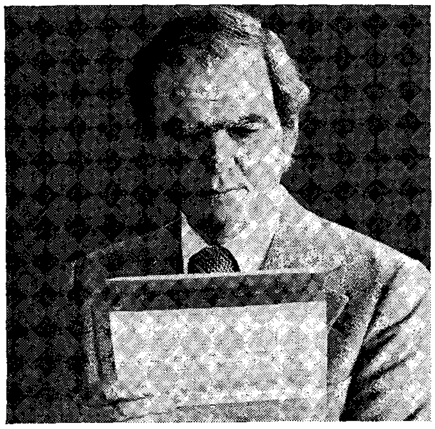
The author is provocative when he discusses the use made of psychology, sociology, medicine, and education in the interests of prison reform. Whereas most historians and critics emphasize the contributions that teachers, doctors, and sociologically sensitive penologists have made to the quality of prison life, Foucault sees the members of these intellectual disciplines as willing, instruments of quite another kind of discipline: "The success of disciplinary power derives no doubt from the use of simple instruments; hierarchical observation, normalizing judgment and their combination in a procedure that is specific to it, the examination." He regards modern penology as a means by which inmates become servile—in the name of medical, psychiatric, and social enlightenment. (It is no accident, he maintains, that a doctor is present at executions; he not only pronounces the person dead but stands as a symbol of "progress.") For the author, the examination of prisoners, physical or psychological, is an assault—an example of a kind of masked power affirming itself, with what he calls "docile bodies" the result. In a strongly worded plea to historians of science, he takes on all those who put words such as "normal" and "abnormal," "healthy" and "pathological" at the service of a political and social system of confinement:

> People write the history of experiments on those born blind, on wolf-children or [those] under hypnosis. But who will write the more general, more fluid, but also more determinant history of the "examination"—its rituals, its methods, its characters and their roles, its play of questions and answers, its systems of marking and classification? For in this slender technique are to be found a whole domain of knowledge, a whole type of power. One often speaks of the ideology that the human "sciences" bring with them, in either discreet or prolix manner. But does their very technology, this tiny operational schema that has become so widespread (from psychiatry to pedagogy, from the diagnosis of diseases to the hiring of labour), this familiar method of the examination, implement, within a single mechanism, power relations that make it possible to extract and constitute knowledge?

Psychiatrists, for example, can probe prisoners at will, without fear of intruding on anyone's right to privacy, since no such right exists in the modern prison. And by this kind of mental inquiry a soul can be shredded, even as the information obtained in the process—the statements offered under threat of a peculiar ostracism and denunciation ("You are sick, disturbed, in bad need of help, for not coöperating")—can be gathered together and made the stuff of "knowledge," of a "science" called criminology. Foucault refers at one point to the "petty, malicious minutiae" of such disciplines. The

Subscribe to the health letter with a Harvard degree.

These days, the problem isn't finding health information. The problem is sorting out accurate, reliable health information from the plethora of articles, books, and magazines available.



That's why you should subscribe to the only health letter published for the general public by the faculty of a leading medical school: *The Harvard Medical School Health Letter.*

Every month, you'll receive a six-page report covering topics like cancer, heart attack, ulcers, diet, and exercise – clearly and accurately.

Subscribe now. Send $12 for a year's subscription to:

The Harvard Medical School Health Letter

79 Garden Street
Cambridge, Mass. 02138

If you are not completely satisfied with your first issue, your money will be refunded.

Name (please print)

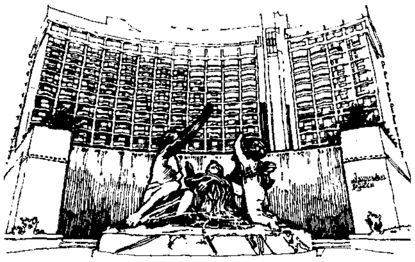
Address

City State Zip

NY 1/29

In Europe, it would be The Alameda *Palace*.

On the famous Country Club Plaza. Within walking distance of the finest restaurants, shops and nightlife in all of Kansas City.



alameda plaza
THE HOTEL
OF KANSAS CITY

816/756-1500
Preferred Hotel Reservations: 800/323-7500
In Illinois 800/942-7400
Free Parking

MUSIC. DANCE. THE VISUAL ARTS. DRAMA. CREATIVE WRITING.

We're Interlochen Arts Academy. America's foremost fine arts/academic boarding school. Offering a fully accredited college-preparatory curriculum for grades 9-12. Interested? Send us a brief personal history that includes your main area of study in the arts and scholastic standing. Write Dept. NY, IAA, Interlochen, MI. 49643 (616) 276-9221.

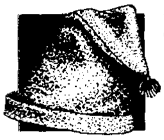
IAA admits students of any race, color, and national or ethnic origin.

Interlochen
Arts Academy

We're Fighting for Your Life

The American Heart Association

The Traditional Nightcap



The red cotton flannel classic in luxurious double layers to really keep you warm in bed. *(Physiologists have measured that 30% of body heat is lost through the scalp!)* **Home-made and hand-finished;** adjustable for snug fit. **$7.95 ppd.**

Putnam Antiques
3 Pond Rd., Middlefield, Mass. 01243

investigations carried on in their name are, to him, grand disguises—a means by which one group exploits another, all in the self-congratulatory name of "research," or even "healing."

Unquestionably, if one thinks of contemporary prisons, with their frequent recourse to tranquillizers and their increasing reliance upon "conditioning techniques," a good case can be made for seeing things as they are presented in this book. But the author nowhere tells us what he would have us do with those who assault, hurt, or kill their relatives and neighbors, or who commit the myriad other crimes that have taken place among people all over the world and throughout history. Moreover, this forceful and valuable analysis begins to slip ever so gradually but, in the end, all too noticeably into a defense of the criminal. It is as if the murderers, rapists, arsonists, and assorted confidence men who end up in our prisons were to be celebrated as heroes of sorts—in the tradition of Jean Genet, perhaps—and as if the true malefactors were those whose lot it is to be policemen, judges, or guards. Custodians do indeed succumb to the ironic criminality that Foucault describes and connects to the values of our particular culture. But he is strangely silent on two questions that human beings since the dawn of history have been unable to solve: Why is it that in all classes and races and regions and times, and among all types of people, some men, women, and children never commit a crime, however defined, while others do? And what should the former think about, and do with, the latter?

—ROBERT COLES

BRIEFLY NOTED

FICTION

DRESS GRAY, by Lucian K. Truscott IV (Doubleday; $10.95). Mr. Truscott is a second-generation West Point graduate (class of 1969), and this first novel has its setting, its source, and its center in the life and the mystique of that august academy. A plebe is found drowned; information, quickly suppressed, indicates he was murdered; a cadet, one Rysam Parker Slaight III, gets wind of the coverup and finds himself in trouble with the coverup authorities, a group of West Point officers and some powerful cronies at the Pentagon. It is clear that Mr. Truscott is speaking from the heart—and his depiction of the nature of West Point is both fascinating and disturbing—but the story he tells, though full of drive, is told in an embarrassingly youthful voice: "A plebe materialized at the door with a dozen Cokes. Somebody gave him a couple dollars, and he left. Guys slurped thirstily from paper cups." It might be added that he gives his young élitists a vocabulary and a grammar that would sound informal at a truckstop. A Literary Guild selection.

NOTE: "Beautiful Girl," a collection of short stories by Alice Adams, some of which originally appeared in *The New Yorker*, has been published by Knopf ($8.95).

GENERAL

WHITE NIGHTS: THE STORY OF A PRISONER IN RUSSIA, by Menachem Begin, translated from the Hebrew by Katie Kaplan (Harper & Row; $8.95). In 1940, the Prime Minister of Israel was a twenty-seven-year-old Polish Zionist leader living near Vilna, in Lithuania, which had been occupied by Russia after the Nazi-Soviet Pact. One day, he received a letter asking him to drop in at the city hall "in connection with your application." Inasmuch as he had made no application, he was suspicious (he had known that he was in danger—though he had no idea how grave—because Communists regarded Zionists as enemies of the Soviet State), and did not appear. Soon afterward, he and his twenty-year-old wife came under N.K.V.D. surveillance, and shortly after that he was arrested. In what is an unexpectedly fascinating narrative (we do not take it for granted that a politician can write this well), Begin tells about his interrogation, his imprisonment, and his life in a concentration camp, and we learn of the savage hostility with which the Russian state treats an unlikely assortment of "enemies"—Zionists, Polish nationalists, Socialists and Communists suspected of heresy, landowners and peasants from collective farms, Jews and Christians, foreign nationals, and a collection of bewildered and miserable Soviet citizens of all classes. Everything that Begin recalls has probably been described someplace else, but he brings a fresh, intense reality to his writing that makes this work exceptional.

ELINOR WYLIE, by Stanley Olson (Dial; $12.95). The tumultuous life of an American poet and novelist (1885-1928). Rich, handsome, and clever, Elinor was the daughter of a

Solicitor General of the United States, and her romantic career (she had three husbands) attracted as much attention as her work—polished verse and metaphorical, complex novels. Both her writing and her personality impressed the Americans and the English of the nineteen-twenties, yet it is hard to know what, exactly, this biographer wishes his readers to make of her unstable behavior. Was she Keats's belle dame sans merci? (At times, she thought she was Shelley.) Or was she a desperate woman? Of her magnetism, at any rate, Mr. Olson leaves no doubt.

FALL IN AND CHEER, by John R. Coyne, Jr. (Doubleday; $8.95). The author, not long out of the classrooms at Berkeley, was hired as a speechwriter by Vice-President Spiro Agnew. After Agnew's fall, he became a speechwriter for President Nixon, and after the Nixon debacle he was taken on by President Ford. More than half of this book is the personal story of his disillusionment and a subjective account of the last days of the Republican White House; it is thoughtful and thought-provoking, and often ruefully funny. We gather that the President does not write a single word of anything—neither the formal address nor the proclamation nor the warm, friendly letter to an influential citizen nor the informal little talk with anecdotes about his wife or mother. (In composing a brief telephone call for President Ford to make, Mr. Coyne even wrote in the opening "Hello.") In the latter part of the book, he reexamines his conservative beliefs and speculates about the ideological ruptures and realignments that are occurring in the country today. He believes that the old politics, which dealt in images and the artful manipulation of well-worn "issues," is dead, and that with Jimmy Carter and Jerry Brown something new has come along that old-line politicos will ignore at their peril.

•

UH-HUH DEPARTMENT

[*From the News*]

Jersey City Police Lt. John DeCicco said members of the special antirobbery unit arrested Brockington after watching him shadow several women.

"He really wants help. I think in a sense he wanted to get caught. He started to talk after the officers treated aaaaa aaaaa aaaaa Eaaaaa NU him like a gentleman. There was no pressure," DeCicco said.

MAIDEN LANE

In every city, there's a street known for its shops. In San Francisco, it's Maiden Lane—two blocks rich in history, lined with the very best of contemporary shopping.
Here you'll find Britex, keeping very good company. And offering you the four-floor choice of wools, silks, cottons, and more—many the very ones seen in the American and European designer collections.
Stop by. Or let BRITEX-BY-MAIL shop for you. Write to Dept. NY-2 for complete information on our personalized swatch service.

Britex Fabrics
146 GEARY ST. / 147 MAIDEN LANE, SAN FRANCISCO

Would YOU like to try our
VERMONT
Smoked Ham & Bacon?

Harrington's Hams and Bacons smoke leisurely over corncobs and maplewood. We don't use hickory. Never have. Our way tastes so much better. Try this VERMONT SAMPLER, and see! We'll send you, on approval, our Vermont cob-smoked ham weighing 6 lbs. and 1 lb. of our delicious cob-smoked bacon. Shipped Ppd. for $17.95 a special one-to-a-customer introductory price. We can't wait for you to try them! Ham feeds 4-6 with leftovers. Satisfaction guaranteed or full refund without quibble from 100-year-old Harrington's.

HARRINGTONS
Sliced Bacon

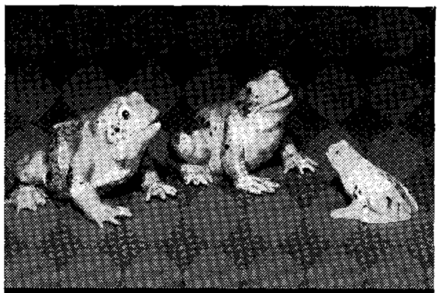
HARRINGTONS
5011-9 Main Street, Richmond, Vt 05477
Send Ham & Bacon Sampler.
☐ Enclosed is $17.95. ☐ Charge my
( ) Master Charge ( ) VISA
( ) American Express account (include card no. and expiration date with order). 7618

Name
Address
Zip
☐ Send FREE CATALOG 6007
☐ Send information on your BUSINESS GIFTING PROGRAM 6031

Phone Orders: (802) 434-2141

Country Inns
and Back Roads
European Edition
6.95
at bookstores
or direct
from Box 1
Berkshire Traveller Press
STOCKBRIDGE, MASS. 01262

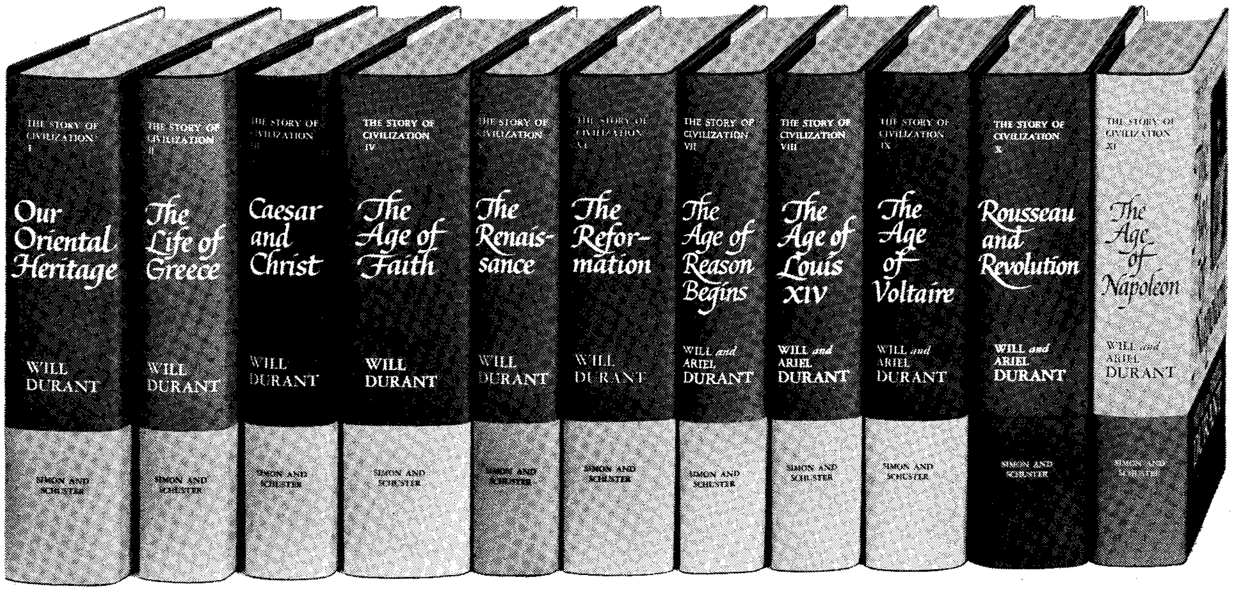
If You Love Words,
you'll love VERBATIM, The Language Quarterly dealing with all aspects of language. Send $5.00 (U.S.) or $5.50 (elsewhere) for a 1-year subscription, starting with the current issue. Money back if not pleased. Allow 6 weeks.
VERBATIM POST OFFICE BOX 668QX
ESSEX, CT. 06426 U.S.A.



THE FROG FAMILY
Each animal is an investment in art. Write for colourful booklet, entitled "Beauty & The Beasts & The Birds." Aynsley Bone China, 225 Fifth Ave., New York 10010.
SCULPTURED BY AYNSLEY®
The English member of the Waterford Crystal Family.

Rediscover the past in The Story of Civilization.

"Our century has produced no more successful attempt to narrate the whole common story of mankind"—*Clifton Fadiman*



THE STORY OF CIVILIZATION I Our Oriental Heritage WILL DURANT SIMON AND SCHUSTER
THE STORY OF CIVILIZATION II The Life of Greece WILL DURANT SIMON AND SCHUSTER
THE STORY OF CIVILIZATION III Caesar and Christ WILL DURANT SIMON AND SCHUSTER
THE STORY OF CIVILIZATION IV The Age of Faith WILL DURANT SIMON AND SCHUSTER
THE STORY OF CIVILIZATION V The Renaissance WILL DURANT SIMON AND SCHUSTER
THE STORY OF CIVILIZATION VI The Reformation WILL DURANT SIMON AND SCHUSTER
THE STORY OF CIVILIZATION VII The Age of Reason Begins WILL and ARIEL DURANT SIMON AND SCHUSTER
THE STORY OF CIVILIZATION VIII The Age of Louis XIV WILL and ARIEL DURANT SIMON AND SCHUSTER
THE STORY OF CIVILIZATION IX The Age of Voltaire WILL and ARIEL DURANT SIMON AND SCHUSTER
THE STORY OF CIVILIZATION X Rousseau and Revolution WILL and ARIEL DURANT SIMON AND SCHUSTER
THE STORY OF CIVILIZATION XI The Age of Napoleon WILL and ARIEL DURANT SIMON AND SCHUSTER

I. Our Oriental Heritage. Ancient Egypt and the Near East. The Far East, early to modern times.

II. The Life of Greece. Explores all facets of Greek life from prehistoric times to the Roman conquest.

III. Caesar and Christ. The rise of Rome and Christianity and the collapse of classic civilization.

IV. The Age of Faith. Christian, Islamic and Judaic civilizations, 325 to 1300, including the Crusades.

V. The Renaissance. Italy's golden age, 1304 to 1576. A turbulent world of intrigue and great art.

VI. The Reformation. Europe's religious conflicts, from two centuries before Luther to Calvin.

VII. The Age of Reason Begins. Europe, 1558-1646. The age of Shakespeare, Rembrandt, Galileo.

VIII. The Age of Louis XIV. The brilliant era of the "Sun King," Milton, Cromwell, Peter the Great.

IX. The Age of Voltaire. Europe from 1715 to 1756. The world of Frederick the Great, Wesley, Bach.

X. Rousseau and Revolution. Europe from the Seven Years' War to the storming of the Bastille.

XI. The Age of Napoleon. France's domination of European history, from the fevers of the French Revolution to Napoleon's defeat at Waterloo. A history of European civilization from 1789 to 1815.

Will and Ariel Durant's masterpiece is now offered as your first benefit of membership in the Book-of-the-Month Club.

The complete 11-volume set: **$20**

Publisher's price: **$241.10**

You simply agree to buy four books within a year.

Since the first volume of this remarkable work appeared forty-three years ago, it has been hailed both as a great literary achievement and an epic history of mankind. To read it is to enjoy the past made live with excitement and power. To own it is to have at your fingertips a reference work of undisputed authority. It is hard to imagine a more valuable set of books for your home library.

Beginning with this special opportunity to own *The Story of Civilization* at the extraordinary saving of more than 85% (including shipping and handling charges), you'll enjoy continuing benefits on the best and most important books published today. Every Club book is as good as, or better than, those sold in stores. As a Club member, you select from the best and you never settle for the altered or inferior editions that some book clubs send their members.

And when you remain a member after the short trial period, each book you buy earns Book-Dividend® credits. These entitle you to enormous savings on current art books, reference sets, literary classics, records, and children's books. Join now, and shop for books the civilized way—in America's Bookstore.

Book-of-the-Month Club, Inc. A116-1-2
Camp Hill, Pennsylvania 17012

Please enroll me as a member of Book-of-the-Month Club and send me THE STORY OF CIVILIZATION, billing me $20, plus shipping and handling charges, for all eleven volumes. I agree to buy 4 books during the coming year. A shipping and handling charge is added to each shipment.

Mr.
Mrs. 9-17
Miss. (Please print plainly)

Address .... Apt. ......

City ....

State .... Zip ....

Facts About Membership

You receive the *Book-of-the-Month Club News*,® a literary magazine, 15 times a year (about every 3½ weeks). Each issue reviews a *Main Selection* plus scores of Alternates.

If you want the *Main Selection* do nothing. It will be shipped to you automatically. If you want one or more Alternate books—or no book at all—indicate your decision on the reply form always enclosed and return it by the date specified.

Return Privilege. If the *News* is delayed and you receive the *Main Selection* without having had 10 days to notify us, you may return it for credit at our expense.

Cancellations. Your membership is cancelable at any time after you have bought 4 additional books.

BOOK-OF-THE-MONTH CLUB®
AMERICA'S BOOKSTORE®

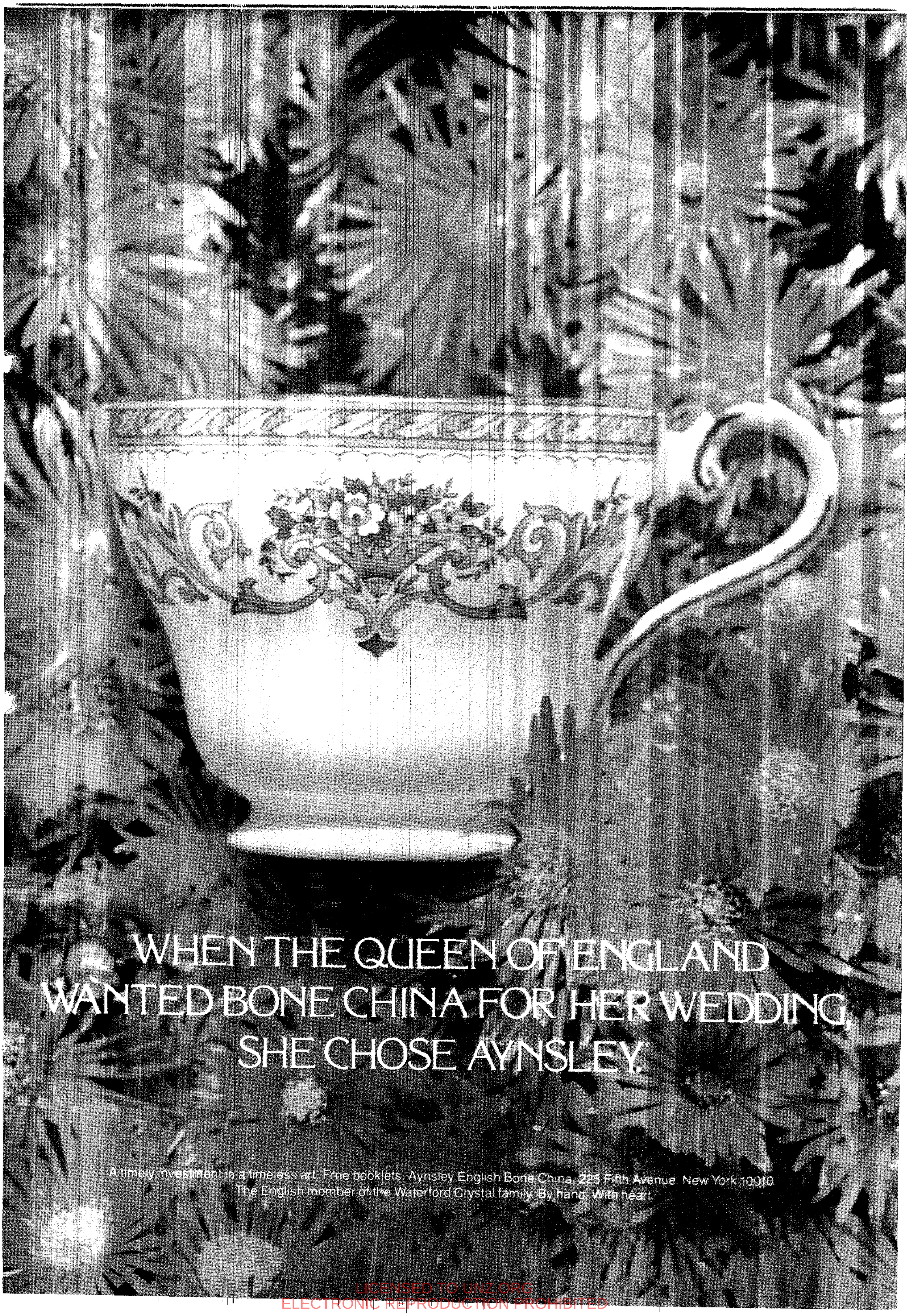
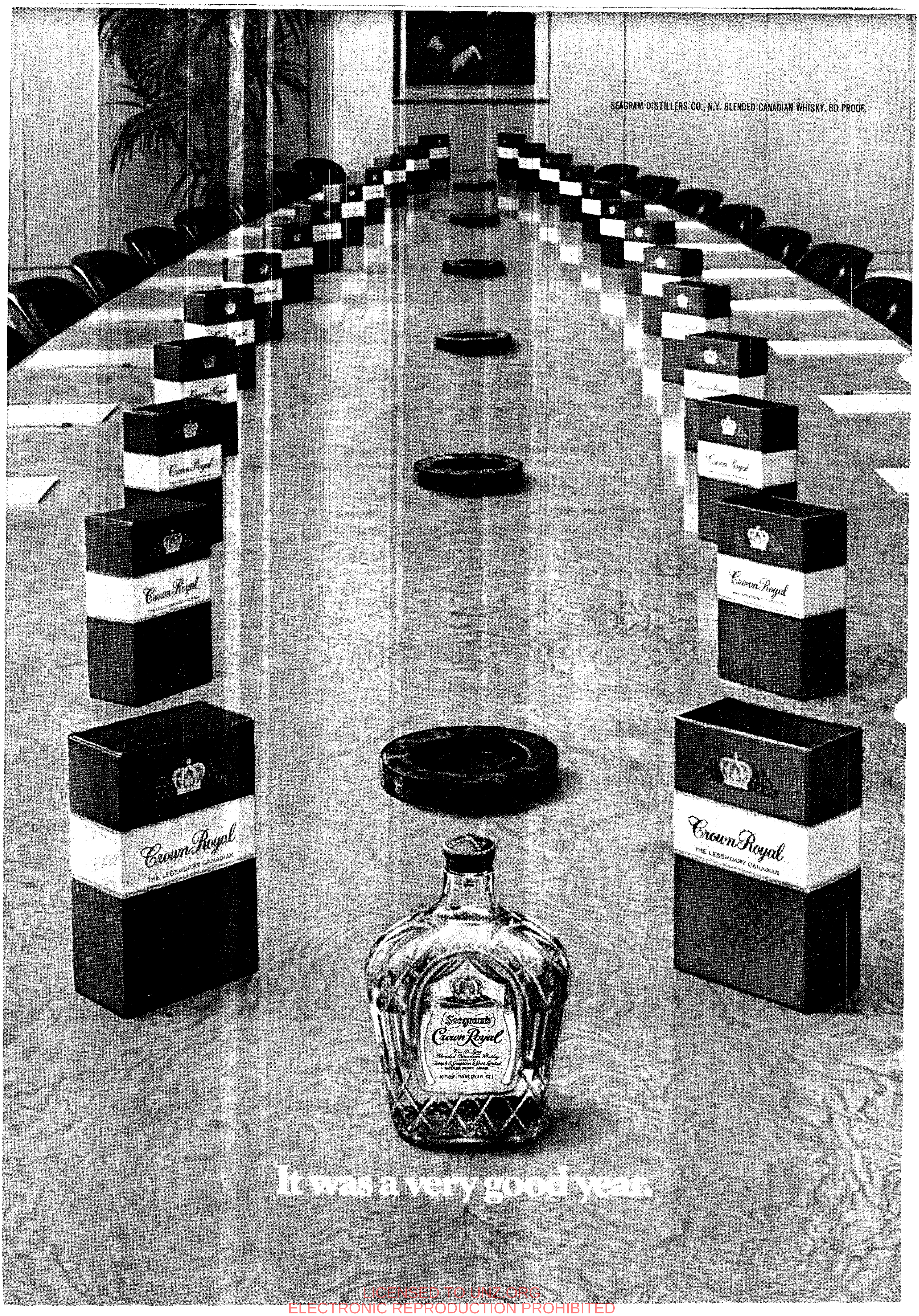


photo Pesin
WHEN THE QUEEN OF ENGLAND
WANTED BONE CHINA FOR HER WEDDING,
SHE CHOSE AYNSLEY.

A timely investment in a timeless art. Free booklets. Aynsley English Bone China. 225 Fifth Avenue. New York 10010.
The English member of the Waterford Crystal family. By hand. With heart.


SEAGRAM DISTILLERS CO., N.Y. BLENDED CANADIAN WHISKY. 80 PROOF.
Crown Royal
THE LEGENDARY CANADIAN
Seagram's
Crown Royal
It was a very good year.